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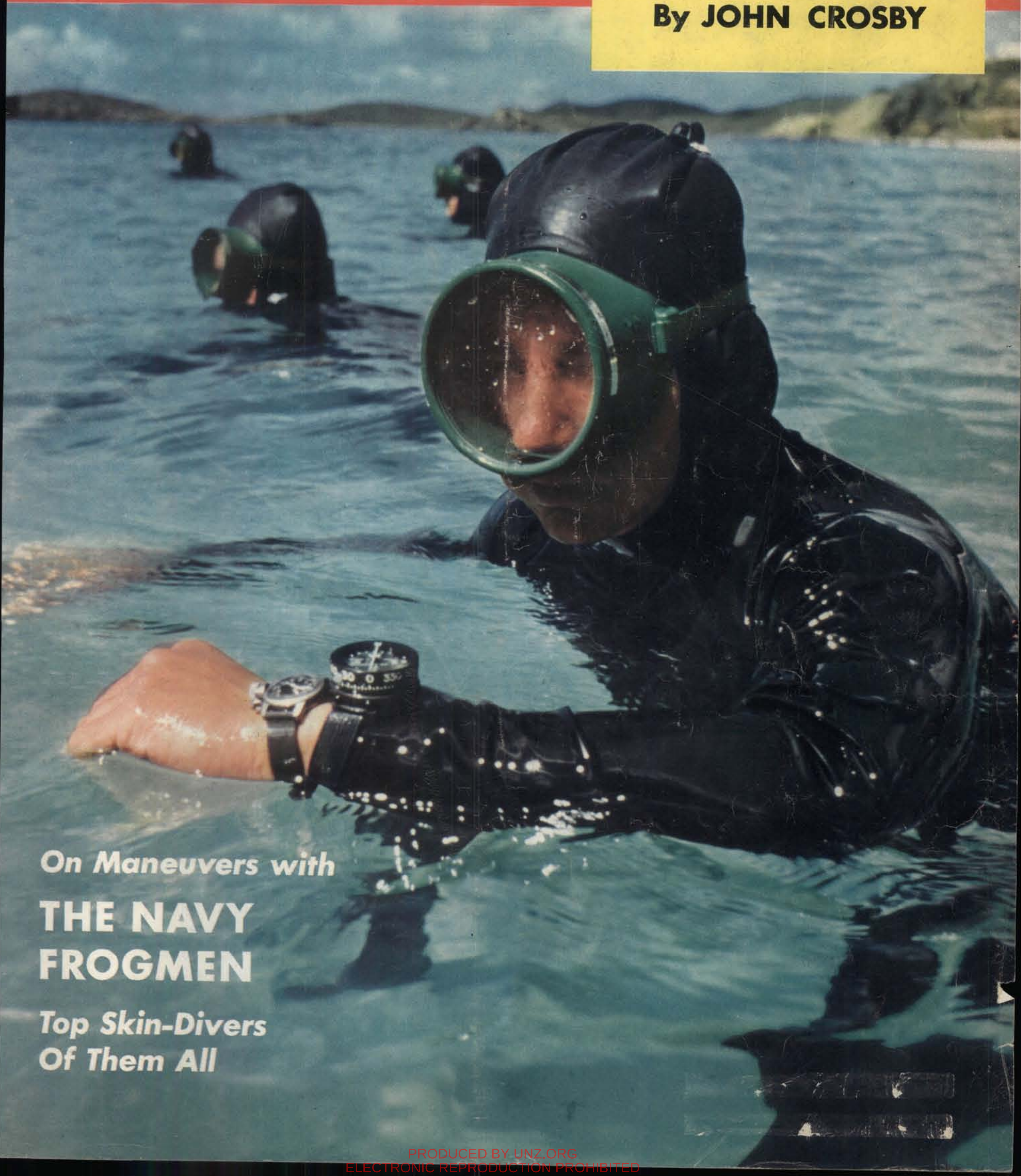

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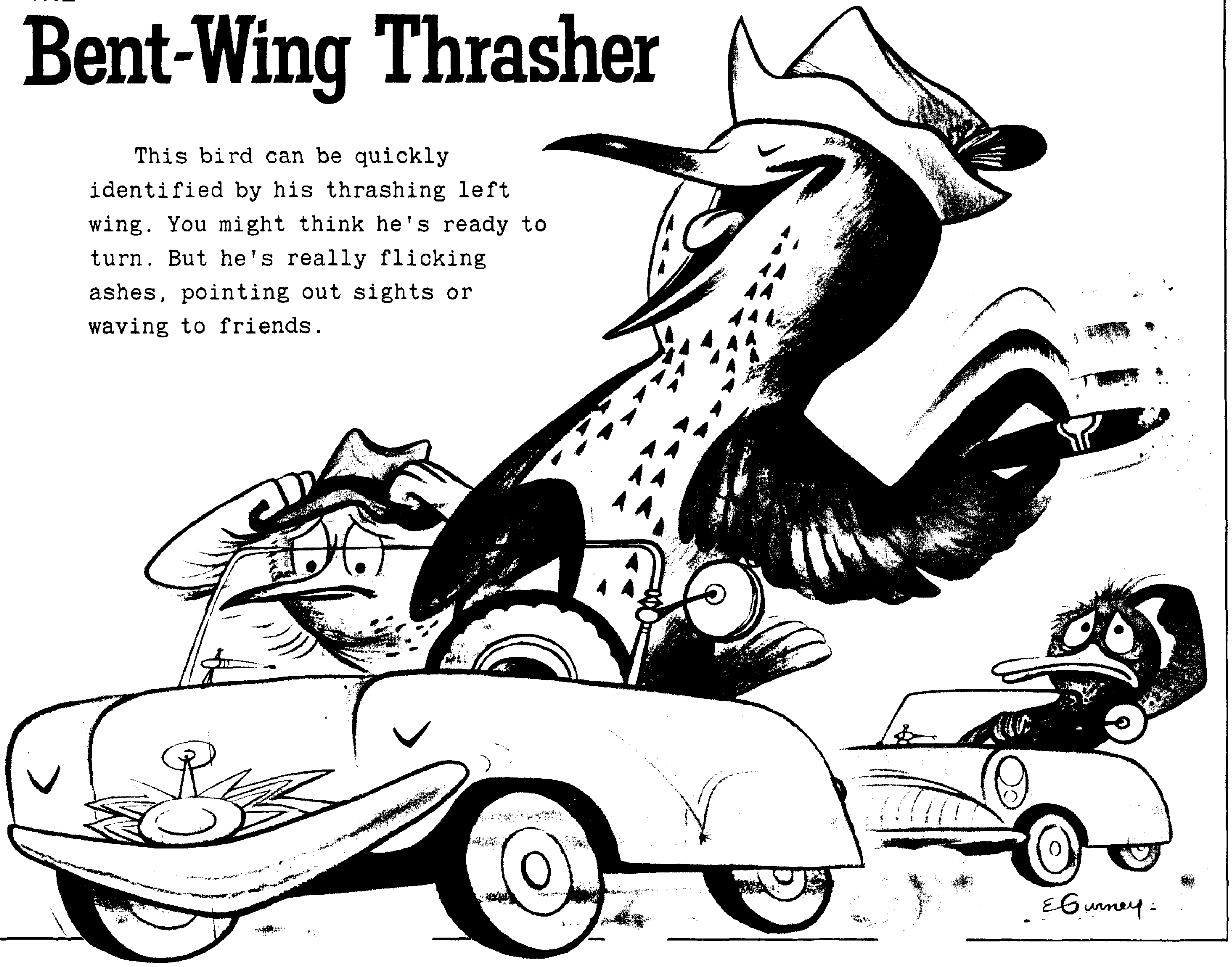

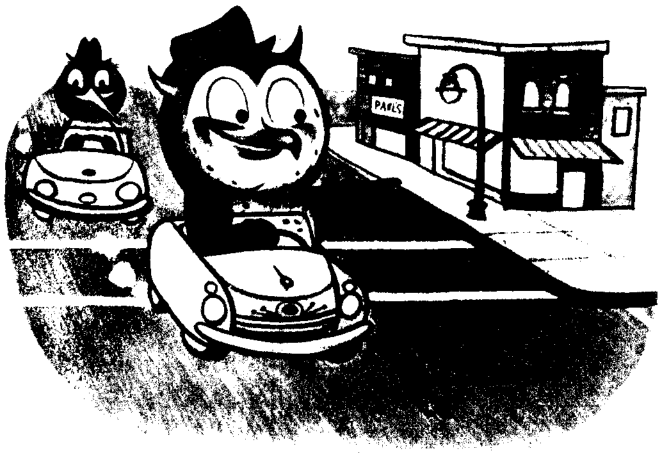

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Collier's

MAY 27, 1955

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THE COVER . . Bill Stapleton

The masked figures on the cover are frogmen bobbing up in the water off the Virgin Islands. Every time they go overside they're risking their lives—as Bill Stapleton found in getting the exciting story on p. 84. Some of the new equipment they use to get about underwater will astonish amateur skin-divers

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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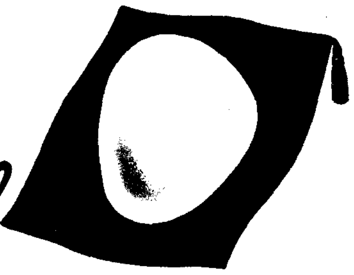

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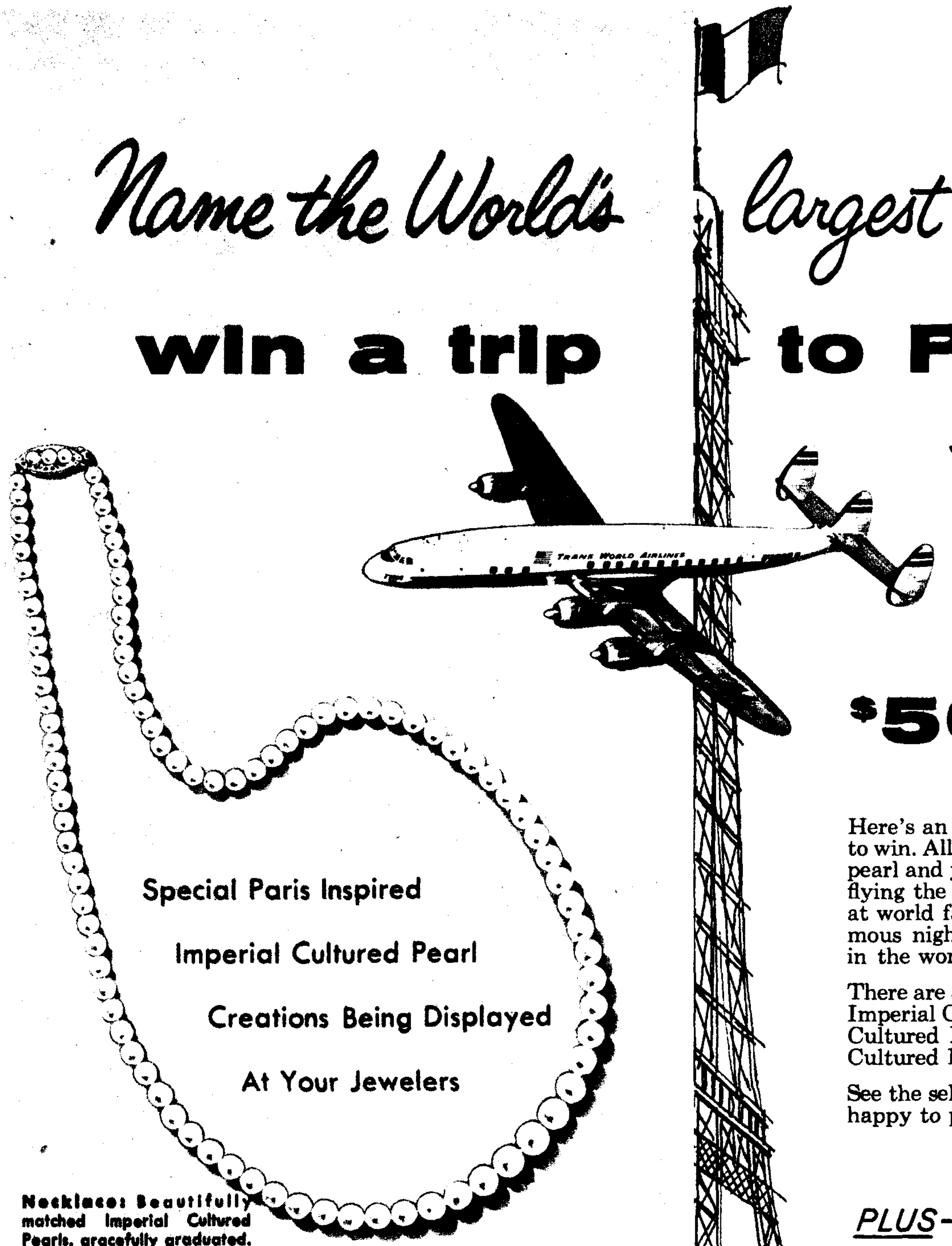

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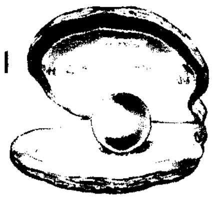

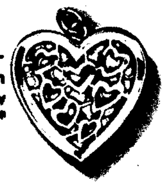

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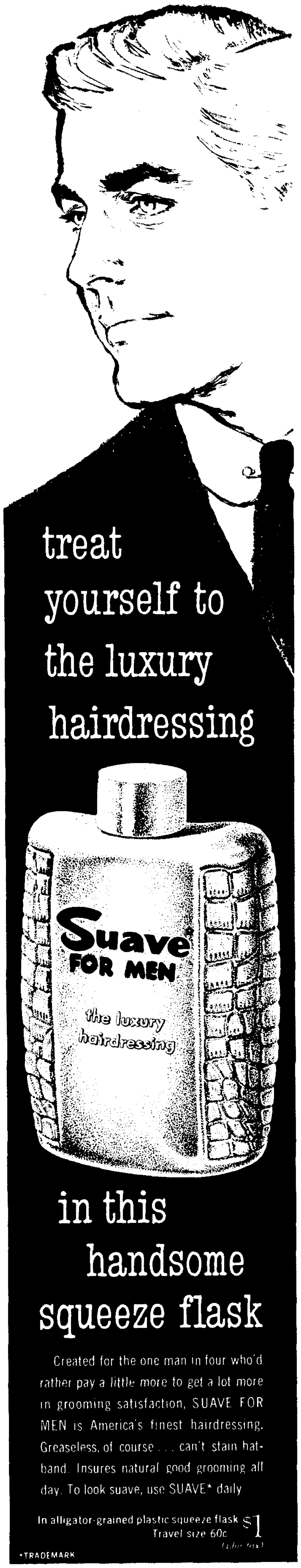

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

OWING to a certain natural law, the one that says you cannot be in two places at the same time, I had to cancel an engagement to speak at Yale University. And by an interesting coincidence, and I hope coincidence alone, the president of Yale was also in Los Angeles when I was supposed to be in New Haven. Whit Griswold, whom I know at least well enough and long enough to address as Whit, was on a trip which in a more or less remote way was connected with fund raising, since all trips of all university presidents are connected with fund raising. And I, too, was on a fund-raising trip, although my fund raising is related to Yale only to the extent that I will almost always buy a Yale man a drink. (Almost always, son; you may be one of the exceptions.)

I did not run into the Griswolds in Los Angeles, but if I had I might have read my Yale speech to them. It seems a shame to waste all that thought and typewriter ribbon, and I am sure, or pretty sure, that my speech would have been a change, if not a relief, from the cocktail-party patter and postprandial pop-offs that the Griswolds, or any other university presidential family, are in for on one of those swings around the national alumni. (If you can read that sentence without taking a breath you ought to be on the perennially undefeated Yale swimming team.) The speech I intended for Yale was full of the eternal verities, and a sort of re-examination of same. Tentatively I called my speech Looks at Verities, which, as every *schoolboy knows, is the Yale motto,* approximately.

I am, among my friends, notoriously addicted to Yale. But after having dined at a Yale alumnus' house in California, I did not quite expect that the following night at dinner I would be seated next to an Eli of the opposite sex. However, in Hollywood you learn not to be surprised at anything, and the fact that Mrs. Barry Sullivan, wife of the actor, got her M.F.A. at New Haven should not have surprised me. As a faithful Eli she gets many communications from Yale, with her name properly written on the envelopes. But she told me that her misogynistic alma mater really asked for it last year when she got an invitation to a Yale outing at the beach. The instructions suggested that the merrymakers bring along their bathing trunks and towels.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Durocher were also in Los Angeles while I was there, but I gather Leo and Laraine were not traveling with the Griswolds, since the Durochers gave an enormous party the same night there was a big Blue do for Whit and Mary. It is a curious thing about Society that at the Yale alumnus' dinner there was quite a bit of discussion of how to wangle an invitation to the Durocher party. As a Yankee fan and an alumnus of Nothing, I rated neither the Durocher nor the Griswold levee, so all I can report is that on the following day the Giants blew one, which would indicate the truth of the rumor that it was one hell of a party. (Although it doesn't always take a hell of a party to make the Giants blow one.) One of my confederates at the Blue party revealed that they had fun, but how much fun may best be determined by contributions by Los Angeles alumni, which will have to wait for the 1955 report. Remind me.

There are plenty of Giant fans among Yale alumni. A Yale man of my acquaintance almost bought the Giants a few years ago, and while the deal fell through, it might have been interesting, not to say edifying, if they had made it a straight trade, no cash involved—Horace Stoneham and Durocher taking over Yale, and Griswold and whoever is chairman of the Yale Corporation taking over the Giants. The Yale farm system, of course, is the best in the country, what with Princeton, the University of Georgia and about forty other colleges founded by Yale alumni. On that score alone you might see some fascinating changes at New Haven. I can easily imagine Dean Durocher sending a sophomore back to Princeton for more schooling in the passive periphrastic. Or Stoneham saying, "Why did you bring that kid up from the University of Georgia? He ain't ready."

You can see that the switch in operating personnel could cause endless complications. One that comes immediately to mind might have Griswold out on his ear and retiring to open a cigar store in Morristown, New Jersey. That would be the day when as Giant manager he called a first-year man into his office and said: "Young fellow, you didn't come here to play baseball."

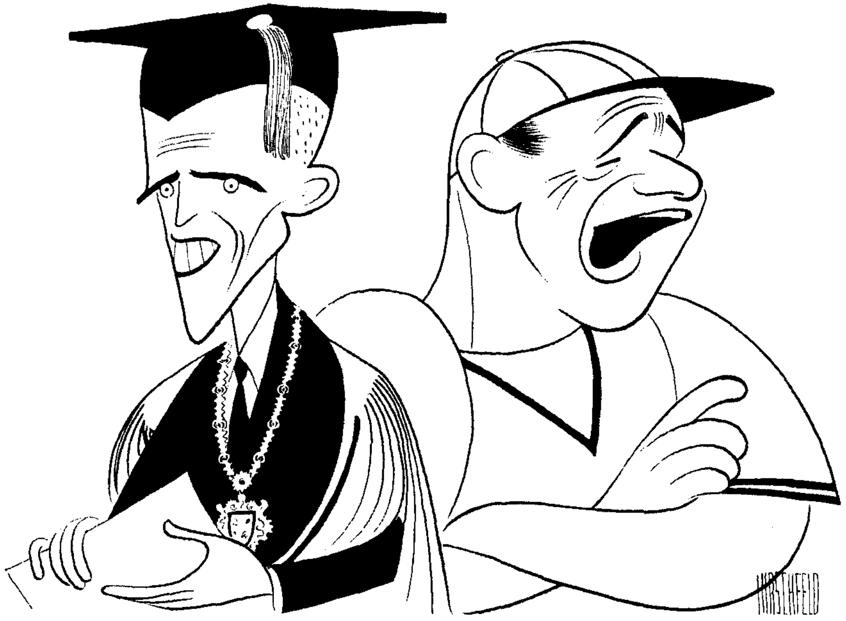
I could go on and on with similar situations, but I would end up only giving George Abbott a libretto for a musical comedy, and I did that a long time ago. He has been eternally grateful, secretly.

* * *

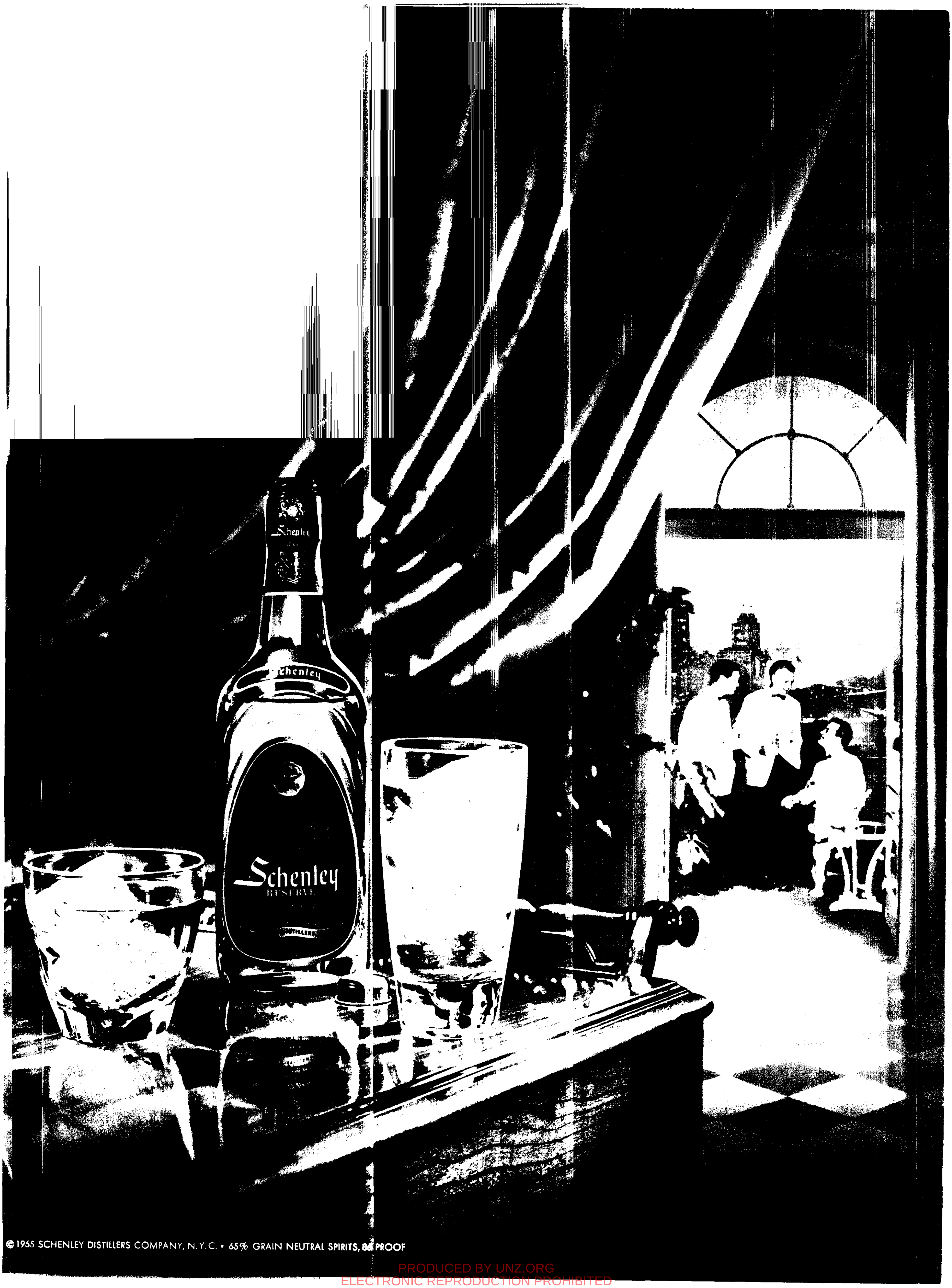
PLEASE DON'T GET the idea that in Hollywood I saw only Yale alumni (and alumnae). I also saw an Andover man, and while Andover is largely a prep school for Yale, the difference between a Yale-man-who-went-to-Andover and an Andover man is not merely one of degree. The Old Andover Blue is, of course, Humphrey Bogart, and I owe it to private-school education to inform Phillips Academy that Bogie is now known as The Millionaire. This happy nickname is an accurate one. Bogie, through an intricate but entirely legitimate transaction, has achieved that enviable $ status.

Like me, Bogie is a doctor's son;

AL HIRSCHFELD



As a Yankee fan and an alumnus of Nothing, I didn't get to attend either the Blue party for Whit Griswold or the Leo Durocher levee



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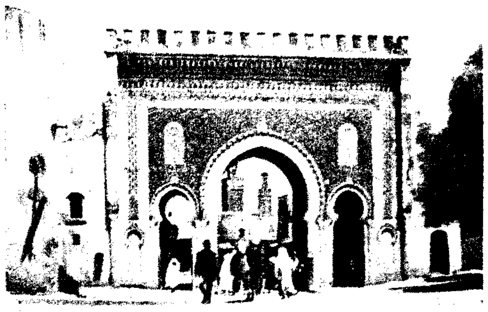

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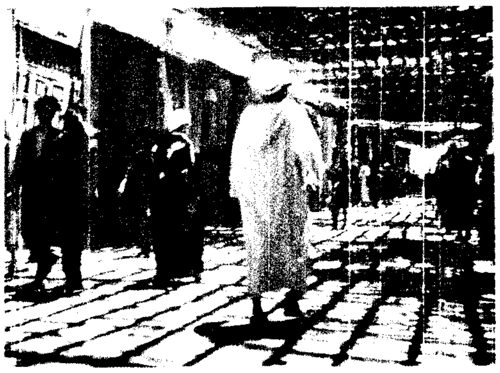

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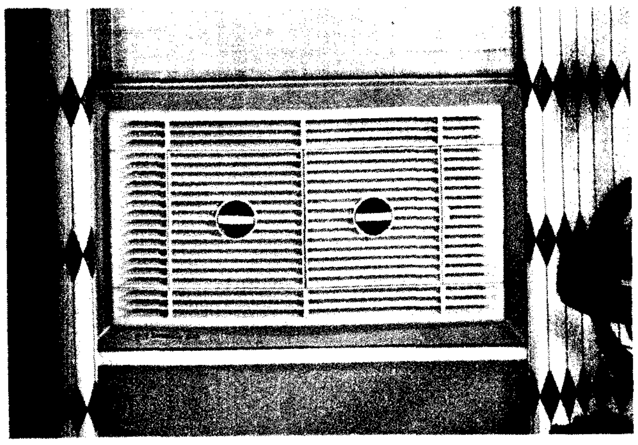

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

and, like me, Bogie has Dutch blood in him; but this sudden elevation to substantial citizenship is going to make some difference between us. I confess I no longer feel quite so much at ease with him. I never doubted that during the many years I've known Bogie he has been a surreptitious annuity collector, as Gary Cooper is a gun collector and Robert Montgomery a collector of Beerbohmiana. But until it became public knowledge that Humphrey is a millionaire, I allowed myself to consider him just one of the boys, willing to stay up late with Mark Hellinger and me, and as pleased with himself as I was with myself when we would get a friendly hello from Jock Whitney. Bogie has not got himself into the Jock Whitney class, but any rich man will tell you that after you've made that first million, the rest come easy.

I am not really envious of Bogie. As he said to Mrs. Bogart, "All this didn't come with a wave of the hand." (He waved his hand to illustrate a wave of the hand.) What worries me is that he is now in the class with Louis Bromfield, who is an even closer friend of the Bogarts than I am, and a millionaire. I have figured out on a Form 1040 that I can never hope to be a millionaire, therefore Author-Farmer-Millionaire Bromfield is more firmly established than ever, and I can begin to expect little reminders of the difference in our stations.

If you make $50,000 a year, and nearly everyone who works steady in Hollywood makes that, you are living on a $1,000,000-millionaire's income, without the $1,000,000. But now Bogie has that income without having to work for it, and anything he does he will do because he wants to. I have to go on working as long as I live, which is all right with me as I never really expected to live any other way; but I've often had to do things for a living that I didn't want to do, and that might happen again. Someday I might have to go to work for Bogie, and it would be nicer to take a job with him if we had once been millionaires together, instead of just a couple of retired roisterers who had occupied the same saloons.

* * *

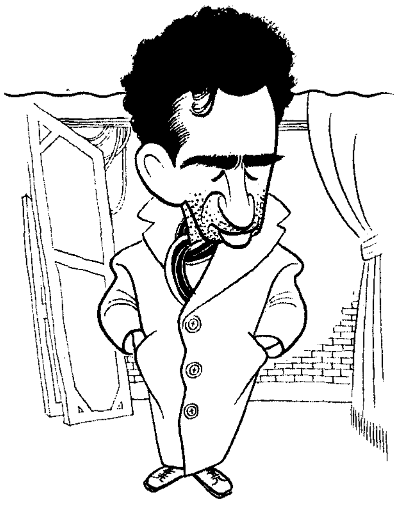
SINCE I SEEM to be off on a Yale kick I might as well include Elia Kazan in today's lesson. Kazan went to Williams first, but he did graduate work at the Yale drama school and they can point to him with pride, if you'll pardon Yale for pointing. You're going to have to pardon me for being rude, whether I point or not.

My policy, never before stated in so many words, has always been to let the unpretentious slide by. When I see a film that is what is called in the trade a good "program" picture, I recommend it for what it is. (I observe the same policy in dealing with plays.) When I see an East of Eden, pretentious and mannered and incredible, I will criticize it on exactly the terms it chooses. Kazan has deliberately given us the arty when we had the right to expect Art. He has taken a promising young actor named James Dean and made him squirm and twist in a way that reminded me of Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks doing the old revue routine of reciting while wanting to go to the bathroom. When he is not fighting off that urgency, young Dean is skipping and dashing about like a village idiot out of Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio. And the rest of the time he is pouting or snarling. It is all right for John Steinbeck and script-writer Paul Osborn and Elia Kazan to take a second look at Cain and wonder whether he wasn't a nicer kid than Abel and, for that matter, Adam. But in re-creating a Cain they have done two things: they have made him into a classical case of juvenile delinquency, and they have provided him with an overnight regeneration that I would trust as I would a hyena.

The picture was produced with a touching concern for the Warner Brothers' electric-light bill; the interiors are moodily dark, and the daylight exteriors have the actors squinting in the sun. I mention these matters because when you are made conscious of the lighting of a movie, you are being overexposed to the arty. No great effort was made to have the people talk the way they talked in 1917, but the fact that the horse was then still popular was made all too plain in the street scenes.

We are going through a Kazan period and it is a dangerous project to be critical of his work at the moment. My natural timidity would have been insuperable had it not been for my coming upon these words by Max Beerbohm on Eleonora Duse: "I have often wondered why Sydney Smith said he 'would as soon speak disrespectfully of the Equator.' After all, the Equator is a mere geographical expression. It casts no weird spell of awe over mankind. On the contrary, seafarers, when they come to it, put on false noses and play practical jokes. For 'Equator' read 'Duse,' and then the remark has point. There never was an influence so awe-inspiring as Duse. At her coming, all voices of the critics are hushed. Or rather, they are uplifted in unisonant dithyrambus."

And for Duse, read Kazan. ▲▲▲



At the moment it's dangerous to be critical of Elia Kazan's work

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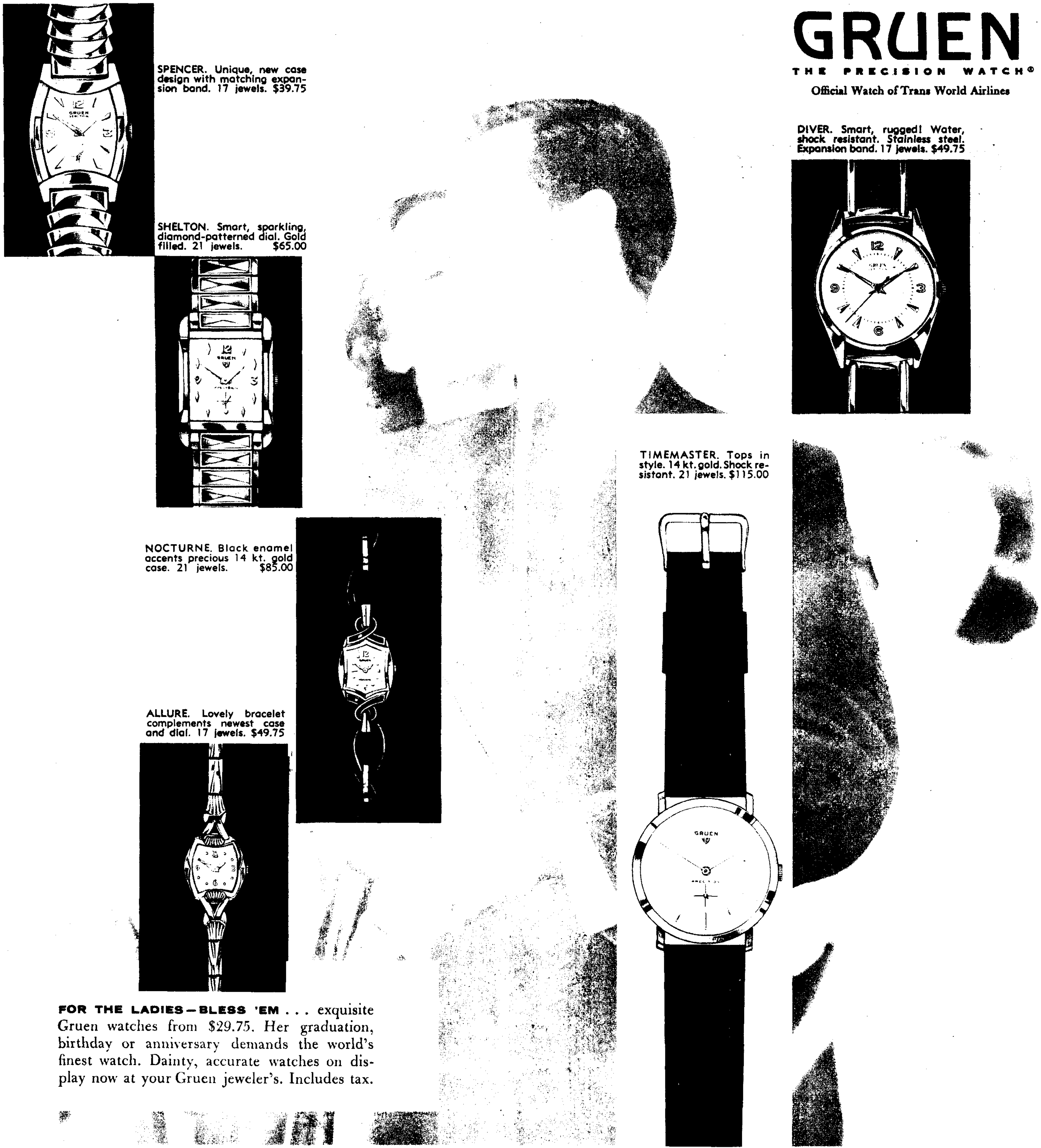

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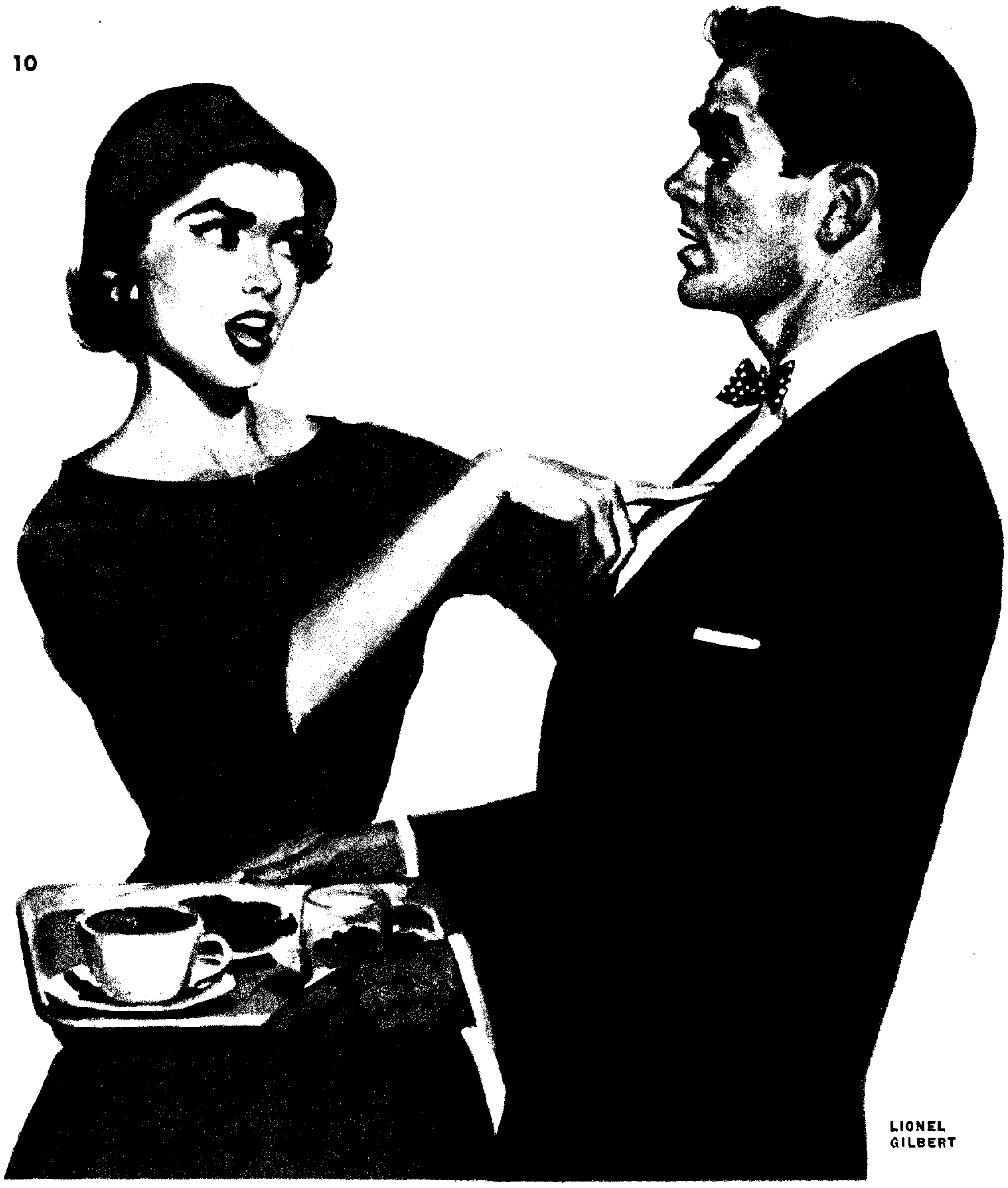

The girl glared at him. "Is what I read about you in the papers true?" she said

The PHONY

By GEORGE SPENCER

IN THE six months since he had drilled his first oil well in Mesquite County, people had said everything about R. Lee Johnson. They had called him an overnight millionaire, a rags-to-riches glamor boy, a promoter—a phony. One rumor had it that he was a barefoot boy from a small Texas town who'd hit it lucky; another said that he was a member of the Rockefeller clan, working in the oil fields incognito.

And when he'd started dating Winifred McCollom, they'd hinted that he might be merely a fortune hunter, out for the McCollom millions. Because he was a newcomer to the Houston oil world and rumors were hard to check, and because he never denied or confirmed any of the stories about himself, the columnists had a field day with R. Lee Johnson.

Right now, as usual, he didn't care what they said. He was dining at his favorite spot, a rather unconventional place for a young oilman reputed to be a millionaire: the W & W Cafeteria. He was carrying his tray to a table, whistling, when he knocked the girl's tray out of her hands. He saw the round, red O of her mouth, her furious green eyes. And then he was set upon by something small, dark, feminine and violent as a sudden gulf squall.

"I'll buy you a new dinner," he attempted to say.

She shook her head fiercely. "I don't have much money"—she glared at him—"but you probably have less than I do, if what I read about you in the papers is true."

"Look," he pleaded, "let me buy you a new dinner. Tonight I happen to have the money. Tomorrow night—well, you'd better take the dinner while you can get it." She hesitated a moment, then let him escort her back to the food line.

Later, between bites of beefsteak, she told him how she'd come to Texas from faraway Red Bank, New Jersey, because she had heard that Houston was a boom town—with plenty of jobs for secretaries, especially oil secretaries. But a few Texas girls, here ahead of her, had the same idea.

"I guess I thought that in a boom town everybody was rich. But nobody's offered me a million dollars yet, or even a job. Everybody, I've found, isn't rich down here," she said. "There are a lot of phonies." She gave a thoughtful sigh. "Like you."

"Some of my closest friends are phonies," R. Lee told her soberly. "Once you get to know them and understand them, they work their way into your heart. Most phonies are that way because they're afraid of something. Some are honest about it, some aren't."

"A philosopher," she observed, "with a practical side as well—if what they say about you in the papers is true. You and that McCollom girl."

He noticed that the sharp undertone in her remarkably musical voice was like the too sharply outlined bones of her pert and beautiful face. Both could probably be attributed to hard times, lean meals and unrewarding job hunting. "There's just a chance I might be able to help you," he said.

"You think you could?" The doubt in her voice was unmistakable.

"I get around a lot. I meet people. Some of them might help."

HE SAW her sizing him up, and he could see she was probably thinking of the item about him that had appeared in one of yesterday's columns: *People are saying that handsome newcomer R. Lee Johnson looks more like the movie version of an oilman than the real thing.*

"Well, I've tried everything else," she said with a sigh, "so here goes. My name is Katy Richards. You can reach me at the Y.W.C.A. I have two years' experience with a real-estate firm in Red Bank. I can take dictation, use an electric typewriter, and I have a reference letter with me. An excellent reference," she said defensively.

"I have to be at The Cork Club in a few minutes." R. Lee looked at his new gold wrist watch with diamond numerals. "Maybe I'll run into some oilmen there."

She got up so quickly that he didn't wonder he had knocked the tray from her hands only a few minutes before. Already three steps ahead of him, she called back over her shoulder, "I won't keep you—and thanks for the dinner!"

He caught up with her. "Wait a minute. I can drop you off at the Y, at least. I have a car."

"A car," she commented as they reached the curb, "but not your own." She leaned forward and frankly examined the initials on the door: *W. McC.* "This would be the car of Miss Winifred McCollom, oil heiress, and cousin of the fabulous Lloyd McColloms, now summering in Europe. She has expensive taste."

R. Lee slid lazily behind the wheel of the racy foreign sports car. "My car broke down," he said, after a moment's hesitation. He didn't tell her the rest because it would sound even worse—that he'd given Winifred this car for her birthday because she'd asked him for it, and that he was still paying for it.

The drive to the Y on Rusk Street was short. "Here's where I let you off," he said. "I'll be thinking about the job, Katy."

He meant it, because she was a nice little thing. Pretty and pert and full of spirit and bounce. Make a good secretary for someone. . . .

But it was midnight before he thought of Katy Richards or her job, or even of having met her. Traffic had been heavy and he had been nearly an hour late getting out to The Cork Club.

Winifred's temper was in full, free swing. She was tapping her feet angrily when he first caught sight of her in the teeming lobby of the Shamrock. Her dark eyes were flashing.

"I'm not in the habit of waiting for people, R. Lee!" she informed him icily.

"Okay, duchess. Your faithful servant is here now," he said lightly. But she had the power to make his heart beat faster, just as she had that

Ever feel like trading yourself in for a new model?

SOME OF US take a lot better care of our automobiles or television sets than we do of ourselves.

The slightest knock or murmur sends us off to the service station to have the fan belt tightened or the car lubricated. Or a little flutter on a screen, and we're off jiggling the phone and asking the TV specialist to be there within the hour.

Now, there's nothing wrong with pampering our pet possessions, but it just seems to be reasonable, common sense *that we apply the very same care to our most precious possession of all—our complicated, sensitive bodies.* Yet, how few of us do!

Autos, TV sets can be exchanged, traded in. *But you just can't trade yourself in for a newer model.* You just can't buy a new set of nerves, head or stomach. Not even if you're an oil man from Texas or the King of Saudi Arabia.

Before you say to yourself, "Joe should read *this.* This is for *him* . . ." STOP!

This message is for YOU.

We mean YOU. That's right, YOU.

On using your common sense

Unless you stop to ask yourself some mighty pointed questions, you're not likely to believe yourself guilty of the very symptoms you so clearly see in others.

Are you irritable? . . . Do you find yourself in needless arguments about trivial things? . . . Do you toss and turn all night long, yet wish you could get another 40 winks as the alarm goes off? . . . Then chances are that you are *not* taking care of yourself as well as you should.

Yet—very often, the "knock" or "squeak" you develop as the years go by may be corrected very simply . . . almost as simply as tightening a fan belt, or giving a couple of screws a half turn.

Your doctor would tell you . . .

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some men, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein.

The use of this strong stimulant day after day, week after week, may make you jumpy, nervous, irritable, hard to live with.

However, if you're addicted to this habit, here's hope:

There's no reason in the world why you can't get yourself in tune again, begin to feel as you'd like to.

You replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffein-heavy coffee to a new, wonderful hot drink—a drink that doesn't have a single speck of caffein in it.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it's *so full-bodied, so satisfying.* You can enjoy this new *coffee flavor drink* straight, or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

It is the new Coffee Flavor Instant Postum Beverage, now available for the first time!*

You make Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, *instantly,* right in the cup; just add boiling water and stir. There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in it. It can't make you nervous, irritable. It can't keep you awake at night.

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

Of course, if you're one of the many people who don't care for the taste of coffee, remember that *regular* Instant Postum is still available. *Regular* has a distinctive taste all its own. Your grocer has both flavors —*regular* and *Coffee Flavor**. So inexpensive, too, compared with coffee—less than a cent a cup.

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving a fair trial to this satisfying, caffein-free beverage—Instant Postum. See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better!

Start the 30-day Instant Postum test *today*. The Instant Postum Beverages are fine products of General Foods. Postum is a registered trade-mark. *Imitation

Advertisement

first time he saw her—at a cocktail party, looking snooty and bored and beautiful.

But in spite of being a McCollom, she was a stranger in town as he was. They were a vast clan, and Winifred belonged to the West Texas branch of the family, so she didn't get to Houston often. With her cousins in Europe, she was already getting bored. "I've spent most of my life traveling," she'd explained, "Palm Beach, Honolulu, Cap d'Antibes and of course Paris."

"Oh, of course!" he had said, and he'd put his arm through hers and felt a wonderful warm rush of something new and something old. And he'd known right then that he was going to see a lot of this McCollom offspring. He was going to take her to parties and go swimimng with her and listen to her endless chatter about expensive places and fashionable people, and not even mind it too much. He would even listen, without objecting, to her talk about their vast ranch in West Texas and her father, old J. B. McCollom.

RIGHT now Winifred, in a slinky black dress, was the most eye-compelling vision in The Cork Club. "I like having you take me places, R. Lee," she was saying. "But what I don't like is the questions people ask when we get there. Tell me," she said, as she'd often said before, "are you the real article? Or are you just putting up a bluff, the way they say?"

"It's all in the way you look at it," he said enigmatically. "All in the point of view."

He could see she was getting angry. She said, "There are so many phonies in a town like this! Why, anybody can drive into town with a flashy car and a few good clothes and play it big-rich for a while, and even make it pay off! But I don't want a man like that. How can I tell who's real and who isn't?"

The question gave him a feeling of guilt. It made him remember Katy Richards and the job he had promised to get her and hadn't even thought about up until now. Katy Richards would think it was a phony trick to promise something one minute and forget it the next. And she'd be right.

R. Lee got Katy a job early next morning. It was a good job, working for a rig-maintenance firm at $75 a week. He thought no more of it or Katy either, until he saw the money on his desk at the end of Katy's first week.

"What's this?" he asked his secretary-receptionist.

"A girl left it, Mr. Johnson. At five of eight this morning. She said you would understand."

There was a note clipped to the bills —*Dear Mr. R. Lee Johnson: Any recognized employment agency would charge me a fee for the job you got me, only I would have to pay it all at once. I would like to pay this off, three dollars a week, and hope it buys you some good 95¢ steaks at the W & W Cafeteria. My boss is very kind. Thank you. Katy Richards.*

Her boss was fat, very much married and had five grown children. R. Lee liked to think about that, somehow. It was a nice safe place for a girl like Katy Richards to be working.

That night, and for six nights in a row, he went to the W & W Cafeteria. Katy Richards was always there, at the same table, needing advice on something or other. They'd get to talking, and every evening he met Winifred a little later.

IT WAS on a Friday—just before the showdown—that Katy asked about Winifred. "You still date her a lot, don't you?" Katy said. "If you really want to marry a rich girl—well, you've been very nice to me and I hope you get what you want."

It was just at that moment that R. Lee looked up and saw Winifred McCollom clearing a path straight toward their table. "You're late for our date!" Winifred exploded, glancing past Katy. "And this time you needn't bother to keep it, R. Lee." She shook out the evening paper, pointed to a gossip column and slammed it down on the table between R. Lee and Katy.

The words jumped out at R. Lee: *What supposedly rich young oilman sneaks his 95¢ dinners in the not-so-fashionable environs of the W & W Cafeteria? Rumor is, his bluff is about over.*

R. Lee looked up from the paper. He started to smile, but his smile faded. Winifred was not in that kind of mood. "I'm getting to be a town joke, going around with you!" she blazed. "And I just can't afford it. I've found another man, R. Lee. A man nobody can ask questions about. He's got it in the bank, and they won't have to guess about him."

R. Lee felt a twinge, something like regret, something like relief. He'd felt all along it would end this way, Winifred being who she was and he being what he was. He stood up and held out his hand to Winifred. "Well, then it's good-by and good luck."

"So that's the McCollom heiress," Katy said when Winifred had gone. She pushed away the dinner she hadn't been eating. "If *I* loved a man," she said, looking straight at R. Lee in that direct, surprising way of hers, "I wouldn't care whether people asked questions about him or not. I would just love him, period. And I'd marry him—if I had a chance."

Her gaze didn't move from his face at all. R. Lee reached for her hand. "I believe you would," he said. "In fact, I know you would."

His heart gave a swift happy bound. He would not even have to tell Katy that he wasn't a fortune hunter. Katy wouldn't care; she would just love him, period. And he was glad for that, because he wanted to keep Winifred's secret. The Lloyd McColloms would tell it quickly enough when they got back from Europe; but by then Winifred would have the rich man she wanted and it wouldn't matter so much that she wasn't an heiress at all, that old J. B. McCollom, whom R. Lee had run across out in the oil fields, was only a thirty-second cousin of the rich McColloms—a ne'er-do-well cousin.

R. Lee was glad, too, that Katy wasn't interested in whether he had money or not—because he was drilling three new wells right now, and, like a lot of other oilmen who took chances, he might lose his million next week.

—GEORGE SPENCER

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TO SELECT OR REPLACE... HERE'S ALL YOU DO
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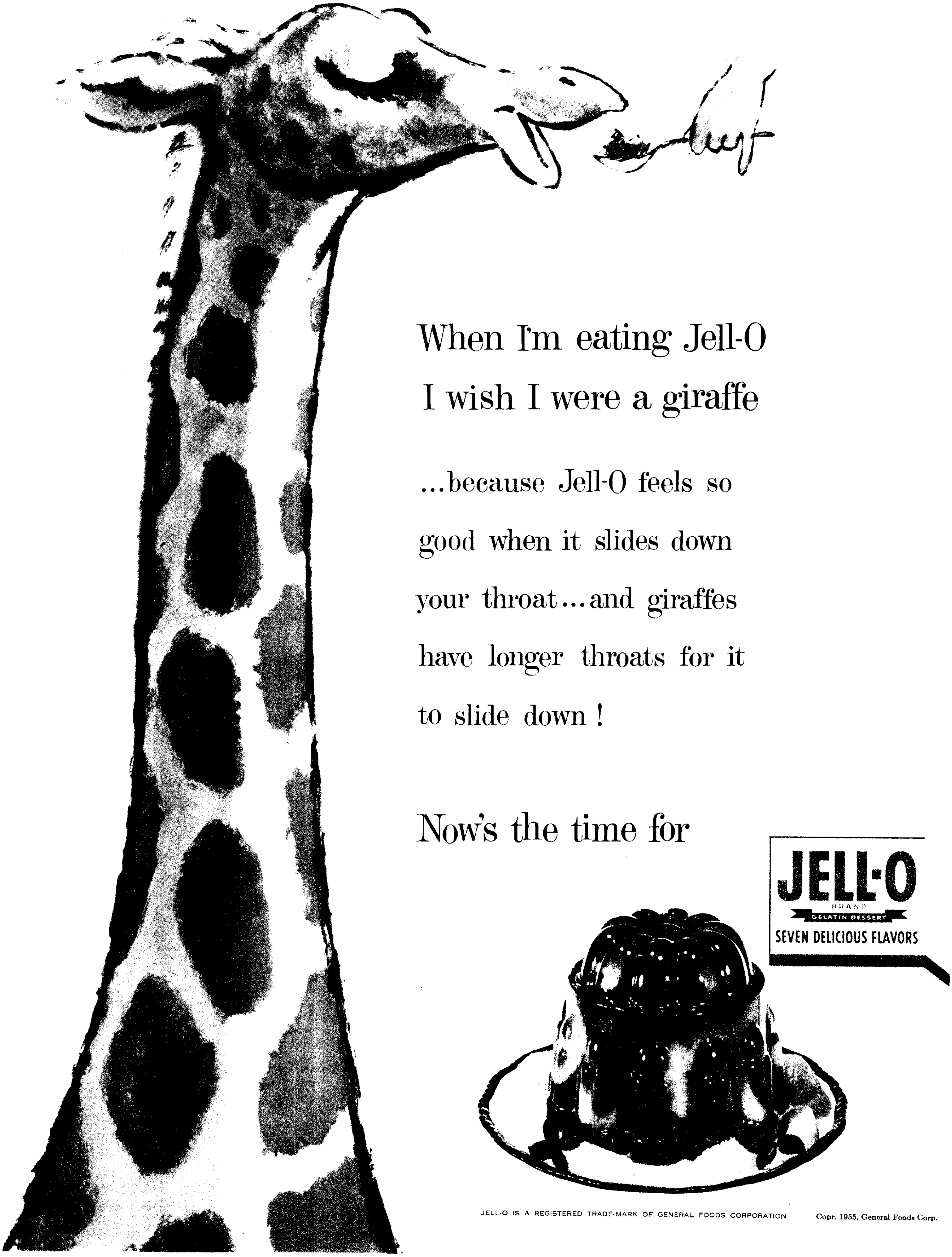

When I'm eating Jell-O I wish I were a giraffe

...because Jell-O feels so good when it slides down your throat...and giraffes have longer throats for it to slide down!

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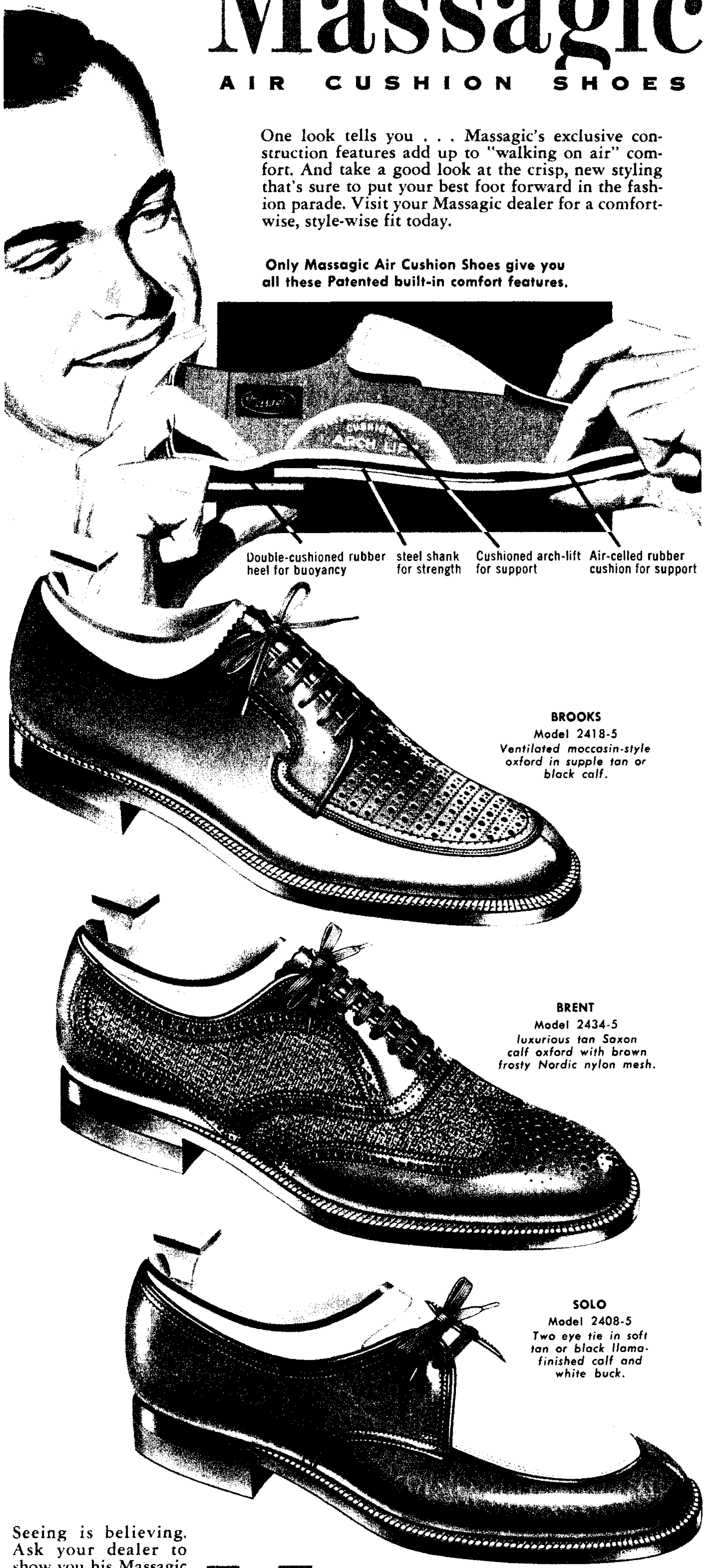
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Ventilated moccasin-style oxford in supple tan or black calf.
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LETTERS

Fish Story

EDITOR: Ike's Fishing Secrets (Apr. 15th) is exceedingly well done. In Denver, last summer, we had other firsthand reports on the fishing prowess of the President. Unquestionably he possesses exceptional skill with a trout rod . . .
LLOYD H. MACMORRAN, Oakland, Cal.

. . . A good yarn. But don't call the President old-fashioned because he uses a bamboo fly rod instead of a glass imitation; nobody who knows fly fishing and can afford it would fish with anything but a good bamboo rod. Also top-notch fly fishermen, in most cases, prefer the hand-operated reel to the automatic type.

Incidentally, President Eisenhower is supposed to possess a rare fly rod weighing less than two ounces. I saw one which is supposed to be a duplicate; it is only six feet long . . .
RALPH JORDAN, Glendevey, Colo.

. . . It sure is good to see a President who looks natural in a trout stream—not like the pictures I remember of Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge fishing.

Ike is a great guy, with his trout cooking and fly casting; it's wonderful to know our President is just as human as we are.

One point, though: Al Lansing says the President "never walks downstream." In the cover picture the white water around Ike's boots shows in front; therefore he is traveling downstream. Of course, he could have turned that way for the picture . . .
DOUGLAS W. NASH, SR., Gaylord, Mich.

Here's what happened, according to photographer Jean DuBois: "Ike had been fishing upstream, as he always does, then suddenly he had a strike. The trout immediately swam downstream, right past where I was standing. I snapped the picture just as Ike had turned to follow the fish and was all set to play him downstream. The President didn't know I was taking his picture. He was concentrating on that fish—and he got him, too!"

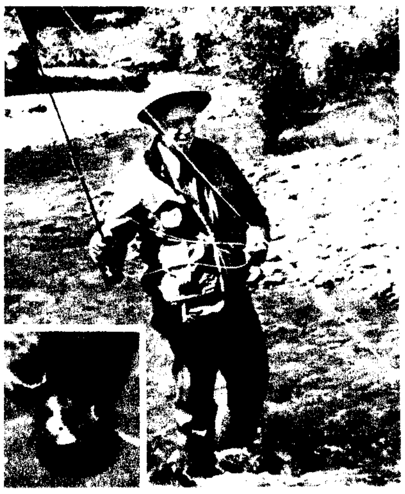
. . . Fishermen don't tell *all* their secrets! Ike evidently led your reporter to believe that he uses "an old hand-winder," but according to the photo on your cover, he actually takes his fish with an automatic reel! Better get a trout fisherman on your research staff.
JEROME M. RICH, New York, N.Y.

. . . When the Secret Service learns who switched fly reels on the President, there's liable to be the devil to pay . . .
HAL VON LINDEN, Schoharie, N.Y.

. . . What a shame to spoil an otherwise excellent article by not paying attention to technical detail . . .
PAUL A. SHEPHERD, Tulsa, Okla.

. . . Playing an April-fool joke on the nation's anglers? . . .
KENNETH B. ERDMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . If the reel being used by the gentleman on the cover is "an old hand-winder," then the fisherman is no doubt the Democrat candidate for President.
BILL GLOVER, Sunnyside, Wash.



Collier's doffs a battered fishing cap to its sharp-eyed readers who spotted the blooper. The President's reel (a blow-up of which appears in the insert on the cover photo above) is an automatic. However, it's perfectly true that Ike usually uses a hand-wind reel with a 3- or 3½-ounce rod when he goes after trout. The President's long-time fishing companion Aksel Nielsen explains the seeming contradiction: "Ike will, however, trade off now and then. On a heavier rod, he'll sometimes shift to an automatic reel if he feels like it. And on rods of less than 3 ounces, the kind that Ike likes to experiment with every so often, you have to use a hand-wind reel, because the automatic type is too heavy and it would throw the rod out of balance." Collier's cover just caught the President on one of his infrequent automatic days.

Milk

EDITOR: Bill Davidson's article on the milk industry (Milk 12¢ a Quart—Why Not in Your Town?, Apr. 29th) contains several points which are incorrect. The statement attributed to me, that the program of the American Dairy Association has been stymied by the laws mentioned in this article, was never made by me, nor have I ever expressed an opinion on what size containers should be used to sell milk. The American Dairy Association is engaged solely in promoting milk product sales, and does not involve itself in any legal matters affecting milk sales or any other legislation.

So far as milk consumption is concerned, the article gives the impression that there has been no improvement. U.S. Department of Agriculture figures dispute this. Consumption of milk and milk products has increased 7 per cent since pre-World War II . . .
FRANK R. NEU, Publicity Director,
American Dairy Association,
Chicago, Ill.

Louisiana Cleanup

EDITOR: "This Is a Raid!" (Apr. 1st) renewed my faith in America and left

WATCH IT SHINE THE DEEP-DOWN COLOR BACK!

Created by JOHNSON'S WAX for today's more colorful cars

Makes blues bluer, reds redder, greens greener—deepens any color! Brings the original beauty back to fading colors—keeps new cars *looking* new. And Deep Gloss Carnu gives you these amazing results in one easy step—no pre-cleaner is needed. Simply rub it on—and 5 deep-cleaning agents remove dull road film, grease and grime. After it dries to a haze—just wipe it off and it shines automatically without hard rubbing. And what a shine!—deep, brilliant color, sparkling through a tough mirror glaze. See it yourself on your car today. Shine the deep-down color back with Deep Gloss Carnu. (See our introductory free offer below.)

Johnson's Wax Product
NEW DEEP SHINE FORMULA
DEEP GLOSS
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FREE with this can of DEEP GLOSS CARNU
Rymplecloth
To Shine The Deep-Down Color Back
Deep Shine Kit
FOR YOUR CAR
NEW DEEP SHINE FORMULA
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CLEANS AS IT SHINES

IN **ONE** EASY STEP!

FREE! Generous supply of Rymplecloth with Deep Gloss Carnu at regular price.

OUTLASTS ANY AUTO POLISH KNOWN

me with the feeling that there still are people in this country who have the backbone to stand up and fight against seemingly impossible odds for what they believe is right.

S/Sgt. Carroll L. Meyers,
APO 862, New York, N.Y.

. . . As a transplanted Southerner, I read the article with pride. It took some wind out of the sails of critics who say the Southerner is behind the times. What we need in all states is more strict law enforcement such as they have in New Orleans, Louisiana.

A. Ray Lucas, Clinton, Ind.

Popular Title

Editor: Seeing the title of Collier's Comment, Let's Make It 50 in '55 (Mar. 18th), gave me a thrill; the words are the same as those that helped my daughters, Kathy and Nancy, win a prize in the Fourth-of-July Doll Buggy Parade. The judges were carried away with the theme of our girls' float. Look closely at the lettering on the side of the buggy (above) and you will see the slogan that helped them win.

MAKE IT 50 IN 55
ALASKA
HAWAII

Mrs. James Hoops, Milwaukee, Wis.

Fastest Sub

Editor: Well done, Collier's! Mr. Ryan's article, I Rode the World's Fastest Sub (Apr. 1st), is an excellent indication of American progress and ingenuity in developing undersea craft. So little is heard of our "Silent Service," which is doing a great job of keeping our country free. With ships like the USS Albacore in the fleet, we can all sit back more snugly.

Lt. (jg) Ronald M. Lauber, USNR,
Kingsville, Tex.

. . . Top-notch . . .

George Barford, Normal, Ill.

. . . A very interesting story. Cornelius Ryan referred to the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard; he could have mentioned in addition that the Albacore was also built here.

H. Geiger, Portsmouth, N.H.

Ol' Necktie Parties

Editor: Collier's Short Short Story, Necktie Party (Apr. 1st), was neither a typical Texas story nor very funny. I would suggest that you have your Yankee author, Henry Gregor Felsen, visit Montague County where Spanish Fort is located. (It's in west Texas, not east Texas, by the way.) Many of the old-timers could tell him stories about Texas and the early necktie parties. In Montague County there were hombres so mean that when they were hanged they were able to dance on the end of the rope all day. At night it was necessary to shoot them so that the posse could go home. It was quite common for one of these men to hang 12 hours or more before he was dead.

Edward Raymond, Palestine, Tex.

Fight against Dollars

Editor: Thanks for the splendid and lucid article by Eric Johnston, The Dollar Is a Fighting Word (Mar. 18th). American business, now wiser than before, is the victim of its first mistakes—a fact which the Communists do not fail to point out to nations we try to help. No undeveloped nation should object to Americans making a 6 per cent profit if the country gets 94 per cent in industrial-development taxes and other tangible benefits . . .

J. DeFray Silvia, Redlands, Cal.

. . . Why do foreign nations, especially those in Latin America, discourage American investments? Perhaps they remember that we have at one time or another occupied Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama to protect our investments in these republics.

We also have used the Monroe Doctrine to prevent European investment in the Latin nations.

Ted Fisher, Buffalo, N.Y.

. . . The article touched on a subject of increasing interest to an apparently decreasing percentage of young Americans still looking for a new physical and economic frontier. If free enterprise is to continue—and it must—it should be encouraged in every way possible. Articles which keep the American public informed on the facts of investment, both pro and con, wield a tremendous influence.

John B. Deaton, Catonsville, Md.

Reroofed

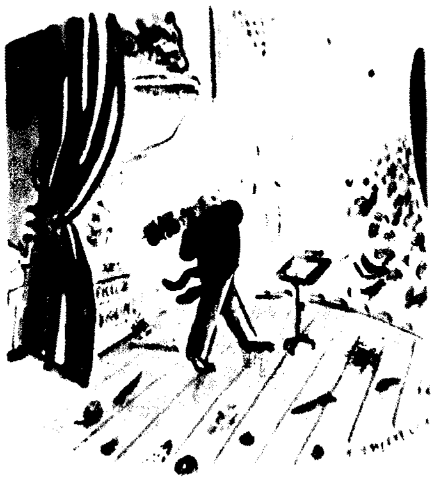
Editor: The story A Roof for San Patricio (Apr. 1st) was not only enjoyable but also appropriate. On March 20th the real San Patricio at Loiza Aldea, Puerto Rico, was officially reopened following extensive reconstruction of the roof—and also the walls, floors, choir loft and sacristy . . .

W. H. Beckerleg,
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Stop Fiddling!

Editor: I am thirteen years old and I have been taking violin lessons for four years. I am getting tired of jokes like the cartoon (below) which appeared in your April 15th issue. The violin is not a squawk box. It happens to be the prettiest instrument in the world. Make fun of the trumpet or any of those old wind tunnels. But don't make fun of the violin.

Steve M. Bory, Alameda, Cal.



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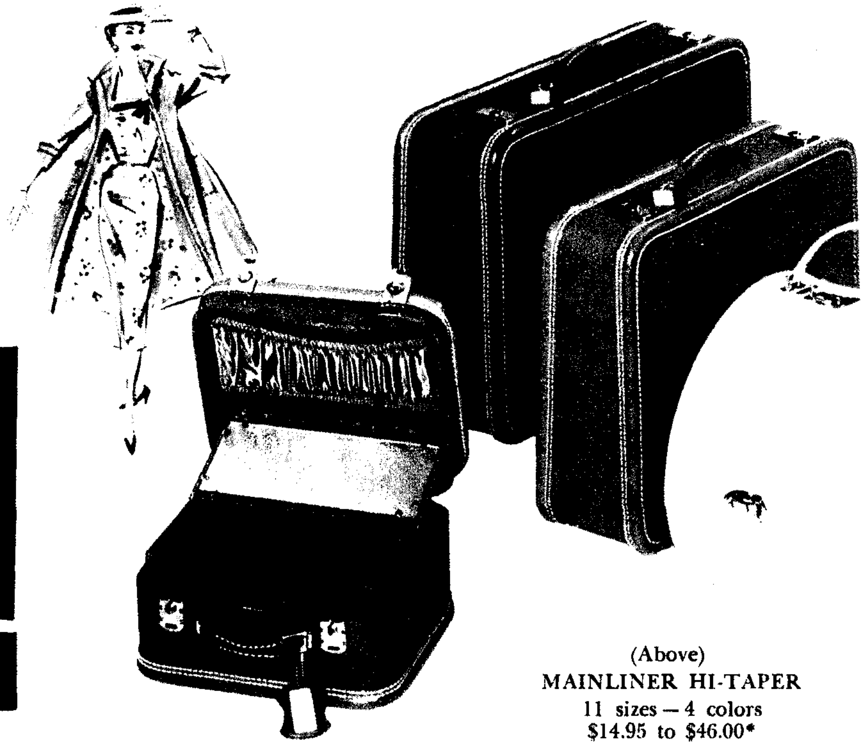

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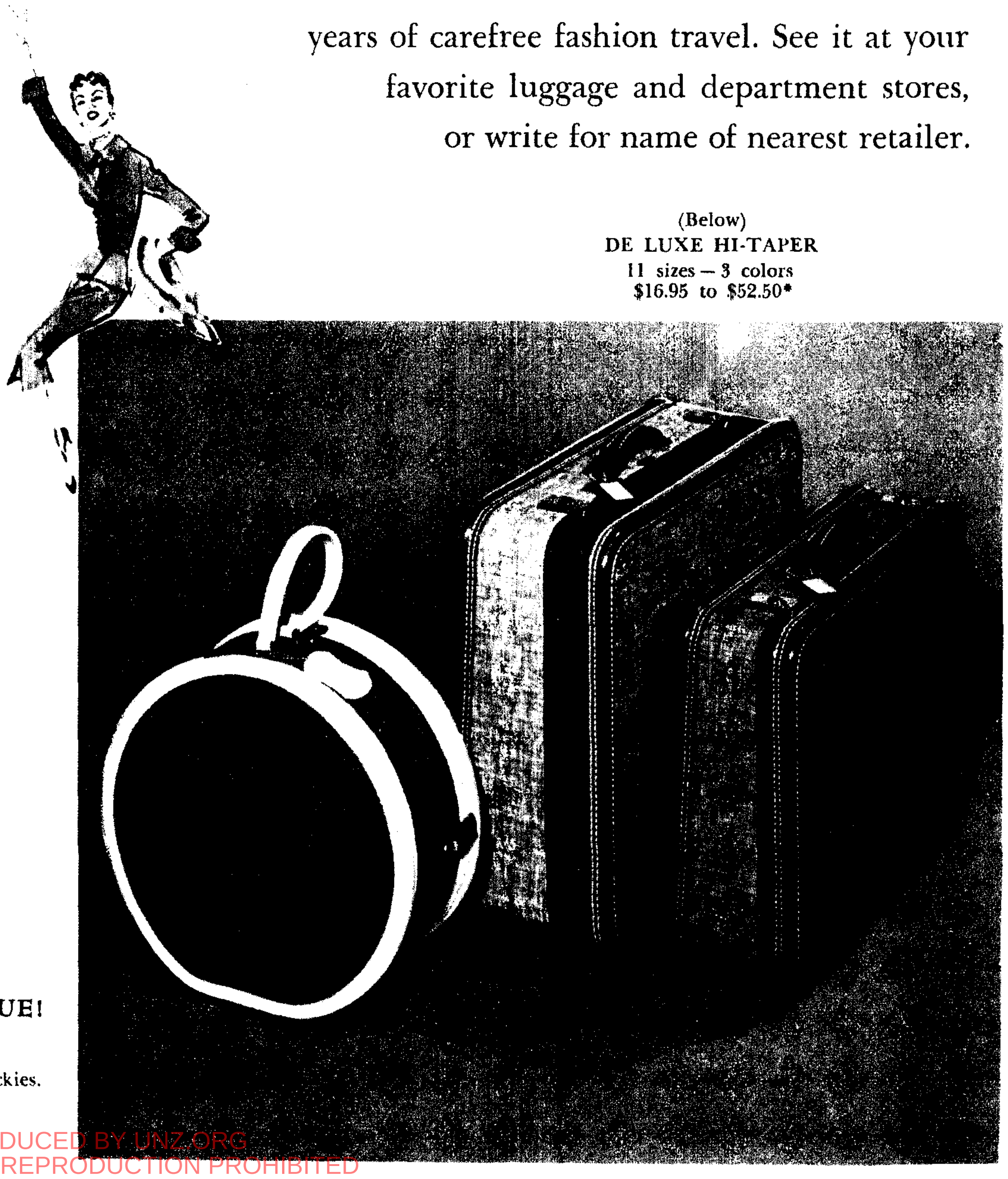

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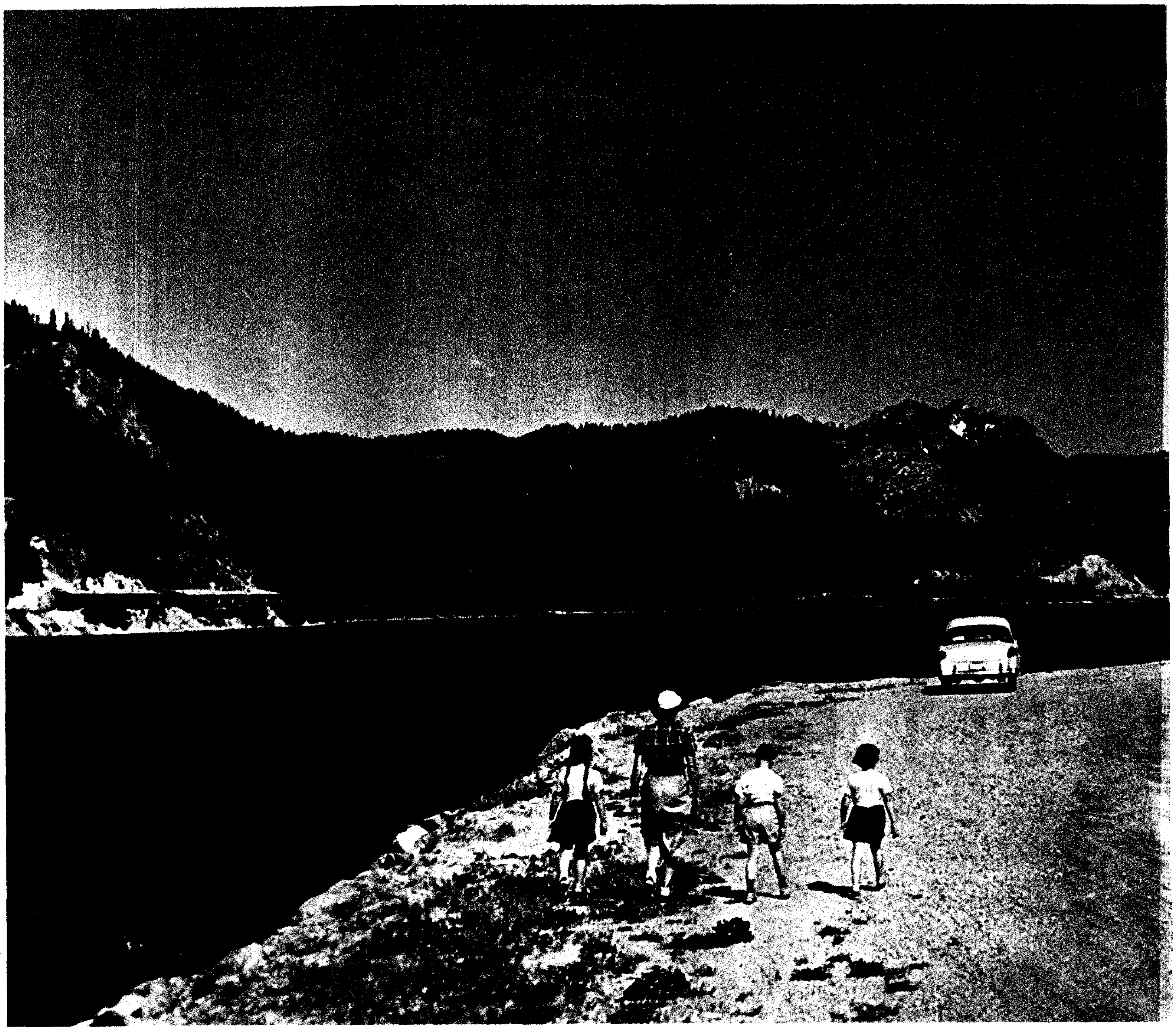
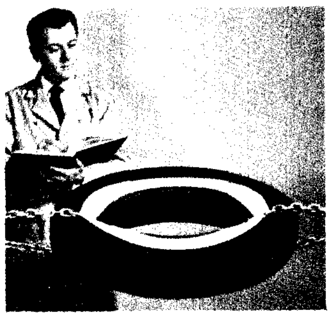
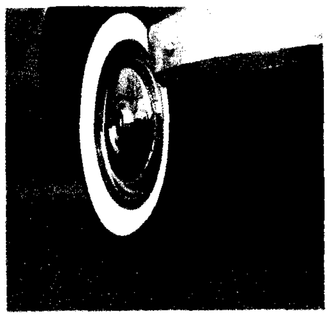


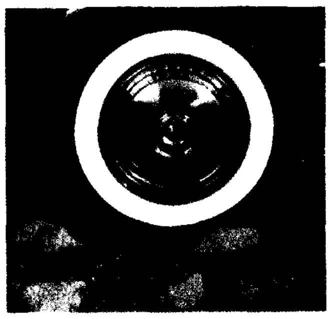
New '55 models are equipped with stronger



Rayon has more "Stretch Strength." Since rayon became the most widely used tire cord, its strength has been increased 33⅓% and its fatigue resistance increased 4 to 5 times. Because it won't stretch out of shape, rayon adds extra miles to tire life.



Rayon beats the heat. Today's perfected rayon cord effectively combats the dangerous heat caused by flexing and friction at high speeds. By resisting heat longer and shedding it faster, rayon keeps tires running cooler, safer . . . prevents premature tire trouble.



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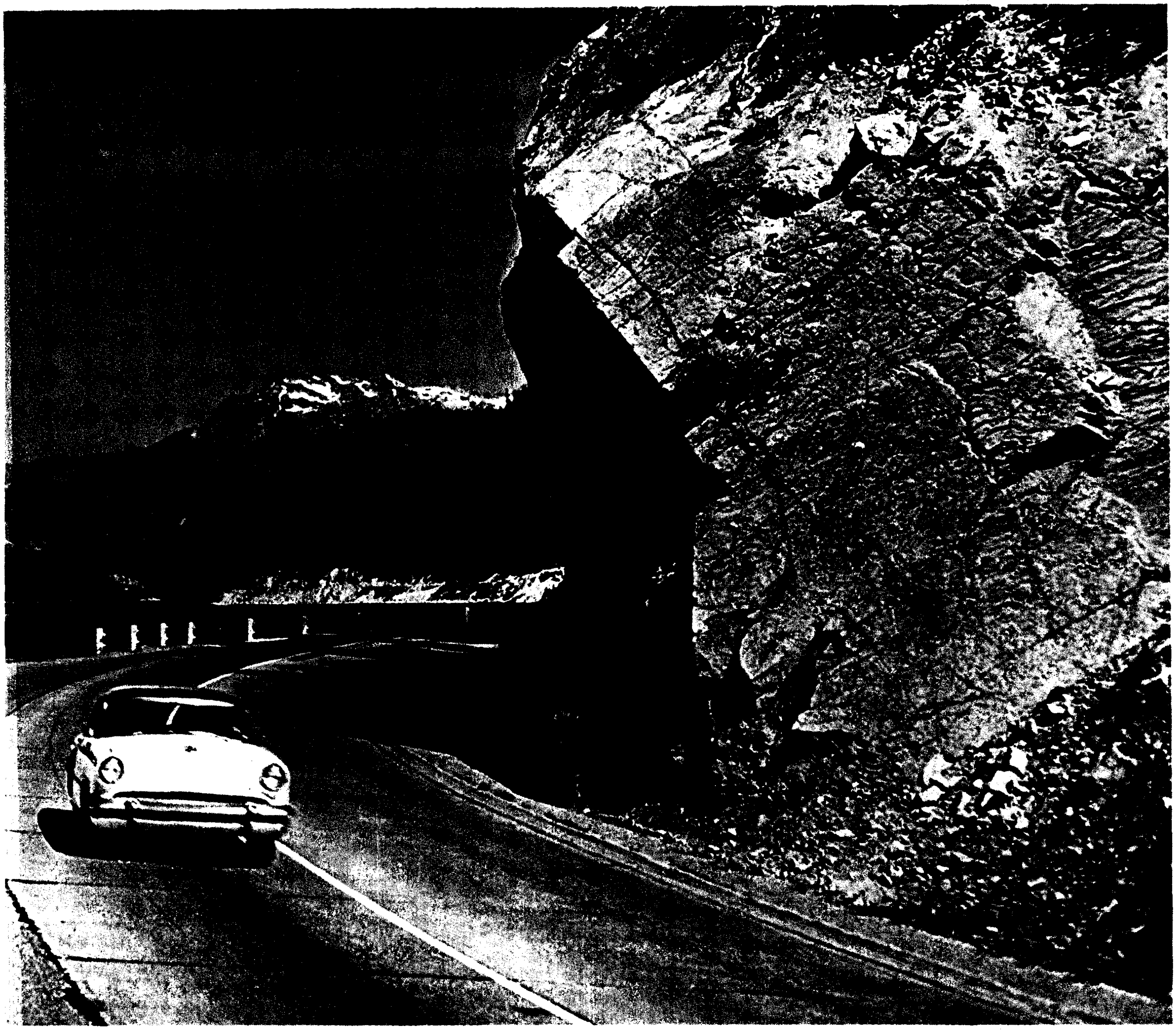

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Most optimistic note to pass through these portals this week comes from Mr. George Lewis, Grand Yuk of the National Laugh Foundation, New York City. He is organizing The World Humor Congress to meet in August in the United Nations Building where, if you should ask us, the inmates could use an occasional laugh.

★ ★ ★

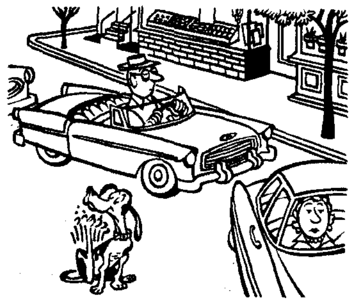
First the Alabama legislature, having picked up the infection somewhere, voted all members a pay raise—from $20 a day to $30. For some unaccountable reason the taxpayers refused to become ecstatic. In fact, quite a number got sore. One of the legislators suggested that maybe it would be more popular to rediscuss the issue and rescind the boost. And then the darnedest thing happened. A member of the House canvassed his fellow gentlemen and reported: "I can find no one who wants to reconsider that pay-raise resolution." Hard to believe, isn't it?

★ ★ ★

You will occasionally read stuff in this department of Collier's that seems somewhat less than necessary. For example, here's a letter from a young man whose father is obviously wasting money in sending him to the University of California at Los Angeles instead of getting him a nice executive job in television. This lad says there was a fight in the university library. A classmate was smacked in the left eye by a book—a flying Chaucer, no less.

★ ★ ★

Naturally you'll be churning up and down the country this summer in your car and you will occasionally wonder whether you're passing through a small or large town. To save you such mental wear and tear, we quote Mr. Justin Schmiedeke, of the Westfield (Wisconsin) Central Union. "A small town," writes Mr. Schmiedeke, "is one where a dog sits down in the middle of Main Street to scratch a flea. The cars drive slowly around him and the dog just keeps on scratching."



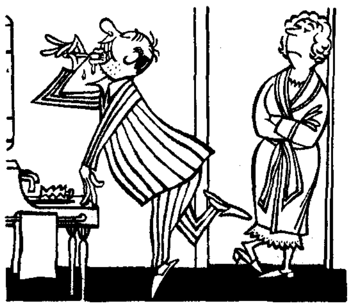
IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

To eke out a livelihood some of Florida's schoolteachers have taken jobs at the dog tracks. Doing only the more intellectual tasks at the pooch parks, such as counting the day's receipts and peddling popcorn. However, there are Floridians who don't like it. Think it's undignified. We hastily assigned Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, to look into the situation. The colonel lost no time in arranging an interview with a school principal at the Bar-Bee-Q-Bar. "I find," said the schoolmaster, "that eating regularly is a great help to dignity."

★ ★ ★

Just been looking over a couple of West Coast newspapers. One of them has an enlightening piece about "How to Brush Your Teeth Gracefully." But not much news otherwise.



★ ★ ★

It is said of this San Francisco lady that whenever she met a physician at a party she treated him to a harrowing recital of her symptoms, hopeful of getting a load of professional advice for free. You will be pleased to know that at last she met the doctor with the right answer. "Interesting, madam," said he loudly. "Take off your clothes and we'll have a look."

★ ★ ★

Gentleman named T. Quill informs us that in Toronto recently another gentleman was arrested for "watching and besetting." W. and B. is a small but romantic offense in Toronto frowned upon by the crown. In this instance, the culprit fell for a beautiful girl he didn't know and followed her through Canadian streets with love light in his eyes and a conflagration in his chest. After a year they exchanged just two words, both hers. "Drop dead," said she. And then she called a cop. Hot-hearted gentleman, more enamored than ever, placed under bond to stop watching and besetting for a year.

★ ★ ★

If this one didn't come from Mrs. Jessie Duhig, of the Thermopolis (Wyoming) Independent Record, we'd indignantly dismiss it as unlikely. But Mrs. Duhig is revered for her reliability. She says she got talking to a college coed who is majoring in English. Asked the coed why she had enrolled in that particular college. Replied the lovely young lady, who is also studying drum majoring: "I come here to get went with but ain't yet." ▲▲▲

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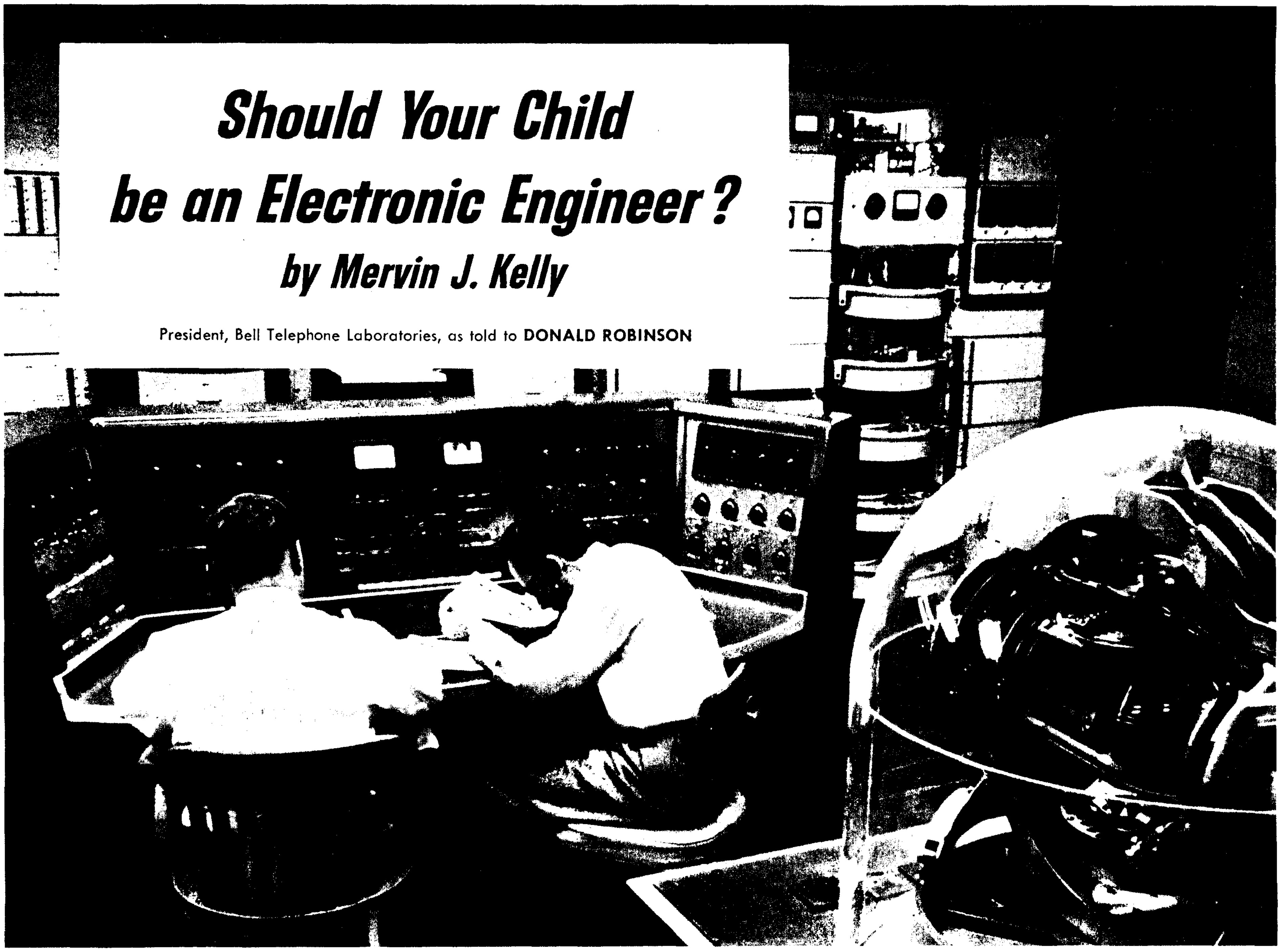
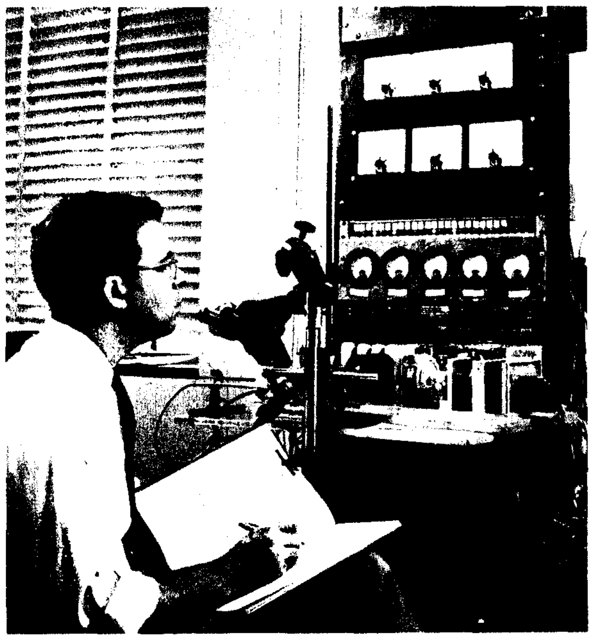
Should Your Child be an Electronic Engineer?

by Mervin J. Kelly

President, Bell Telephone Laboratories, as told to **DONALD ROBINSON**



At Bell Telephone Laboratories, where the Nike guided missile system was developed, flight problems are worked out with electro-mechanical equipment simulating Nike, providing in a few months flight data which would otherwise take years.



Making experimental transistors—tiny, solid amplifiers which do the work of vacuum tubes—is done automatically by this machine now being developed at Bell Telephone Laboratories. It employs many principles which are bringing automation to industry.

An age of electronic miracles lies ahead of us. The next few decades will witness some of the most exciting advances in the history of this wonderful new science.

Just take the field of communications. In the predictable future, you really will be able to see as well as hear the person with whom you are talking on the telephone. Each telephone may be equipped with its own television screen.

The day is coming when there will be a powerful radio transmitter and receiver no bigger than a wristwatch. You'll be able to carry it in your pocket and use it wherever you go.

Business procedures will be revolutionized by electronic devices.

The boys and girls who choose electronic engineering as a career will participate in these forward strides and countless others. They will have an opportunity to help open great new scientific frontiers.

I envy them the broad horizons that stretch out before them.

Electronics covers such a wide area that many people are confused about it. Again and again, I am asked,

"Precisely what does an electronic engineer do?"

The answer is simple. The electronic engineer is concerned with all spheres of science that depend for their effect on the negative charge of electricity which we call the electron. Radar, radio and television are three examples of the electronic engineer's work. The electronic computer—the so-called artificial brain—is a fourth. There are many more.

If he is involved in research, the electronic engineer generally spends his time developing and designing electronic devices. If he is in the manufacturing end, he plans and supervises the production, operation and maintenance of electronic equipment.

Today, the demand for electronic engineers is a vast one. The industry has grown so fast that there just aren't enough. According to the National Society of Professional Engineers, less than ten percent of the 450,000 professional engineers in the United States specialize in electronics.

Opportunities for advancement are, therefore, excellent. In most reputable companies, the young engineer is limited solely by his talent and enthusiasm. As he demonstrates the capacity for it, he is sure to receive more and more responsible work to do.

The rewards of the profession are large. A graduate of an engineering college can expect a starting salary of

$360 or $375 a month. Within ten years, if he has evidenced ability, he should be earning twice that much. He probably won't become a millionaire. Few engineers do. But top men in the field can anticipate an income of $25,000 or $30,000 a year.

Over and beyond that, the average electronic engineer gets a lot more out of his profession than his salary. I know I do.

There is a challenge in electronic engineering that is hard to match—the challenge of taking a nebulous idea and making it assume shape as a constructive, operating reality.

I can remember as vividly as if it were today the thrill that came when a group of us Bell engineers were working on the first trans-Atlantic radio telephone.

The problem was a tough one. The biggest vacuum tube available could produce only 250 watts. We had to develop a tube capable of twenty to twenty-five times that output.

It was my good fortune to be able to design such a tube.

Then we had to devise a system that would use this tube to transmit voices unfailingly across the 3,000 miles of static-ridden Atlantic water.

We built an experimental station out on Long Island and started transmission tests to England. Deliberately, we picked the most difficult sentences in the language for transmission to see if they could be heard and understood there.

"Joe took father's shoe bench out," we said.

And, "She was waiting at my lawn."

And, "Why do people eat oysters?"

Could these sentences be understood—not just once but day in and day out, no matter what the hour or the weather?

Finally, the word came back. Our messages were getting through. Trans-Atlantic telephone service was assured.

I was a very happy man.

There are still other rewards. The electronic engineer has the respect of his community as a well-educated professional man. He has the gratification of doing work which is beneficial to mankind. Just think of the lives that have been saved, for example, by the X-ray tube. In these days of international stress, he also has the satisfaction of knowing that he can make a marked contribution to the defense of democracy. More than one-half of the electronic industry is now engaged in defense work. The continental defense system is all electronic. The brain which makes the Army's land-to-air missile Nike so effective in hunting out enemy planes and destroying them is electronic. The instrumentation of atomic weapons like the H-bomb, the A-bomb and the warheads on missiles is electronic. In fact, the electronic engineer is as essential to atomic weaponry as the nuclear physicist.

The first trans-Atlantic telephone cable will require more than 100 underwater amplifiers with vacuum tubes that can give uninterrupted service for years. Here research specialists make transmission measurements on an experimental model.

I am not saying that electronic engineering does not have its drawbacks. Certainly, it is not the field for a man absorbed only in money-making. No man who cares merely about getting rich should submit himself to the disciplines of such a creative technology.

It is not the most attractive field for the man who wants to go into business for himself. Too much capital is necessary for the average electronic engineer ever to set up a laboratory or business of his own.

And, it is surely not the field for the rugged individualist who hates to collaborate with others. More and more, electronic engineering has become dependent on teamwork.

When the Bell Laboratories began its research on solid state physics, shortly after the end of World War II, a group of three senior engineers and ten technical aides was set up. As it probed deeper into the matter the group was enlarged. Soon we had almost 30 men in it.

Out of their three years of teamwork came the transistor, the epochal device which is replacing the vacuum tube and has metamorphosed electronics.

Had these men not been able to work together, the transistor would probably never have been invented.

How can you tell whether your son is fitted to be an electronic engineer?

I'd say that you first should determine whether he has a scientific bent. Find out whether he likes mathematics and makes good marks in it. How about his physics? Do the experiments fascinate him?

If he seems genuinely interested in science, then you should check up on certain broad characteristics. Is he willing to work hard? Thomas A. Edison aptly remarked,

"Genius is one percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration."

Is your son painstaking? This is a field that requires great attention to detail. A misplaced decimal point can do much damage.

Is your son intellectually honest? A scientist must allow facts, not prejudices, to set his course.

Does your son have an open mind? Is he willing, even anxious, to look at new evidence? He must be if he is to arrive at true scientific answers.

Should your son decide to go in for engineering, I would urge him *not* to select electronics—or any other line—as his specialty too soon. He can make a grievous error if he does. I did.

As a high school student out in the Midwest, I had a brief conversation one day with a metallurgical engineer. His tales of adventure in British Columbia impressed me so much that, then and there, I resolved to become a metallurgical engineer, too.

I was mistaken. After I enrolled in a school of mining, I learned that my interest lay in other fields of science. I had to switch courses.

To avoid making a similar mistake, I would recommend that every would-be engineer secure a broad foundation in all the sciences before he chooses the kind of engineering which interests him the most.

Actually, an engineering education starts in high school. A boy who wants to be an engineer should study all the mathematics and physics he can get there.

After high school, comes an engineering course at college. Ordinarily, it is a four-year course leading to a bachelor's degree. In most colleges, the first two years are the same for all students. The choice of a specialty usually is not made until the end of the sophomore year.

As a rule, the boy who wishes to specialize in electronics should take the course in electrical engineering. This will give him a background not only in electronics but in all facets of electricity. He should also take as much English and the other humanities as possible. They will come in very handy.

A course such as this is not easy. It probably will necessitate more classroom work and more study hours than almost any other course. You can't bluff your way through it. It is always engrossing, though.

Is college expensive? In many instances, yes. It can run from a few hundred dollars a year to almost $2,000. However, a recent survey by the National Society of Professional Engineers disclosed that American colleges make over 2,800 scholarships available to engineering students. Several thousand more scholarships are granted by the various states. At least 36 of our 48 states make some legal provisions for engineering scholarships and fellowships.

I am often asked, "Can girls make a go of engineering?"

The answer is a resounding "Yes." It is true that there are less than 4,000 women graduate engineers in the United States today. Nevertheless, there are some very good women engineers who hold down splendid jobs and do fine, creative work. This is particularly noticeable in electronics.

To the girls as well as the boys who have the requisite aptitudes, I say: by all means, select electronic engineering for your career. You can help create a better, more livable world.

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

Booklets available on other careers

This article on Engineering is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling *and* Nursing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just write:*

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Underwater reporter Stapleton at six fathoms in the Caribbean

THE exciting tone of Bill Stapleton's story (page 84) about the Navy's UDT strikes the authentic note because he virtually lived with 'em, above and below the water, to get it. The dramatic incident that opens the article, and which occurred just after the above picture was taken, shows how lucky Stapleton is; you don't often get a second chance in that business.

Bill impressed the tough frogmen with his nerve on another occasion, too. He requested the destruction of an underwater obstacle so he could photograph it at close range from the beach. While the demolition charge was being prepared just offshore, Stape picked out the vantage point on the beach from which he wanted to shoot. The frogman who was to set off the charge shook his head and said, "Well, if you're crazy enough to get this close, so am I." The two men dug a foxhole for protection.

"Take your picture," Stape's partner warned him, "and jump in this hole *fast*, before the debris and concussion reach us."

"We stood there," Stape recalls. "He set off the charge. BOOM! I took my picture, and we both dived into our foxhole. He got there first. I landed on top of him, thinking: This picture had better come out because I'm certainly not going through *this* again."

He won't have to. It came out and can be seen on page 86.

* * *

NINE years ago John Crosby, reporter for the New York Herald Tribune, got orders to start writing a television and radio column for that paper. Today his trenchant observations, mostly on the world of television, are not only syndicated nationally, but are studied in the inner sanctums of the industry. His Me and the Set, in this issue, is Crosby at his critical best.

We're pleased to learn from Crosby that at home he has the television set by the scruff of the neck.

"My kids—six and eight—would rather have me read to them or play with them any time than watch television. Any parent who can't supply a substitute for television is just plain abdicating to the set, although I'll admit there are some great shows that you can't compete with. In my house right now it's Disneyland. Besides, I want to see it myself."

* * *

BILL COX, author of the surprising fiction story, Crowd Pleaser, was a fighter himself a long time ago. "I hung up my gloves at the age of eighteen, the smartest thing I ever did, as I was the worst, the real worst. In those days Walker, Britton, Shade, Bogash, Ward and the incomparable Harry Greb were around in the welter- and middleweight classes. Middles are always the best because the average man is a middle. (It's like the black horses and the white horses. The white horses ate more because there were more of them.)

"I wrote Crowd Pleaser because I hate to see these boys brought on too soon, only to get clobbered before they reach ring maturity.

"Now I live in Hollywood, having written a half-million words in twenty-one years—novels, pictures, television, short stories, whatever. I'm now trying to write a Hollywood story about people, because it's high time someone said something in defense of this glamorous jungle. There are real nice people here doing hard work which is good work. I enjoy living here very much."

Good idea, Bill. Just don't tell us that middleweight actors eat more because there are more of them.

* * *

ON THE other hand, Frank McCarthy, the artist who was called upon to render a realistic picture of the crucial training-camp grudge fight for Cox's story, had only the experience of a few informal boyhood fights in Scarsdale, New York, to give him the proper background.

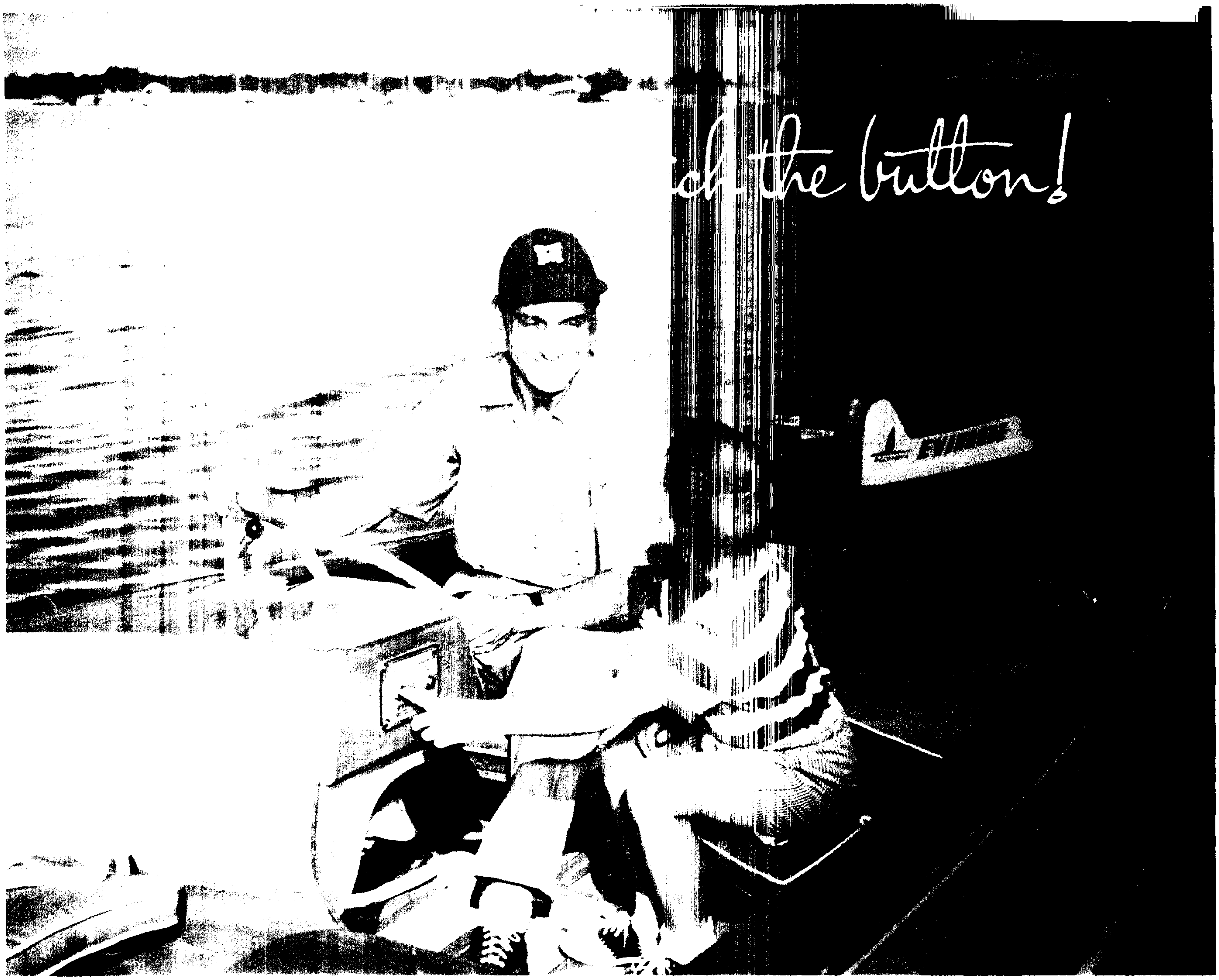
"In my teens I was mostly a sailor," he recalls. "I took part in a lot of races and I sketched and painted everything I saw. After studying at the Art Students League and Pratt Institute I worked as a messenger boy and apprentice artist and gradually moved up to illustration.

"Then I made a 14,000-mile trip around the country, taking photos and sketching—all the way from New Orleans to California, Lake Louise to Yellowstone, and Montreal to Florida. The pictures and drawings are invaluable to me now in my work.

"But I guess I really owe my career to my grammar school, a progressive place where they taught me to print, not write. Somehow that got me started drawing. Furthermore, we never were made to study, so I had plenty of time."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Cat named Salvador-Shut-up and owner Cox contemplate Hollywood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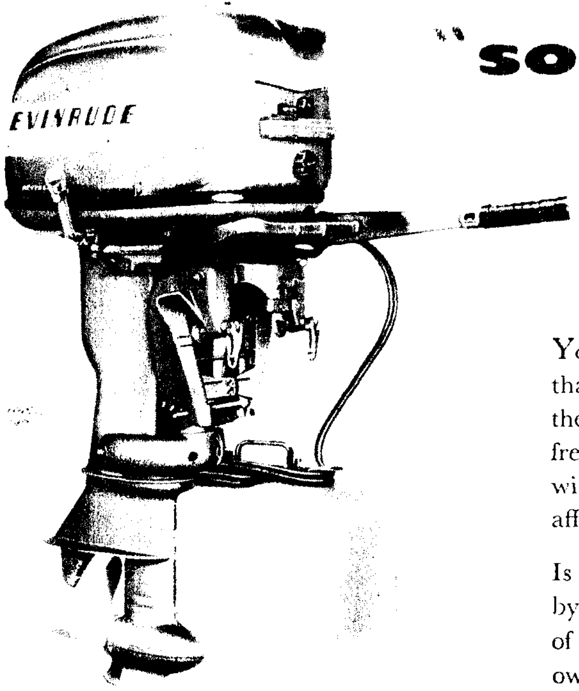

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Man of the West

By PHILIP YORDAN

Only through violence could Tom Early save his ranch—and violence would turn all his neighbors into enemies

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

HE KNEW he was being followed, and it didn't surprise him. There were ten or fifteen persons just in the territory of Wyoming who would be happy to kill him. His name was Thomas Early, he was thirty-eight years of age, and he was traveling alone across high country. He rode a black mare called Susan and led a second horse, a dappled gelding with the fancy name of Brutus. It was the spring after the bad winter of 1879.

Early turned and rode back a half mile, but saw nothing and heard no one. Whoever was pursuing him was either very far away or very careful. Early resumed his journey. There was nothing else to do.

The sun was now an hour down. The two horses and the single rider were black against the evening sky. Early had never paid much attention to his emotions, but what he was feeling right now was a kind of homesickness—for a home that he no longer had and had never wanted, a nostalgia for something that had ended a long time ago.

Loneliness had never bothered him. It was the very condition of his life. He had lived practically all his years as a traveler in the empty West, without a name, without a past, without a purpose; it had been his way to live by his senses; to eat, drink, love and kill, not out of greed but out of necessity. He would have lived all his life this way if he could, but it was no longer possible.

America was changing. The West was changing. Farmers, mechanics, clerks, clockmakers and bank tellers, honest ne'er-do-wells and bonanza thieves, the whole swarm had broken out of the smoky cities of the East and ventured into the open. Immigrants from Germany and Ireland and England were crossing the continent with their oxen, their babies, their iron stoves and china dishes, their typhoid sickness and their camp quarrels. Broken wheels lay in the grass along many a trail. A porcelain stove lay smashed in the bed of a stream, and barrels of tools were abandoned because they were too heavy to carry.

Early had spent that hard winter of 1879 in Laramie. But finally the snows melted and the first travelers came through the pass. One of them brought news of the woman who had been Early's wife: she lay sick, perhaps dying, in the log farmhouse he had built long ago. Now he was going back, and behind him, he grew more and more certain, a killer was watching and riding.

Yet he still heard nothing. He no longer looked back, wishing his pursuer to grow less cautious, and about sunset of the next day he heard a distinct noise far behind him.

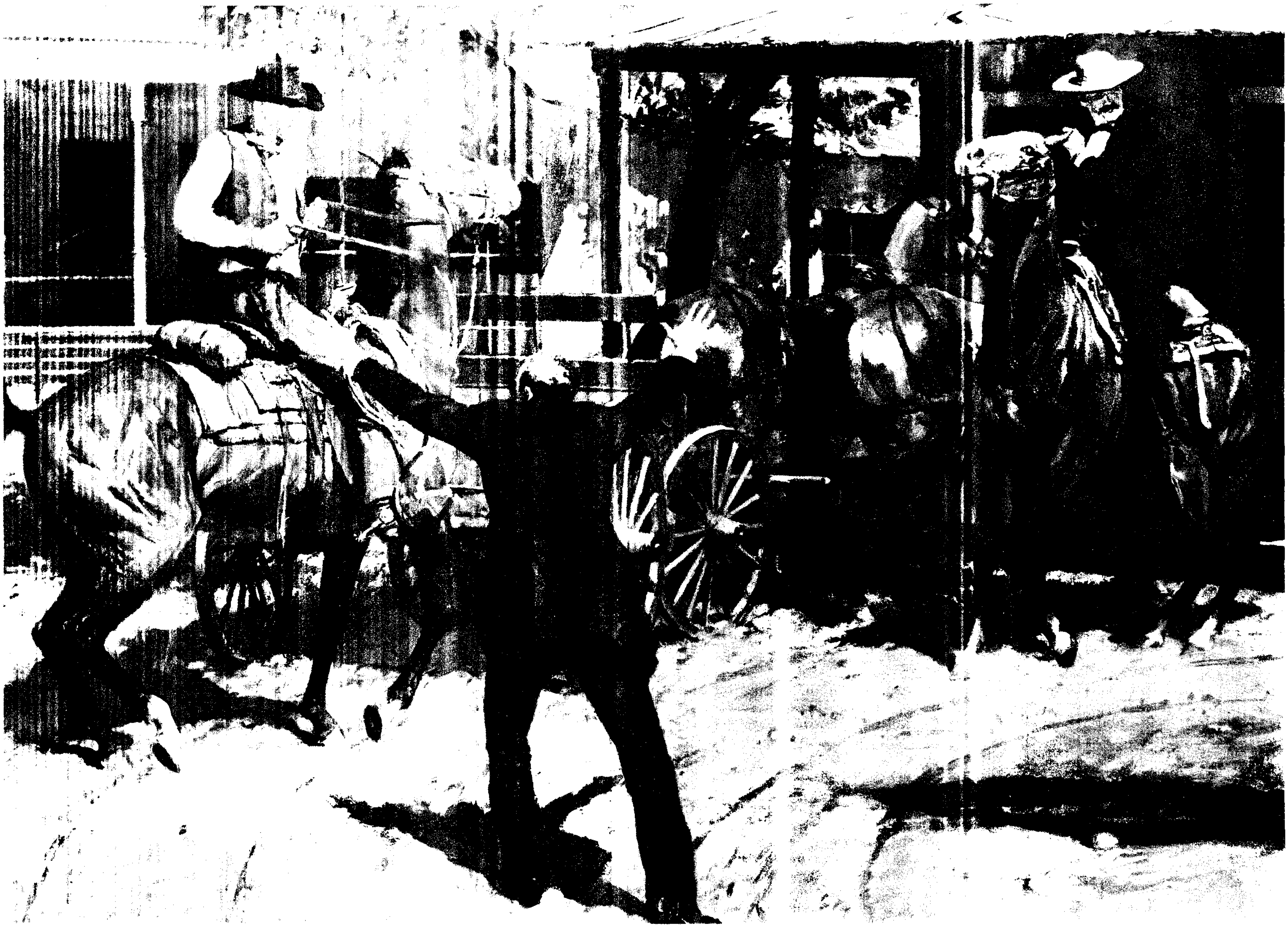
Early had just come to the bend of a small river. On his left was a tract of virgin pine. It was in this wood that he heard the sound of someone moving, gently and carefully. He stopped dead still and listened, for sometimes on a long journey you take your own echo to be a stranger. Now he heard nothing, but as he held still for another moment, it began again: the sound of a heavy but agile man coming cautiously closer.

Early turned and doubled back in a great half circle, but again he saw no one and heard nothing. The pursuer had disappeared.

Early had been close to death many times, probably more often than he realized. This ambush being drawn around him now, fearful and slow though it was, was an end he would have chosen for himself, if he had had a choice. Through all the years of his lonely wandering—day or night, dawn or evening, asleep, drowsy or awake—he had expected this simple death, the final shot that would end fear and courage at the same time. He waited.

Perhaps half an hour passed. Still there was no further sound. Suddenly he lifted his rifle and fired several times into the sky. The noise was overwhelming, for he had ridden in silence for so many days. Now he listened. But the shots had not frightened his pursuer into movement.

That confirmed it. His pursuer was not a deer or a buffalo, but a man—a man of good nerves, seeking revenge. Early decided to ride on,



Early hurled himself forward, grabbing the gun as he fell. Blondie fired, and

keeping to open country as much as possible. If his own experience was any guide, the pursuer was no less frightened than the pursued. Early would wait, let the man draw closer, and then, suddenly, turn the hunter into the hunted.

THROUGHOUT the following days, there was no alarm of any kind. Then, on the tenth night of Early's journey, he awoke with a start in the windless hour just before dawn. The campfire had gone out, and the mare and the gelding were rearing and twisting. Early had the loaded rifle at ready in his hands. He heard a faint noise maybe a hundred feet away in the darkness. It seemed to come from the nearest tree, a split sycamore.

By instinct, Early took the boldest course of action. He stood up and walked slowly forward. When he was within shooting distance, he called out to a shadow behind the broken tree.

"Stranger," said Early, "you'd better come on out." There was no answer, just an uneasy rustle of leaves. "I've got you covered," he added. The intruder moved, turning his head from side to side, and then, surprisingly, lifted a thick and powerful arm. Early was about to fire, when he realized there was no gun in the stranger's hand.

"You'd better come out, stranger," said Early. The figure didn't move. Early fired.

But as he pulled the trigger, a flash of doubt disturbed him and changed his aim. A branch of the tree was shattered. A heavy, strong body fell to the ground. There was silence for a minute.

Early felt he had sized up the situation as wrongly as possible, but it was still too dark for him to see what had happened. The intruder, killed or stunned, lay motionless in the tall grass. Early reloaded his rifle.

Now, as he watched, a grotesque figure arose in the growing light, stretching and waving both its arms. The intruder was a middle-sized, curious and rather hungry bear.

It would have been easy to kill this unexpected clown, but somehow Early could not fire again. "Git!" he said. The bear, taking this remark as a sign of friendship, advanced toward him. Early threw several rocks, one of which struck the animal full in the stomach. The bear dropped to all fours, turned and waddled away.

Early rode upstream about three miles, stopped and cooked dried beef for his breakfast. As steam began to rise from the pot, the horses grew frightened and he heard footsteps once again. He turned and saw the bear, watching sadly from a distance.

Early began to laugh. The tension of this journey across half of Wyoming and the haunting, frightful dreams of the last few days were forgotten.

The foolish and hungry bear sat down, licked his nose and waited. When Early finally mounted, wiping tears of laughter from his eyes, he felt more kindly toward the whole world, and particularly toward this idiot bear. He had thrown several strips of jerky to the animal, and when he looked back, a half mile later, the bear was chewing on them, squatted down on his haunches. And distant as he was, even in the full sunlight, he looked more like a man than ever. Wasn't there an Indian story about The Bear Who Talked Like a Chief?

"I'm beginning to think like an Indian," said Early aloud. "Been alone too damned long."

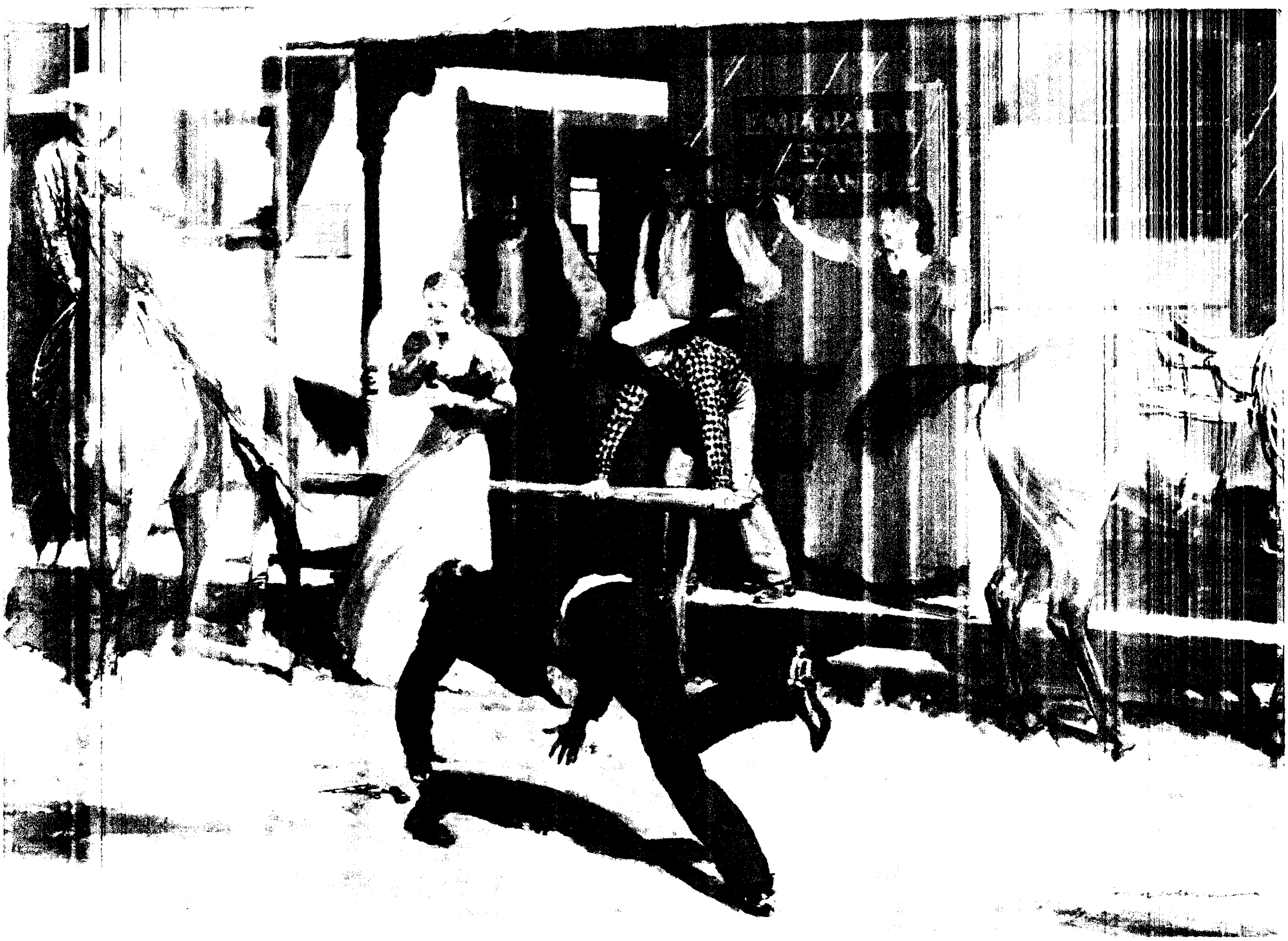
Philip Yordan, author of Collier's new Western serial beginning on these pages, is the winner of the Academy Award for the Best Motion Picture Story of 1954. Mr. Yordan's Oscar was for Broken Lance

EARLY reached the rim of the valley at midday, and stopped to change his clothes. From the rough leather trousers and the Indian jacket that he had worn on his journey, he changed to a black suit and a black high-crowned hat. He remounted and headed the mare down the twisting trail into the valley below. He could already see the sod roof of the log farmhouse; and then the second farmhouse, the barn, fences and the graveyard on the small hill came into view. As he descended farther, he could make out a procession of some eight or nine people following a farm wagon. The horse pulling the wagon was led by two men, both of them bareheaded.

"I'm too late by a day," Early said and took off his hat. After a moment, he hurried his mare into as fast a pace as the trail would allow. The gelding came unwillingly after him. . . .

The air was clear and distances deceptive. It was nearly an hour before Early came to the little graveyard. The ceremony was already over. Under a solitary oak nearby, Early dismounted and tied his horses.

The little group of mourners stood together; closer to the grave itself stood a tall, large-boned



e bullet struck earth where Early, rolling like a mountain cat, had just been

boy of eighteen with thick blond hair, and near him was a heavy-set man of middle age, wearing a collar, tie and Sunday suit. An old man with a beard said to the man, "Do you want me to do it, Mr. Potter?" The man in the Sunday suit had knelt down, his head bowed.

"Let young Tom," said a woman.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Potter, getting up. From the wagon he took a sledge hammer and a crude cross made of birch. With slow, workmanlike blows, he drove the cross into the ground. Early left the shadow of the oak and walked slowly forward. The little group had been so intent they had not seen him till this moment, and now they looked at him without recognition.

Early spoke to Potter: "With your permission, sir, I'd like to pay my respects."

"Who are you?" said Potter. His grief made his voice coarse and his temper short. "Well?"

"I'm a friend," said Early.

"What's your name?" Potter asked.

"Don't you know?"

"Yes," said Potter. "Yes, I believe I do." Then he added, almost in anger but with a touch of fear: "Where've you been since we saw you last?"

Early paused. "I don't know as I could tell you," he said, almost sadly.

"May the Lord forgive you," said Potter. He turned to the boy. "Come on, son. It's time to go home." And, seeing the boy hesitate, looking at the freshly covered grave, he added gently, "Your ma is at peace."

Young Tom pitched the sledge hammer back into the wagon. The women and Mr. Potter and the old man with the beard climbed into the wagon and the boy jerked on the horse's bridle. Slowly the wagon carrying the mourners moved down the little hill.

Early, standing alone, looked at the wooden cross. Burned deep into it was the inscription:

Alice Marie Potter
Born 1844 Died 1879
Her Goodness Fled Unto Heaven

THE pans in the kitchen and the cloth on the table were as neat and clean as Mrs. Potter had kept them. Elisha Potter sat with a Bible on his knees, open to the Book of Job, but he was not reading. He leaned forward and stirred the fire, and the flames roared up. It had been raining since nightfall.

Young Tom was shelling seed corn, the dry kernels rattling down into an iron pail. He was a shy, quiet boy, given to hard work since he was nine. He had never been more than ten miles from this whitewashed house where he had been born.

Suddenly the man and the boy looked up. They heard horses outside, and then the door opened. Potter and Tom stared at the man who came in out of the darkness, his shoulders covered with a blanket, soaked and streaming with rain. He stepped into the small circle of lamplight, crossed the room as though it were familiar to him, and hung his blanket over a chair.

"Who are you?" said Tom, as much in anger as astonishment.

"I know him," said Potter, his face stern.

No one spoke for some time and the boy went back to his work. He looked up occasionally; he was fascinated by the man, by the black suit, the lonely and solitary purpose, the air of ease and arrogance, the lined, handsome and weather-toughened face; but most of all he was fascinated by the two pearl-handled guns.

"Where are you from?" the boy asked.

"No place in particular," Early said.

"Do you aim to stay?"

"Depends on the weather," Early replied.

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't ask him questions," Elisha Potter said.

"I don't mind," Early said. "I'm glad for the chance to get dry."

"You can sleep by the fire," Potter said, "long as it's raining. I would not deny that to any man."

"Thank you, Mr. Potter. That's very kind."

"But I expect you to be gone before breakfast."

"You can stay if you like," the boy said suddenly.

Early nodded. He unbuckled his polished belt and hung it over a chair.

As he turned back he saw Tom's eyes upon him. "You like this part of the country?" Early asked.

"I don't know any other part," the boy said.

"Go to bed, Tom," said Potter.

"Soon, Pa."

"Want to examine this gun?" Early asked, picking up the belt.

"I don't mind," said the boy.

Early took the weapon out of its tooled and decorated holster and gave it to the boy, who opened it gently to look at its ammunition chambers. "It's a marvel," said the boy.

Potter got up and went into the next room, sat on the bed, and took off his shoes. He lay back, completely exhausted, and stared up into the darkness. Tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He heard

(*Continued on page* 90)

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

Tired? Scientists are finding out why. For example, which fatigues you more—to

Stoop or Bend?

By BILL DAVIDSON

THE late philosopher of stage and screen, W. C. Fields, once remarked, "The best way to avoid fatigue is to avoid work." This advice may do for hobos and for people in Fields's elevated income bracket; but for the rest of us, who must labor for our daily bread, fatigue continues to be a real problem. However, after years of guesswork about how to alleviate work-weariness, science finally is coming up with some exact answers.

Not long ago, two French scientists, engineer Lucien Lauru and physician-physiologist Dr. Louis-Camille Soula, studied a young French stenographer at work. Her chair rested on a special contraption in their laboratory, but she performed her regular duties as if she were in her office. She reached into her desk drawer for sheets of paper and busily typed away. While she worked, the two scientists turned their attention to an electronically guided pen which traced out the telltale story of just how much effort she put into each movement.

The scientists were using their new device—called a Lauru Platform—to try to answer a question that had plagued business for years: Why should a typist, who's doing a comparatively light job, be so tired at the end of the day? After weeks of experimenting, they came up with at least part of the answer. They found that when the stenographer wanted to relax she slid along the seat of her chair to the edge, then used a surprising amount of energy pushing herself erect again. Another exhausting motion, when repeated many times, was leaning over to take sheets of paper from a desk drawer.

Lauru and Soula designed a new stenographer's chair—basically similar to an American-type posture chair, but with a seat which slides back and forth on ball bearings. They also built a new-type desk with a close-at-hand drawer in which typing paper and carbons stand on end (instead of lying flat) so that the stenographer need not bend over to pick them up. Then, while the stenographer worked away at the new desk in the new chair, her movements were measured again. The result? A two-thirds saving of effort with the chair, a four-to-one reduction in effort with the desk. At the end of a day's work, the stenographer was comparatively fresh and unwearied by her labors—and she had done more work than ever before.

Today, there are two Lauru Platforms—the original in Paris and a duplicate at the Haskell Laboratory of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company near Newark, Delaware. With them, scientists are solving myriad problems of fatigue. Did you know that a housewife reaching up into a cupboard to stack dishes expends almost as much effort in five minutes as a carpenter sawing wood for the same length of time? Dr. Lucien Brouha of the Du Pont Company proved it for the first time in an experiment staged specifically for Collier's.

In another experiment, in which I participated, Dr. Brouha ended the old controversy over whether it is less taxing to stoop or to bend when you tie a shoelace or pick up an object from the floor.

The experiment was conducted in the Haskell Laboratory. I stood on the triangular Lauru Platform while lights flashed and machinery hummed. On signal, I bent over to touch the floor as if to tie my shoelace; then I stooped down. Next, I bent over to lift a 15-pound dumbbell, and a few seconds later stooped to raise it.

Brouha and an associate, Du Pont physicist Paul E. Smith, Jr., ripped a sheet of paper from the recorder. "It's perfectly plain," said Brouha. "You expended a maximum of 35 pounds of effort to bend toward your shoelace, 62 pounds of effort to stoop. When you lifted the dumbbell, you expended 36 pounds of effort bending, compared with 70 pounds stooping. For a single action and for lighter weights, there's no doubt now that bending is more economical for the body." Other experiments confirmed these findings—but indicated to Brouha that for lifting 50 pounds or more, or making repeated lifts, stooping is better because the load is distributed over more powerful muscles.

Information of this sort is being turned up almost daily by the Lauru Platform and by related new techniques and devices. There is little question that the findings eventually will alter our lives and habits. For the first time, scientists will be able to get the precise data they need in order to develop and teach the housewife less taxing methods of ironing clothes, washing dishes and doing other chores. Factory and office methods can be revised and workers trained in less fatiguing body movements. Industrial machines and household equipment can be redesigned. So can cars and tracks—since we never have known for sure the least fatiguing locations and designs for the driver's seat and controls.

Even athletics may be radically affected. Lauru already has added inches to the best leap of a broad jumper; the engineer had the athlete practice various take-offs from the electronic platform until the machine showed that he was leaving the platform with maximum force. (Brouha believes that in time it will be similarly possible to correct the swing of a baseball player or a golfer.) On another occasion, Lauru was visited by Jean Borotra, the old French international tennis player. In his Davis Cup days, Borotra was known for his poor serve. "Step on the platform and try your serve now," invited Lauru. Borotra did so, and the trouble soon became apparent: his movement was un-co-ordinated, and his swing reached maximum force *after* the ball had left the racket. "Why couldn't I have found that out 35 years ago?" Borotra lamented.

The Du Pont Company's Dr. Lucien Brouha, one of the world's top authorities on fatigue

Do You Push or Pull a Wheelbarrow?

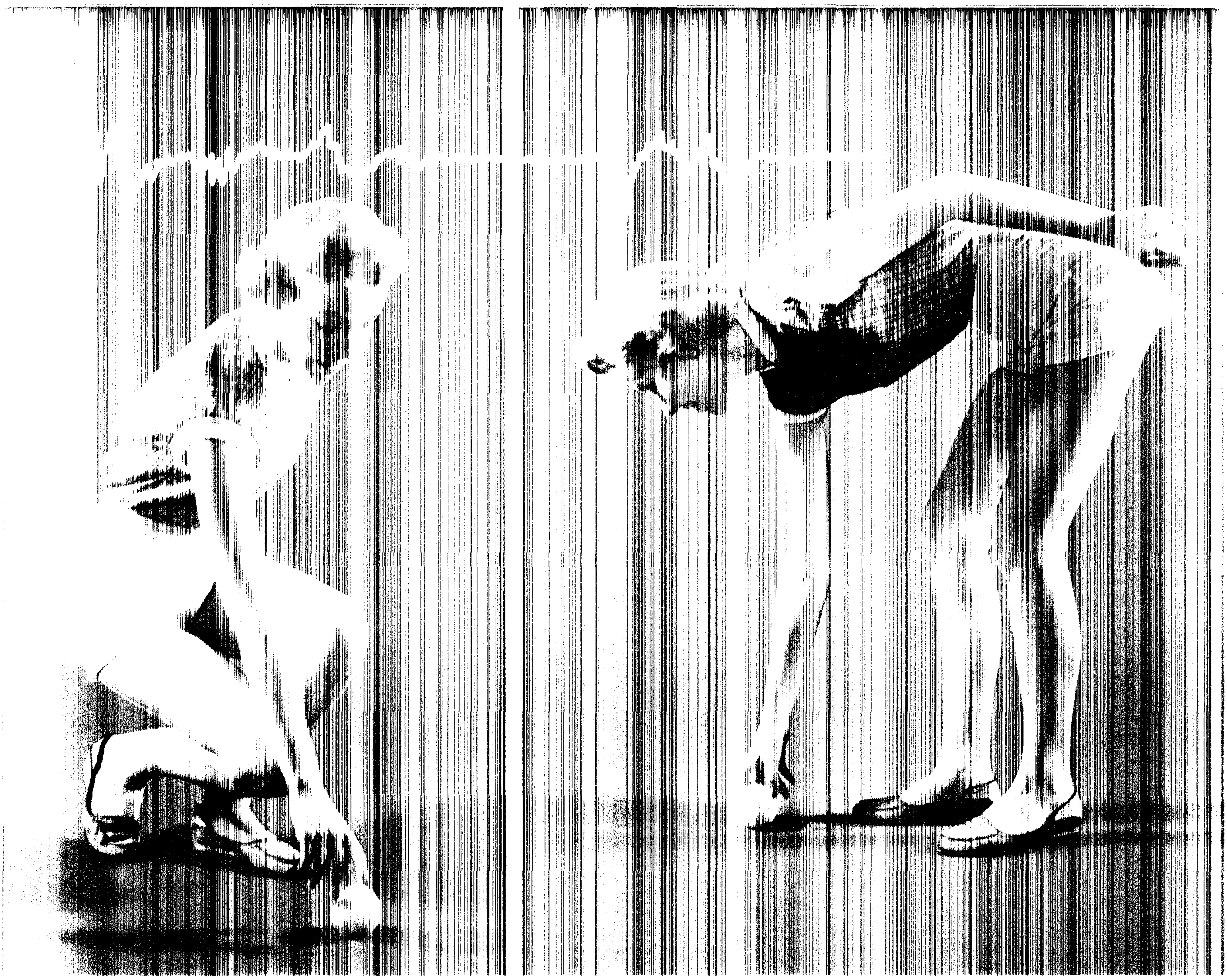
But it's in work studies that the new devices promise to have their most far-reaching effect. Ever since the invention of the wheel, for example, the wheelbarrow has been pushed by most users. Now, though his investigations are still not complete, Brouha says, "I think we may have been wrong for thousands of years. It seems to me that it could be considerably more efficient and less fatiguing to *pull* a wheelbarrow. It's a complicated test, but we'll try to resolve that question too as soon as possible."

And so an entirely new field of research is opening up. Says the University of Wisconsin's Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, one of the pioneers in biomechanics in the early 1900s (and, incidentally, the mother of the family made famous by the 1949 best seller Cheaper by the Dozen): "Until now we've been relying purely on guesswork to get the maximum production out of workers with less fatigue. Now at last we can replace judgment with facts."

Yet it took biomechanics a long time to reach the point where—as Du Pont management engineer Hugh A. Bogle puts it—"an art is at last becoming a science." Biomechanics was born in the 1880s when an American engineer named Frederick Winslow Taylor began to analyze and improve work methods in factories. "The trouble is," says Bogle, "that little of significance happened in the field in the next seventy years." The early industrial engineer tried to increase production by timing certain operations and selecting the average time of thousands of workers as the standard which everyone was supposed to maintain. "The stop watch was the only instrument of our profession," says Bogle, "and how much can you improve a stop watch?"

During World War II, engineers for the first time became seriously concerned about the effect of human fatigue on efficiency. As Harvard's Dr. Robert F. Schwab reported, "Tired lookouts lead ships into disaster; and weary train engineers miss essential red signals. Fatigue is often associated with poor judgment, omission of details, indifference to essentials and generally inadequate performance."

The complexities of the war also brought a realization that the engineer could not write rules for the human machine as he did for machines of iron and steel. It became apparent that physiologists—men who specialize in the workings of the human body—must be brought into the picture. The armed forces of various nations turned to the medi-



Experts once considered bending more tiring than stooping—but new experiments indicate the contrary's usually true. Graph behind model, drawn by effort-measuring device called Lauru Platform, shows that she uses less effort bending—at least, when lifting light object

cal schools for help, but there was little time to develop methods and tools for the infant alliance between physiologist and engineer.

Typical of the crude antifatigue devices of the war days was the invention of a German scientist named Kornmuller to keep *Luftwaffe* pilots alert. It recorded the brain waves of the pilot and set off an alarm bell in the cockpit whenever they indicated he was becoming drowsy. "That did nothing to eliminate fatigue," says scientist John L. Kennedy of the Rand Corporation which does research jobs for the U.S. government. "It was about as advanced as the ancient 'alertness monitor'—a sharp spike under the chin which alerted the subject very positively when weariness overcame him and his head dropped."

As recently as 1953, there was so much concern about the lack of knowledge of fatigue that a symposium was held in Cranfield, England. Top British and American scientists attended, but the conference asked more questions than it answered. The symposium did warn, however, that fatigue-caused losses to industry were staggering ("a figure of tens of millions of pounds is probably not too high"). And, more important, it confirmed that the problem never could be solved by engineers without the help of physicians, anatomists and physiologists.

This conclusion was supported by the outstanding work being done by the few medical men already in the field, among them Dr. Brouha. Born in Belgium but now a naturalized American, he had begun his career with his physician father at the University of Liége. By World War II, the younger Brouha—an M.D. and a Doctor of Science in Physiology—headed a department at the ancient Belgian seat of learning, but was spending six months of every year in the United States at the now closed Fatigue Laboratory of Harvard University. "I commuted," says Brouha, "until Hitler ended it." He escaped from Paris the day the Nazis entered, and he made his way to the United States through Spain. He spent most of the rest of the war working for the U.S. armed forces. He studied fatigue problems created by protective suits worn by decontamination specialists of the Army's Chemical Warfare Service, and he helped develop the step test still used by the U.S. Navy in selecting aviation cadets. By observing a prospective cadet as he walks up and down a single high step devised by Brouha, Navy experts can weed out candidates most likely to be susceptible to fatigue.

Just before the war ended, Brouha was called to a war plant of the Aluminum Company of Canada in Shawinigan Falls, Quebec. The workers there were on strike. They claimed that the human body could not withstand the blistering heat of the mill for the prescribed work periods. Brouha was asked to investigate the claim—probably one of the few times that a physician has been brought in to settle a major labor dispute. And settle it he did. Scrambling about the plant with stethoscope and blood-pressure gadgets, the muscular little Belgian (who once shared a world's rowing record with Jack Kelly, Sr., father of actress Grace Kelly) recorded the heart rates and body temperatures of hundreds of workers. His studies convinced him that the strikers were right: the work *was* too exhausting. The company revised the work schedules—and kept Dr. Brouha on the payroll for five years. He scientifically rearranged rest periods and installed fatigue-reducing devices and air-conditioned rest rooms.

In 1950, Du Pont invited Brouha back to the United States. The Du Pont people gave him his own laboratory and asked him to do for Du Pont the same sort of job he had done for the Aluminum Company of Canada. Such a role was unheard of in United States industry, but soon the dynamic Belgian physician was influencing work schedules in several Du Pont factories.

He made on-the-job physical examinations of workers to determine proper rest periods, and he designed special equipment to fend off fatigue. At the Du Pont plant in Newport, Delaware, I watched him try an air-conditioning harness on Roger Davis, a silica welder who had to work in 150-degree

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WERNER WOLFE

If you tire, you may be doing your job wrong—or it may be the wrong job

heat. The harness, worn under a protective suit, was attached by a hose to an air-conditioning unit. Holes in the plastic tubing of the harness (which Brouha and Smith had invented) emitted cool air directly on Davis's skin. It enabled him to work without fatigue for one hour in the furnacelike heat—instead of an energy-sapping 15 minutes.

Brouha also set up two experimental "climate rooms," in which he could simulate any work situation under all possible climatic conditions. I witnessed one experiment in which a pretty young Haskell Laboratory receptionist, Marilyn Sherman, was the volunteer guinea pig. The temperature in the "climate room" was 90 degrees and the humidity a debilitating 80 per cent—a close approximation of work conditions in an East Coast factory on a hot, muggy, midsummer day.

Tests on a Girl Pedaling a Bicycle

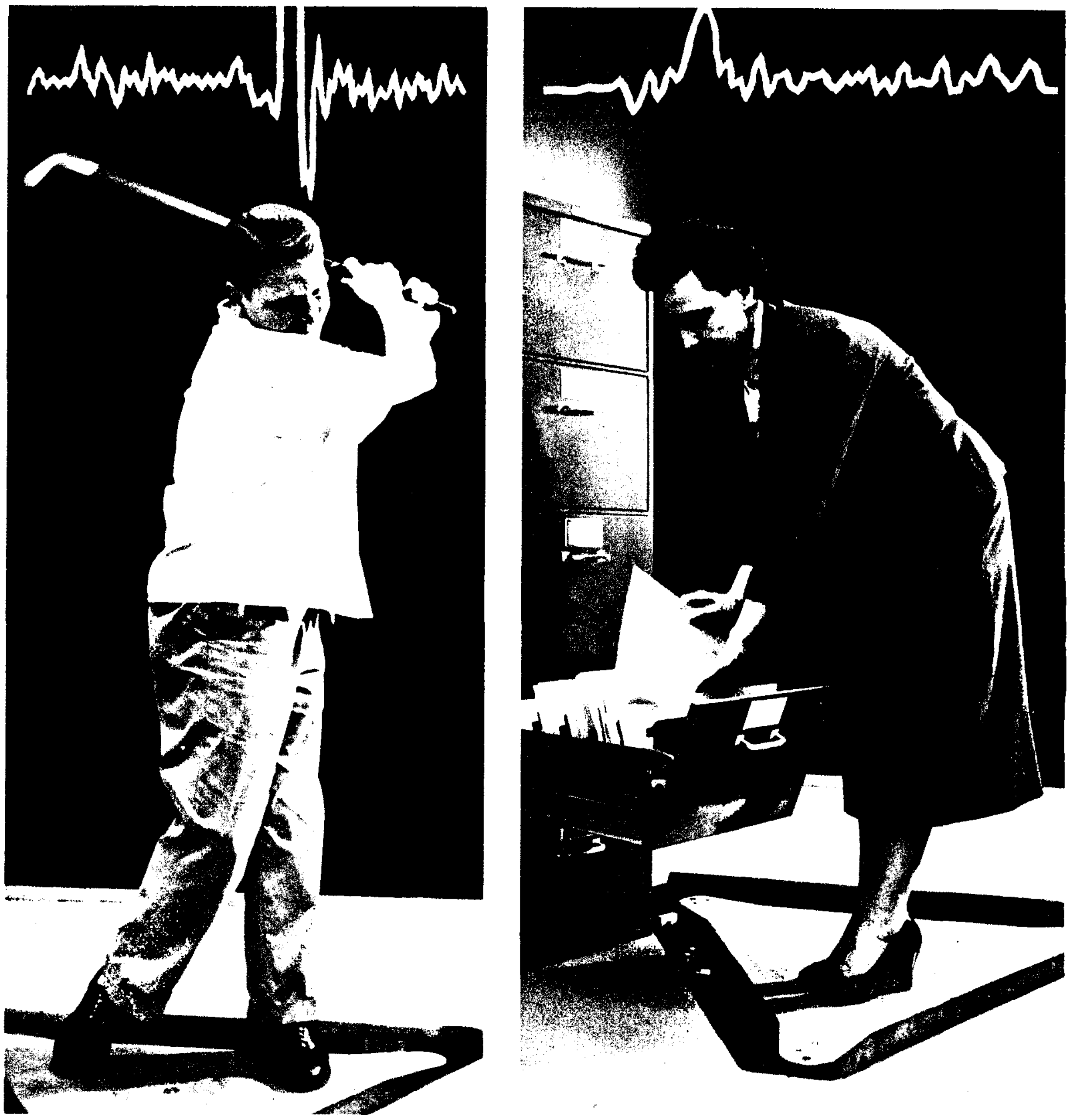
Miss Sherman pedaled a stationary bicycle for 30 minutes, expending as much energy as a factory girl lifting and threading heavy bobbins of yarn for the same length of time. While she pedaled, devices recorded her heart rate, her oxygen intake and so on. Electrodes were strapped over her upper body, a carbon-dioxide and oxygen measuring implement protruded from her mouth like an elongated trumpet, and technicians took blood samples from an arm as she pedaled. The reason for the experiment? Women in Du Pont's textile plants get rest periods totaling 15 per cent of their workday in both winter and summer. Brouha was trying to find out whether longer rest periods were needed in the summer to stave off fatigue.

Valuable as this kind of research is, Brouha had realized for a long time that he lacked an essential tool. Heart-rate tests and the like provide, at best, only rough measurements, and they apply mainly to hard work under unusual conditions—such as intense heat. He still had no accurate instrument to analyze ordinary work movements under ordinary conditions.

In 1953, Brouha went to Paris to visit his old associate, Dr. Louis-Camille Soula. He found him bristling with excitement. "I am working with a most remarkable device," Soula said, and he took Brouha to see it. It was the Lauru Platform. "Step onto it," said Soula. "It's so sensitive that it can measure your heartbeat—even the muscular activity of a mouse walking across it."

The moment Brouha tried the contraption, he realized it could be the one key instrument he had been seeking for years to supplement his other measuring devices. "How soon can you construct one for me?" he asked Soula. "In about eight months," answered the engineer. "Fine," said Brouha—and early in 1954, the world's second Lauru Platform was installed in Dr. Brouha's laboratory.

It is a comparatively simple device, based on the principle that when pressure is exerted on certain natural or man-made crystals, they give off a tiny electric voltage proportional to the amount of pressure applied. These "piezoelectric crystals," as they are called, are used in various forms in phonograph pickups, sensitive radio transmitters and highly accurate clocks such as those built for the U.S. Bureau of Standards. There are five piezoelectric crystals in the Lauru Platform. Each is sealed into an airtight metal container about one inch long and about one-half inch in diameter.



Many tasks are more fatiguing than might be expected. Above, man swinging golf club uses only a little more effort than secretary who bends down to take paper from filing cabinet

The platform itself is triangular and each side measures approximately three feet. It has two levels, one built upon the other. The top level rests on three of the quartz crystals—one at each corner. When you stand or sit on the platform, every up and down motion—even so slight an action as lifting a finger—exerts or releases pressure on the crystals. This causes an electric charge to flow into a so-called electrometer tube which magnifies the current and feeds it into a recorder. An automatic pen then traces a graph showing the extent of the effort expended.

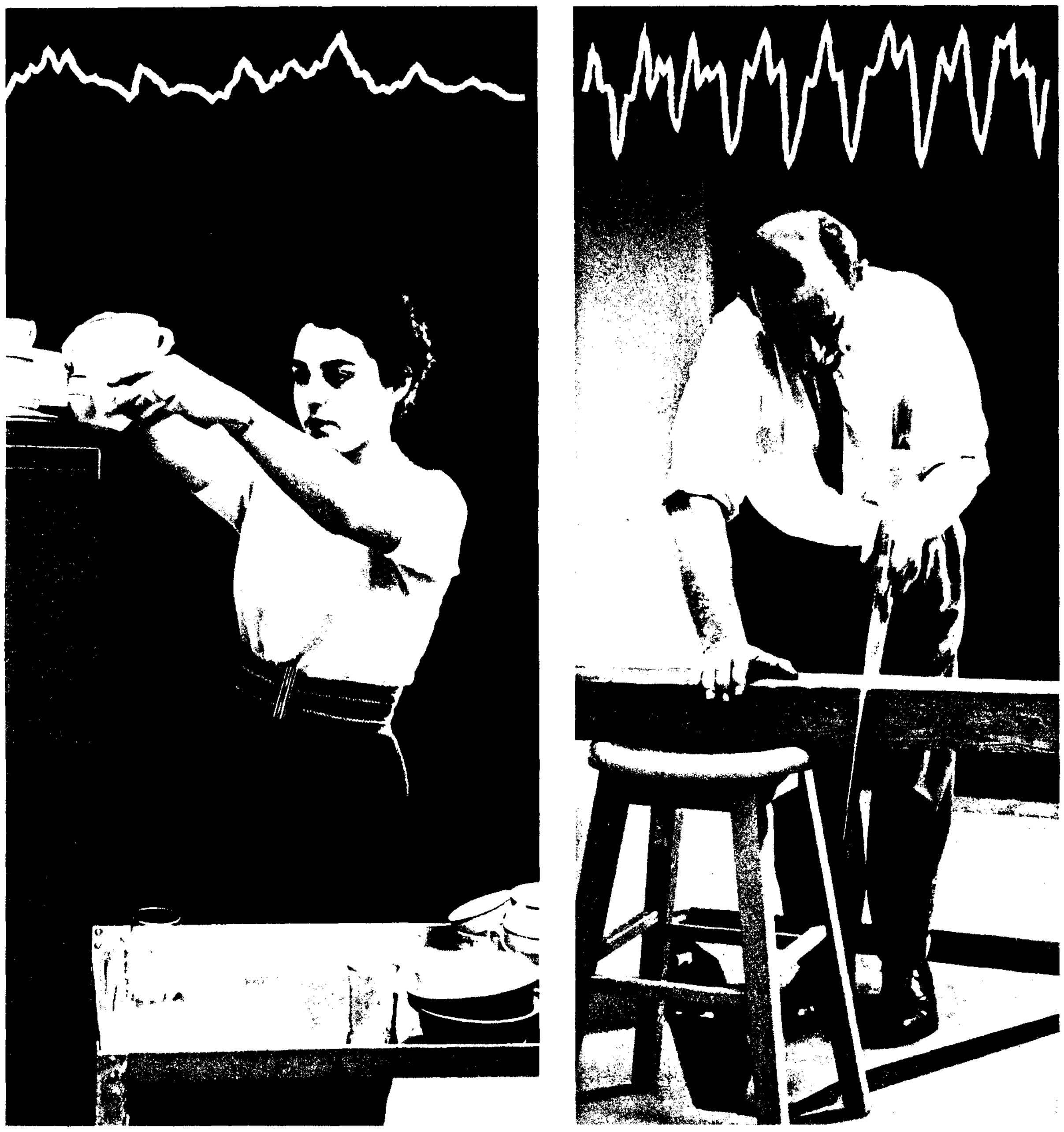
The other two crystals are mounted at the rim of the platform. One rests against the rounded front corner of the lower level; it registers at once any forward or backward motion on the platform. The other rests against one side of the lower level and registers any sideways motion. Thus, for every motion made, the machine records three graphs—showing the extent of the force applied vertically, frontally and laterally. The entire device takes up no more room than a home refrigerator and sink, and Brouha expects to load it into a small truck for on-the-spot work studies all over the country.

The possible applications of the machine—which Brouha's technicians call "the teeterboard"—are limitless. Brouha is cautious in his comments about its effectiveness pending more thorough tests, but his enthusiasm can't help coming through. His associate, engineer Hugh A. Bogle, says the results have been so concrete so far that he's sure the machine will have general scientific acceptance soon.

In France, where Lauru and Soula have had a few years' head start, the results have already changed some of the work habits of the nation. For example, all French bricklayers used to follow the classic method of bending down to ground level to pick up their bricks and mortar. Lauru and Soula used the platform to show them that they could lay many more bricks—with only about one thirtieth the effort—if they picked up both bricks and mortar from a waist-high table and followed a new pattern of movement.

Lauru and Soula also tested the leg-weariness which develops in factory workers who must press foot pedals to start and stop their machines. Five different types of pedals were tried. With some, the workers had to push down a rod connected at the toe (like an automobile accelerator); on others the rod was at the heel. The two researchers found that the least fatiguing type was connected with the rod at a point in a direct vertical line with the worker's shinbone, just forward of the heel. This type of pedal is now being installed on thousands of French machines.

One of Brouha's first assignments with his new platform was to test a procedure worked out by an engineer at Du Pont's plant in Edge Moor, Delaware, for piling 50-pound bags. The engineer had arbitrarily decided that the bags should be piled seven-high. But when Brouha tested bag-piling on his platform the device indicated that bags should be stacked no more than five-high; too much effort was required to lift bags to the sixth and seventh



Over similar time, housewife stacking dishes on high shelf uses almost same effort as man sawing board. Only peaks on graph line show force being expended; the valleys don't count

rows. If further tests confirm this finding, Bogle says reports will go out to all Du Pont plants recommending five rows of heavy bags as the maximum. Other immediate assignments which Bogle has for Brouha are to find out whether an electric typewriter actually is less fatiguing to use than an ordinary one, and what kind of wrench and wrench stroke is the least fatiguing for all maintenance work in the Du Pont plants.

Brouha is already thinking far beyond these assignments. He says, "If girls are getting fatigued at their job of, say, lifting and threading bobbins of yarn in a rayon plant, we can put one of them on the platform and analyze what they are doing wrong. We may be able to save them hours of weariness every month. We can do the same for every job in the company. Then workers will have a much better chance to conserve themselves and to work easily and profitably until they are sixty-five years old or more."

Scientists also see important uses for the Lauru Platform as a safety device. One technician reports, "Time after time, when an accident occurs, a worker tells us that he 'lost control' before the mishap.

"That could mean that he had been working beyond the fatigue point. When we analyze a man's work by putting him on the Lauru Platform, his fatigue point is preceded by a jagged, uneven graph which indicates loss of co-ordination. It shows up long before the worker himself realizes he's getting tired. If we can reorganize his job with rest periods and so on so that he never reaches the stage of un-co-ordination, we may prevent injuries and even deaths."

Brouha adds, "Not only that, but think of how we might use the platform to determine in advance if a man is suited for a given job. If the graph shows un-co-ordinated motion at a particular task, we'll know that man never would be good at the assignment and we can put him to work somewhere else. It will enable us to select the person best suited for every job. Also, we'll be able to assign people to jobs which we never considered them capable of before—an advantage that could be extremely important in the event of another national emergency. Now, for example, we automatically exclude older persons from certain kinds of strenuous work. But one sixty-year-old man may be considerably stronger than another and may even have the fatigue resistance of a man twenty years younger. We've never had any way of finding out before. Now we should be able to put an older man on the platform, and his graph, along with other physiological measurements like heart rate, will tell us the story."

But the implications of the research extend well beyond the Du Pont Company. More than 50 other corporations have sent experts to see Brouha with the thought of adopting his techniques to solving their problems. He has also been swamped with visits from appliance manufacturers, doctors and other interested people. The manufacturers want to use the platform to help them design less fatiguing equipment for the housewife. The doctors believe the device can give them information they have never had before—such as which therapeutic treatment will best restore strength to a leg or an arm crippled by polio or stroke. Already a similar device—the Eberhart Force Plate, designed by Professor Howard D. Eberhart of the University of California—is a key tool in fitting proper artificial limbs to amputee veterans. I saw the force plate in use at Veterans Administration regional headquarters in New York City. A New York University Research Co-ordinator, Renato Contini, was in charge. An amputee would walk across the force plate wearing in turn various artificial legs. When the artificial leg and the amputee's surviving leg registered approximately the same pressure on the force plate, it was clear that he was fitted with the correct substitute limb.

A Theory to Reduce Typists' Fatigue

One of the most enthusiastic visitors to Brouha's laboratory has been Dr. Gilbreth, still active at seventy-seven. Some 40 years ago, she and her late husband, engineer Frank B. Gilbreth, developed techniques which have never been proved, even though many were adopted by industry. Some did not gain acceptance, however, and among these was an interesting proposal that it might be less wearying for a typist to do most of her work in a standing position, with her typewriter at waist level. Now Dr. Gilbreth wants to try out this theory on the Lauru Platform.

Dr. Gilbreth also has devised many energy-saving techniques for the housewife. For example, she taught women to use a long-handled brush and dustpan to avoid stooping, instructed them to make a bed by putting all the sheets and blankets in place and then tucking in the corners, and advocated washing windows by moving both arms in opposite directions simultaneously. Today Dr. Gilbreth says, "The trouble is that we worked out all these techniques in the dark. We never knew whether we really were right or not. Now, at last, we can confirm them on Dr. Brouha's platform. If we're proved right, it will be far easier to teach our methods to the American housewife. It's like convincing a fat woman that she needs to diet. She'll never believe it until she gets on a scale and sees it in cold figures."

And so the tests for the platform keep mounting. Among the questions that the experts hope will be answered are the following:

Is it really less wearying to type with all ten fingers than with one or two?

Is a constantly moving assembly line less tiring to a factory worker than a belt which stops in front of him while he does his job?

Is it easier to write with the whole arm rather than just the hand?

Is it less taxing to sit or stand while washing dishes—one of the most difficult of household chores?

Can fatigue be reduced in driving a car if the driver does not have to crane his neck over the steering wheel?

Can farm equipment be redesigned to eliminate the repeated strenuous climb into the driver's seat?

Will a doctor be able to use the platform to tell a housewife just how much work she can do while recovering from an illness?

Is it true that the least tiring way of doing housework is at a level six inches below the elbow?

Can the platform finally settle the old controversy about how best to stand to avoid fatigue?

Is it easier to pull a lever than to push it (important if a factory worker must use that method to start and stop his machine hundreds of times a day)?

Can a more efficient filing cabinet be devised?

These are only a few of the questions that have been directed at Brouha. The queries have come in from all over the world. Some probably cannot be answered by the machine—the amount of fatigue caused by mental stress, for example. But there's little doubt that Mr. Lauru's marvelous invention ultimately will lead to a richer, easier life for everyone.

"SHADOW PLANTS"—Our

By VERNON PIZER

MICHOUD, LOUISIANA, is much too small to appear on any map. Fifteen miles east of New Orleans, between the Intracoastal Canal and Highway 90 in an area of winding bayous and cypress swamp, Michoud is only a single factory which is not even in operation. You might think, in fact, that Michoud is just a sleepy, swampland crossroads. But you couldn't be more wrong.

In reality, Michoud is a "shadow plant"—one of about 300 in the United States. Idle now, but kept in constant readiness to go into production on a moment's notice, the plants are vital links in the mightiest chain of war-production potential that this country has ever forged.

Under the 43-acre roof of Michoud are complete assembly lines, tools, dies and jigs to fabricate tank engines. A 9,900-ton dehumidification system maintains a constant temperature of 70 degrees and a relative humidity of 40 per cent to prevent deterioration of equipment; a skeleton crew of technicians lubricates and test-runs the machinery at regular intervals to keep it in tip-top shape. If the cold war turns hot, the Michoud Tank Engine plant will be a shadow plant no longer; it will be an immediately productive segment of America's industrial punch.

But to understand the full significance of Michoud and the nation's other shadow plants it is necessary to take a backward look. Michoud and the rest didn't just happen.

At the end of World War II, United States production wheels ground to a halt; then the plants were dismantled, declared surplus, and auctioned off to the highest bidder. In our haste to switch from a gun to a butter economy, war-production lines were ripped apart and the pieces that nobody would buy were scattered among various depots.

Five years later, Korea erupted. Almost from scratch, American military assembly lines had to be re-created with terrible urgency. The bits and pieces in the storage depots were woefully inadequate to meet the needs, and many of them had deteriorated. Army Ordnance worked frantically to rebuild America's productive capacity as the outfitting of troop units melted away existing stockpiles of weapons and equipment. It was a close squeeze, but the job was done before disaster could strike.

Korea was a police action. What would the outcome have been in an all-out, no-holds-barred war against a major nation or bloc of nations? All we can do is speculate on the probable answer—and raise a cold sweat as we contemplate it.

But Korea was five years ago. Today our military-production picture is far different, and Operation Ready is the reason.

A bold, visionary plan developed by the Army Ordnance Corps, Operation Ready is a unique conception in stockpiling: instead of moth-balling mountains of weapons, munitions and equipment—and running the triple threats of deterioration, obsolescence and the bankrupting costs of maintenance—Ready maintains the means of manufacturing the mountains when they are needed.

Putting a Theory to Work

The plan is a dramatic application of the theory of "more bang for less bucks." The cost of stockpiling the means of production is a fraction of the staggering burden of stockpiling the enormous quantities of end products our armed forces would need in wartime. And Ready, for the first time, gives us the secret of avoiding obsolescence. As improvements come from the drawing boards of the research and development engineers, they are immediately incorporated in the production machinery so that tomorrow's weapons will roll from today's stand-by assembly lines.

Operation Ready means that our young men will never have to fight with old, out-dated weapons while industry retools.

The man who, more than any other, is responsible for keeping America's Sunday punch cocked is Brigadier General John B. Medaris, chief of Ordnance's Industrial Division. No armchair general, he cut his military eyeteeth as a Marine buck private in World War I before switching to the Army. In making a reality of Operation Ready, he had need for every bit of the keenness and drive which helped him climb through the ranks.

Medaris started mulling over the problem of military production long before World War II, but not until 1952 did he get a chance to do anything about it. In June of that year, he was assigned to the Ammunition Branch of the Ordnance Corps, and he was appalled by what he found: the almost complete dissolution of ammunition production capacity after World War II as a result of hasty demobilization; the crushing cost and the dangerous time lag in re-creating those facilities after the Korean shooting began. He listened attentively to those in the armed forces and in industry who recognized the dangers and had thought of ways of overcoming them. Prominent among the people he consulted was Colonel Jean E. Engler, a brilliant Ordnance officer, who had been grappling independently with the problem of preserving the country's capacity to turn out tanks and heavy vehicles.

Medaris was determined that America never again in time of danger should find itself in a precarious industrial position, and from this determination he slowly built the basic framework of Operation Ready to include all types of war production. "Fortunately, a lot of fine people had done considerable sound thinking on the problem before I ever came to grips with it," he says. "Starting with their planning made my job easier."

When he was satisfied that he had devised a sound plan that would guarantee this country industrial superiority in wartime without crippling its economy in peacetime, Medaris buttonholed Ordnance experts and industrial leaders all across the country, inviting them to find flaws in his proposals. He refined and smoothed out his program as he went, adding a detail or reappraising a specification in hotel rooms, trains and planes. When he was through, he knew that he had the right answers.

Then, as Medaris puts it, "I embarked on my sales career." As it turned out, this was the easiest job of all; his Army bosses listened with interest, asked penetrating questions, and became enthusiastic buyers. Major General Emerson L. Cummings, chief of Army Ordnance, who had hand-picked Medaris for his job, threw his full support behind the plan.

In the spring of 1953, Medaris was authorized by the Pentagon to talk of the plan at Congressional budgetary hearings. He spoke to congressmen eloquently and with unshakable logic. After he had analyzed the problems and had explained the solution he proposed, he pointed out that since the Korean war began, this country had been required to invest $5,000,000,000 in building war plants.

"Under the proposed plan," Medaris said, "we can maintain our industrial capacity in perfect condition for at least 17 years for less than the cost of replacement. If you gentlemen are willing to guarantee no war for over 17 years, I'm willing to fold up my plans and go home." Medaris left the hearings with the knowledge that the support of Congress was assured.

"At this point, I really became a traveling salesman," he says. He called on leaders of vital segments of industry, explaining in detail his plans and the roles he wanted industrialists to play. "American business proved that it doesn't spell patriotism with a dollar sign," Medaris says proudly. "Operation Ready discommodes these industrialists, it occupies plant space which could otherwise be used profitably, and it makes them no money. Yet, they offered their wholehearted support."

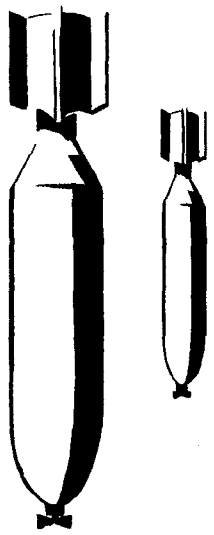
The first Operation Ready contract was negotiated in 1953 with Deere & Company of Moline, Illinois. Under its terms, Deere agreed to maintain in readiness its capacity for production of tank treads. Since then, about 300 more contracts for various phases of Operation Ready have been let. The constant, driving force behind all of them has been peripatetic General Medaris, who is impatient with delay and intolerant of bumbling. One of his close associates says of the ruggedly handsome, black-mustached general, "That guy is dynamite with a short fuse, but the explosion never comes unless it is needed. And when the dust settles, you always find that things are humming just the way they should have been all along."

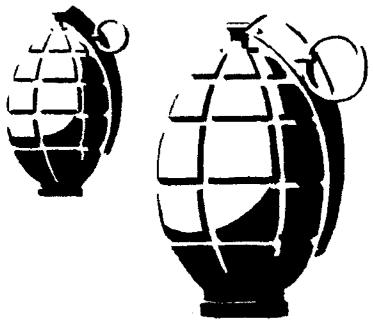
Wise Bargaining with Ford

In his program to put vital industrial capacity on a stand-by basis, Medaris has figured out a few new wrinkles. For example, in its Livonia, Michigan, plant, the Ford Motor Company had $35,000,000 worth of special tools and jigs for production of medium tanks—and it had priceless experience in turning them out. Instead of permitting this vital complex to be scattered to the four winds, Medaris' emissaries negotiated an unusual contract. The factory space was released for civilian production, but all of the special tools and machinery were removed to an adjoining field where an inexpensive, twin-walled, sealed warehouse was thrown up around

Under a bold plan called Operation Ready, fully equipped war-production factories wait in silent preparedness. They can whir into action at a moment's notice, turning out tanks, bullets and guns

Secret Weapon





them. Temperature and humidity are controlled, the machinery is oiled and tested, the skilled labor is on the spot, and the tank production means have been saved.

Because the unusual setup outmodes the former practice of maintaining equipment by cocooning it individually, no critical months need be lost hacking away cocoons and restoring machinery to operating condition; it will be necessary only to move the machines back next door and pull the switch.

But Operation Ready is a twin-barreled program, and its string of shadow plants is only half the story. The other half is Layaway. Medaris reasoned that many items of war matériel require manufacturing methods virtually indistinguishable from those needed to make civilian goods. In wartime, he figured, a watch manufacturer could produce compasses and a cutlery plant could turn out bayonets—provided design specifications and the proper dies, jigs and special production tools were made available in a complete package.

"It was this line of thought that put me into the supermarket business," Medaris says with a chuckle. The Medaris supermarkets are a far cry from your grocery store. They stock the sinews of industrial strength—the means to convert assembly lines from civilian to military production.

What Ordnance has accomplished in Atchison, Kansas, is a good demonstration of how this string of supermarkets operates. Here, in a huge, worked-out limestone cave, is the very essence of Layaway. Packaged together are the special tools, the design drawings, and a sample of the end product required for each of a number of specific operations. A small maintenance crew keeps the equipment in perfect shape. Backed up by a foolproof record-keeping system, the "stock clerks" can lay their hands at any moment on all the ingredients a customer might require to give an enemy a fatal case of indigestion.

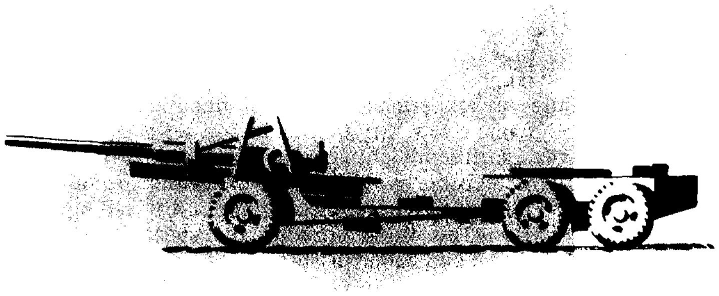
Another of Medaris' industrial supermarkets is at the American Car & Foundry Company's Berwick, Pennsylvania, plant. Here, in a perfect state of preservation, are neatly stored some 24,000 different items worth nearly $18,000,000. During the Korean war, it took from 14 to 18 months to establish an ammunition production line; today, thanks to the Layaway system, the Berwick supermarket can put an ammunition maker into production in about one quarter of that time.

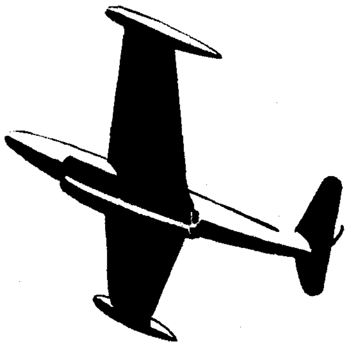
A General Who Gets Around

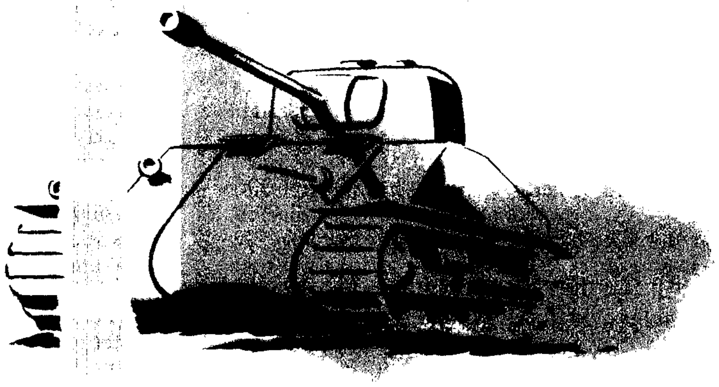
Medaris has an office in the Pentagon, but you seldom find him in it. He is one of the "goingest" generals the Army has ever produced. Monday will find him checking on a stand-by howitzer plant in Cleveland; on Tuesday he will be inspecting the Atchison caves; and on Wednesday he will be in San Francisco conferring with key industrialists and Ordnance officers on some aspects of Operation Ready. It is anybody's guess where Medaris will be on Thursday.

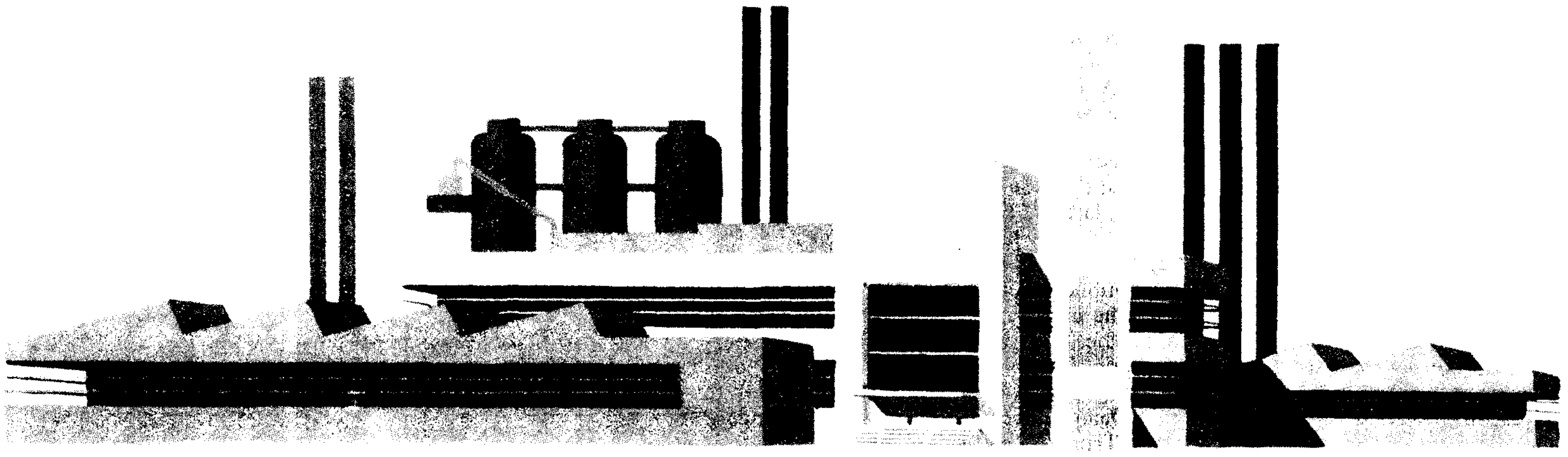
However, nobody has to guess about Medaris' feelings toward Operation Ready. "It is the cheapest and best insurance policy this country can buy," he says emphatically. "It means that the United States will have the industrial muscle it must have to survive in today's world, and it means that the strength will not be achieved by imposing a crippling burden on the national treasury. The most vital industrial commodity in a war situation is time; under Operation Ready, America is buying time today while it is available, and at a bargain rate." (The total estimated annual cost of all phases of Ready is less than $175,000,000.)

The general has only one major worry. "Operation Ready cannot exist as a halfway measure," he says. "If only one tool is missing from an assembly line, the whole line is completely useless. Operation Ready exists on a budget-to-budget basis because it is authorized under temporary legislation. If America's life is worth insuring under Operation Ready, it is worth insuring on a permanent basis."





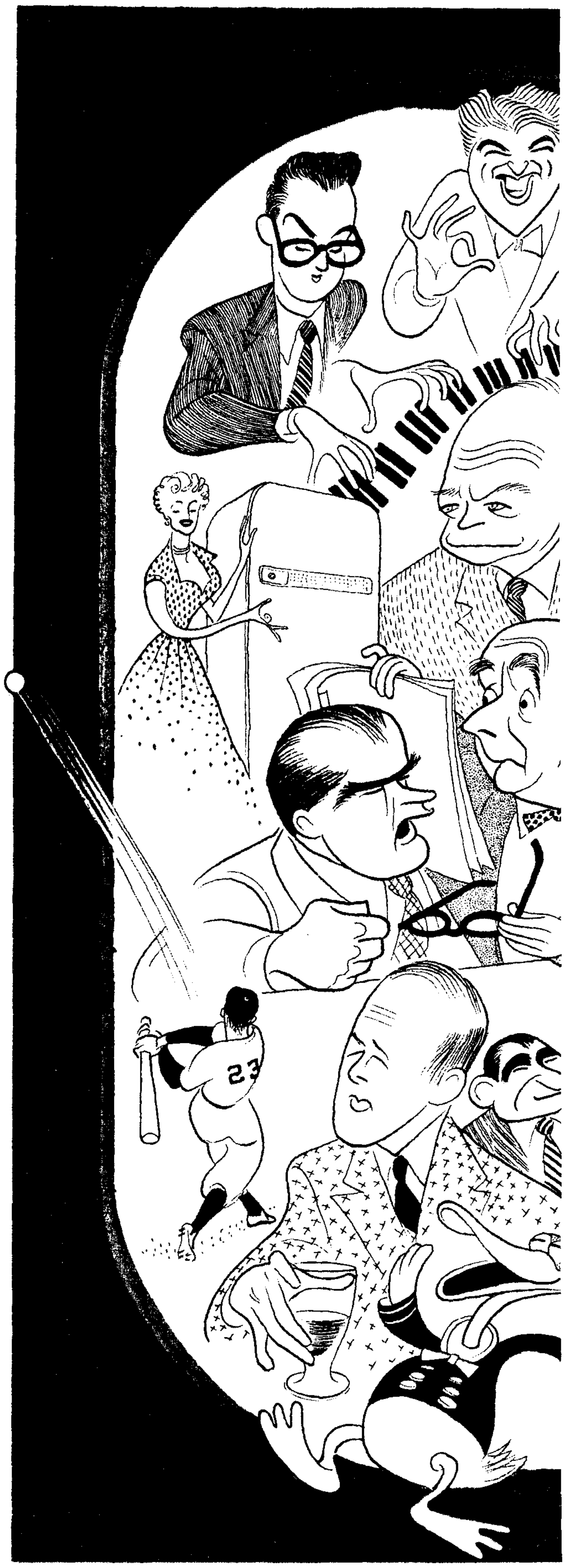




BERN HILL

ME and the SET

By JOHN CROSBY



ME AND the set, we've had some wonderful times and some bad times and some hearty laughs together and, on the whole, I don't suppose my experience has been much different from anyone else's. My first television set marched into my apartment eight years ago, and in that brief interval television has progressed from the spectacle of Gorgeous George mincing about a wrestling ring shaking his thick curls to the spectacle of Liberace mincing about a stage shaking *his* thick curls. Well, Liberace has clothes on, anyhow.

Actually, the triumphant advance of television has been awe-inspiring. My own private method for keeping abreast of the progress of television has been the demonstration commercial. The first such commercial in my memory was Ed Fitzgerald demonstrating an orange. (One orange had 20 per cent more juice than another orange.) Then I remember with keen relish Tommy Brophy demonstrating a potato slicer. "Steel construction," said Brophy, slicing a potato. "Just like the Brooklyn Bridge. And you know how long that lasted." He held up a slice of potato for all of us to see. "Wafer-thin," he commented. "Why, you could read a form sheet through that." But it's been years since the demonstration commercial has been so cheerily informal. The last demonstration I saw was a procession of Oldsmobiles, about a thousand of them, in formation crossing a field. It looked like one of Hitler's panzer divisions invading Poland.

Television is supposed to be too young to have any history. But hasn't it? In the early days, just eight years ago, just about all TV stations had man-on-the-street interviews. I recall one interviewer collaring a man on the street and saying: "According to all the polls, Governor Dewey will be elected. Do you think he'll make a good President?" The guy chewed gum for a while, ruminating, and then said: "Well—yeah." That was about as profound as these things ever got but this sort of opinion cost nothing and that was important because television had no money. On his first program in this same era, Ed Wynn declared brightly: "Television, like crime, doesn't pay"—a popular joke of the day. (And only yesterday, General Motors signed a multimillion-dollar contract with Jackie Gleason for three years' work. My, how time flies.)

The history of television might be entitled "From the Roller Derby to Peter Pan, or, Where Are the Shows of Yesteryear?" I interviewed CBS chairman William S. Paley in 1948, and he predicted that entertainers with fresh material would last just as long on TV as on radio, where they lasted practically forever. He couldn't have been more wrong, though in Mr. Paley's defense it's only fair to point out that he's been no wronger than everyone else about this unpredictable medium.

Television has gobbled up entertainers faster than any theatrical medium in history. Arthur Godfrey's two shows dropped from second and third in popularity practically out of sight on the rating lists. Red Skelton went from first right out the window. Red Buttons rocketed to the top and then plummeted to the bottom in three years. People tire not only of personalities but of types of shows so rapidly that television has gone through more major changes in eight years than the movies have in 50.

Just think back a little. Originally there were the puppets—Howdy Doody, and Kukla, Fran and Ollie (who have a strong claim to the title of oldest TV show on the air) and, on the West Coast, a cute little puppet named Judy Splinters. During this phase, Fred Allen remarked: "They ought to bring over one of those African witch doctors to shrink all the actors. We're all too big for this medium." As the puppets began to recede in popularity, a CBS executive was asked how television could possibly fill the endless days and nights with programing. "We'll lick it with charm," he said.

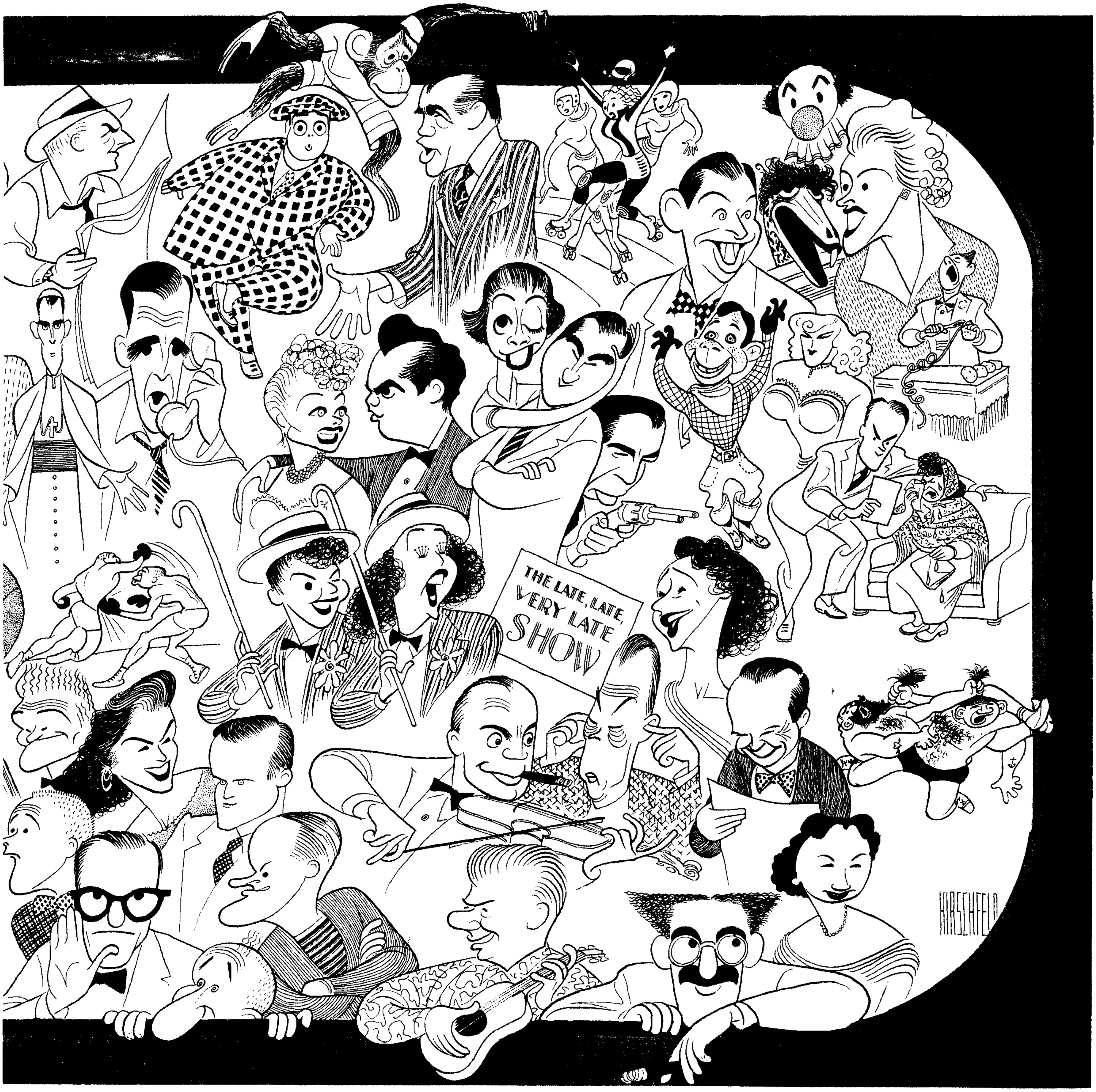
Ladies Who Worked the Party Pitch

Straightaway, charm began pouring out of our receivers, mostly female charm. The most conspicuous example of the charm phase was Faye Emerson. On her early shows Miss Emerson just sat there and chattered. She'd been to the Gilbert Millers' for dinner and they talked about chintz. Then she and the Winthrop Rockefellers and Frank Sinatra and—well, name anybody—went to Katharine Cornell's play and she thought the critics had been very unkind, very unkind. After that she went to a party at Mrs. Martin Beck's. "We all played party games. Some were a little rough, but they're really gay and they really, really warm up a party." Good night and tune in tomorrow night for more parties and more chatter. Two other women, Wendy Barrie and Eloise McElhone, were working the same pitch, and among the three of them we early set owners got vicariously to all the parties in town and met simply *everybody*.

Naturally, television couldn't long endure without quiz shows and the early ones were a little startling. It was the fixed conviction in 1949 that the people on the screen had to be in a constant flurry of activity or it wasn't television, it was radio. A fairly typical quiz show of this era was Riddle Me This, presided over by Conrad Nagel. Guests like Ilka Chase and Peter Donald acted out charades or made pretzels right before my entranced eyes, or staged little races to see who could eat a plate of chop suey most quickly, employing chopsticks. A far cry from What's My Line?

Even then television dipped its toe tentatively into public affairs. The most epic bit of early history the cameras had to cope with—and conceivably the dullest—was the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty Pact in 1949 in Washington. This telecast was chiefly memorable for the fact that Dean Acheson succeeded in introducing President Truman to 22 foreign diplomats—some of

Television is supposed to be too young to have a history. But hasn't it? The industry has gone through more major changes in eight years than the movies have in 50. And during that span, from the Roller Derby to Peter Pan, it has gobbled up talent faster than any other theatrical medium. Here's a respected critic's discerning review of the TV story, and his surprising predictions about the stars and shows of tomorrow

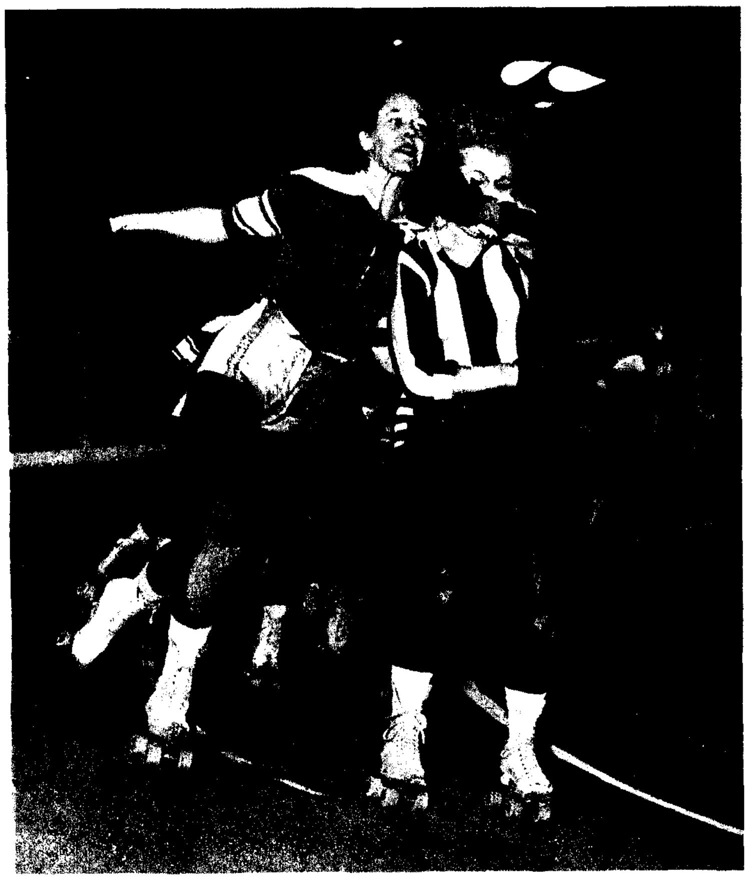

THE LATE, LATE, VERY LATE SHOW
HIRSCHFELD

For key to drawing, see page 100

DRAWING BY AL HIRSCHFELD

"One thing seems clear: demagogues can manipulate and use television t

In early days, TV viewers were charmed (at least that was the idea) by Faye Emerson and others with plunging necklines. When they weren't on, roller derbies were



them with the darnedest names—keeping all the names and faces straight.

Television also hung around the outskirts of the wedding of Mrs. Carleton S. Hadley to Vice-President Alben Barkley in St. Louis. The cameramen missed the arrival of the bride and groom at church and finally caught up with them right after the ceremony. "Mr. Barkley," pleaded an announcer, "we're on a national network. Would you . . .?"

"Not now," said Mr. Barkley. "I'm busy." And that was that.

Back in the early days, television was largely an ad-lib affair. People talked the way they ordinarily talk and performed for little or nothing. One very interesting show was The Black Robe and it's rather a shame that it died. The Black Robe was a re-creation of New York's famed night court. The only professional actor in it was the magistrate. The rest were amateurs plucked out of saloons and Bowery flophouses. They were an interesting bunch, with seamed faces, twitching mouths, broken noses, knife wounds—every face heavily stamped with experience. Each of these amateur actors was simply told what charge would be brought against him, and to defend himself as best he could in his own words. There was no rehearsal. That gave the dialogue a terseness, candor and conviction no writer could duplicate. Charges ranged from murder to that of a woman arraigning her landlord for failure to provide hot water. "But, Judge," protested the landlord. "She takes a bath every day! Why don't she take every week like everyone else? After all, Judge, she's rentin' a room four bucks a week. This ain't the Waldorf-Astoria. This ain't no swimmin' pool."

The amateur spirit also flourished in another sort of program which I call the party-type show. Betty Furness, before she got to be the Westinghouse Girl, had one of these called Penthouse Party. People dropped into what looked like a living room. They talked. They danced. They sang. They swapped jokes. Ilka Chase presided over another one called—so help me!—Glamour-Go-Round. Miss Chase would drop names of people she'd seen recently in Hollywood or New York. Then the doorbell would ring. In would walk Abe Burrows or Arthur Schwartz, people like that. They'd talk about their latest books and plays. The doorbell would peal again. In would walk a blonde who would explain to Miss Chase (who was sponsored by a cosmetics outfit) "four steps to envious, beauteous complexion."

What Won't They Do to Beat the Clock?

The party phase of television—which is by no means over, what with Kathryn Murray still around—extended to the quiz shows like Beat the Clock, where they did everything but bob for apples. A young couple on that show won a prize for swinging fishnets, attached to their skulls in some way, around in circles without spilling any of the billiard balls in the fishnet. I know that sounds implausible but that's what they did.

What went on in those days seems in the light of our present sophistication fairly incredible. Broadway Open House, for example, the first network late-at-night success, consisted largely of adults playing games that most kids outgrow at seven. Jerry Lester, its alternate-night emcee, liked to play beanbag and when he tired of beanbag, with Yo-yos. Sometimes the whole cast would play Pease Porridge Hot, Pease Porridge Cold.

On daytime television, there was a program called Okay, Mother which has not been surpassed for inanity to this very day. Every day Mr. Dennis James and his henchmen would round up 300 mothers and herd them into a sort of auditorium. "Who's the girl with brush and broom?" Mr. James would shout at them.

"Mother!" the captive mothers would shout back, dutifully.

"Lotsa fun, lotsa laughs and lotsa laughing!" Mr. James would yell. Then he'd pass among them, hugging them and mussing them up. "This is show business?" I used to mutter incredulously.

Amateurism ran rife and, in many respects, still does. In the early summer of 1950, Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club and one of the least gifted interviewers of all recorded history, took to the air with the Stork Club show. In his talks with the famous people who congregate in his famous saloon, Mr. Billingsley has put his foot in his mouth more persistently than anyone else on television. Yet while veteran show people like Ed Wynn and George Jessel have fallen by the wayside, Mr. Billingsley survives, resisting the slings and arrows of outraged criticism. Ed Sullivan, a man who has never even learned how to walk on a stage properly, came on the air with Toast of the Town in 1948 and is now one of the most valuable properties in TV. Perhaps people just like amateurs.

When the Pros Got in the TV Act

Still, television couldn't fend off professionalism forever. But even when the professionals took over they were a motley and unpredictable lot. Take Milton Berle, for example. Berle had been a flop in the movies, pretty nearly a flop in radio and a flop on the stage. He had been really successful only in night clubs. When Texaco Star Theater started, he was to have been only one of eight comedians who were to emcee the show in rotation. But he was the first one to come on and overnight he was the biggest thing in television.

Jimmy Durante, while he had been a big star in night clubs and on the stage, was on the downgrade. Television gave him a whole new career. Imogene Coca had been kicking around show business for 20 years without much attention until TV made her a household word. On the other hand, Betty Hutton, who'd been a success at practically everything, laid such an egg on her first and only starring TV appearance that she retired from show business (for almost 20 minutes).

And while the comedians were beginning to assert themselves, television was struggling to organize itself in the image of radio. Whole radio shows like Henry Aldrich were tossed, undigested, into television, where many of them fell flat on their little faces. Television, we used to say in those days, had five times the impact of radio, and many of these TV versions of radio shows proved it by being five times more awful than their radio counterparts. One case in point was Life of Riley, which was pretty bad on radio and much, much worse on TV. Riley in the early days was played by a young night-club comic who rolled his eyes, flailed his arms like a maniac and acted like a man in convulsions. His name: Jackie Gleason. Another early flop in the situation-comedy field was a serialization of the old Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, The Front Page. The hard-boiled managing editor was played by John Daly. The biggest situation-comedy hit, I Love Lucy, is strictly a television show. It was never on radio.

Radio, because of its one-dimensional nature, thrived on exaggeration—the exaggerated character, the exaggerated situation, the absurdly exaggerated acting. The early whodunit shows, like Martin Kane—Private Eye, which afflicted television in this era, practically never had fewer than three corpses and so much mayhem that the do-good societies began complaining. The most violence, the most blood—it was then thought—would mean the biggest audience. Yet the biggest hit in the crime field was the quietest show of them all, Dragnet, which had been a success on radio but nothing like the sensation it was on television. Gradually the idea began to come across that television and radio were two different things.

The plain fact is that television is a much more intrusive medium than radio. Radio could go to a prize fight without bothering anyone very much. When the TV cameras went, they soon started pick-

heir own ends—provided they don't expose themselves on too much of it"

ing up onlookers and getting them into trouble. The guy at ringside could be drunk or attending with somebody else's wife. To avoid any legal entanglements on the invasion of privacy, the cameramen were told to stay away from this sort of shot. But, naturally, the intrusive angle of TV was soon exploited for its commercial possibilities.

First to do it was Allen Funt on a show called Candid Camera. Funt used to conceal cameras in pawnshops, in subway stations, on the roof of the Empire State Building, anywhere just plain people came along, and then heckle them into performing for him. Next to appear was This Is Your Life, an even greater intrusion on privacy.

Ralph Edwards, the master of ceremonies, tricked people into appearing on a stage and then reenacted their lives for them, exposing each phase like a raw nerve. A paraplegic, crippled for life in the war, would be wheeled on the stage and then his relatives, bride, teachers, employers would be marched out to tell about his struggles and maybe to weep a little.

That was the beginning of the agony shows which New York City Welfare Commissioner Henry L. McCarthy was later to claim were a national disgrace. Widows and orphans and the afflicted descended on New York in droves, trying to get on these programs, Strike It Rich especially, and win some loot. Many of them wound up on the city's hands and had to be fed, housed and shipped home.

Most spectacular of the agony shows came when Lillian Roth on This Is Your Life told of her 16-year struggle with alcoholism. This show led to a best-selling book, a triumphant stage comeback and a descent into morbidity which has not yet abated. Miss Roth submitted to self-revelation with remarkable grace. The whole thing reminded me strongly of the days when gun molls, freshly acquitted from murder charges, would go on the stage and tell us all about it. The agony shows are the yellow journalism of television. It is my devout hope that this is a transitory phase.

It was H. Allen Smith, a minor historian, who observed in 1950 that he had seen 3,212 icebox doors opened on television. Only 3,210 were subsequently closed, a disquieting thought. Mr. Smith still worries about those two open ones, fearing they might still be open and all the food spoiling.

Gimmicks and Girls in the Commercials

I've always found commercials a rich source of amusement—the marching cigarettes, the dancing cigarette packages, the singing cans of tomato soup. Lordy, the gimmicks that have been used to induce me to buy things! That old stand-by of the advertising trade, The Girl, for instance—grinning over the tooth paste, the soap flakes, the Fords. I remember one commercial in which The Girl wrote a love letter to her icebox. Goodness knows we men have been chivvied out of a lot of our privileges and prerogatives; still I thought the right to be loved by women would remain ours.

Television's impact on politics and public affairs has always been momentous but not always fortunate. The first big show of this nature was the crime committee hearings of Senator Estes Kefauver in 1951, witnessed on television by some 20,000,000 people. Before the committee paraded a superb collection of plug-uglies, hoodlums, gunmen, gamblers and comedians—notably, in this last category, Miss Virginia Hill, who got more laughs than Sid Caesar that week. It was a great show but just what did it accomplish? Practically all of the testimony was previously known. Most of it had already been heard in private committee session: what appeared on our screens was just a public reiteration. Is this wise or is it even ethical? Well, it alerted the public to the extent of rascality in its own back yard. But it was more than a little phony, a display of razzle-dazzle that had little real meaning so far as cleaning up crime goes.

In 1954 came the McCarthy hearings, an entirely different kettle of fish. This show was unrehearsed and no one knew what the junior senator from Wisconsin was going to come up with next. It made a great TV star and public figure out of Joseph Welch, the Army counsel who had been a relatively obscure Boston lawyer. It helped get Senator McClellan re-elected. It may have undone Senator McCarthy as a political force. One thing seems clear: demagogues can manipulate and use television to their own ends—provided they don't expose themselves on too much of it. First the people get wise, then bored. That's the end of the demagogue.

Controversy over Television Ethics

Should the McCarthy hearings have been televised at all? When the Watkins hearings were closed to the cameras, Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, argued eloquently on his own network that the cameras should be allowed anywhere the reporter with the pencil was permitted, that any other practice was sharply discriminatory. It's a pretty good argument, but is it valid? For example, reporters are allowed to witness executions; should we let in the TV cameras? I greatly doubt it. (I also doubt that TV would request such a thing.) However the argument that the cameras turned the McCarthy hearings into a circus will not hold water. It was the senators who did that. The effect of television on senatorial hearings or on other public debates will be, I'm convinced, to clean them up rather than the other way around. Every politico wants to look his best on the voters' home screens.

Already television has had a healthy effect on the *type* of politician who will govern us. It is death on the old school of bombastic oratory. On the other hand, it's kind to a personality like Senator Kefauver, who is relaxed, informal, courteous and sincere. Governor Dewey of New York credited his re-election in 1950 largely to the shrewd use of television. In marathon TV appearances, he won the respect of the voters by his superb grasp of New York State's problems and its administrative machinery. Sheer competence comes across very well on television and, conversely, humbug doesn't look at all well and this bodes well for the voters.

So much for television's impact on politics. What about its impact on the rest of us? Way back in the early days—remember?—television was supposed to deliver the death blow to the art of conversation. And for a while it seemed true. The moment the set went on, silence fell. Messages were transmitted by eyebrow lifting and frantic wiggling of the hands. Only high-priority messages were allowed. Can I have another drink? You're wanted on the phone. That sort of thing.

Then there was another social aspect. I was one of the few people who happened to have a TV set for the Joe Louis-Joe Walcott fight in 1948. The fight was twice postponed because of rain. But there was no way of heading off the 27 people who descended on me and my larder and my bar three nights running. When the fight finally took place, it proved a dismal exhibition. And whose fault was that? Mine. I was not only expected to supply the bourbon, the sandwiches and the set. I was also supposed to come up with a good fight.

Ah, well, we all lived through that phase. People got their own sets and stayed in their own homes. (Wait till you get your first color set, chum. They'll all be back.) Conversation returned, no better or worse than before. People even began talking back to the set and occasionally doing battle with it. When Bobby Thomson hit that home run that cost the Dodgers the pennant, a man in Brooklyn stuck his foot right through the screen.

It's rather fun to look back on some of the predictions that were made. Hardly a week went by that some optometrist wouldn't leap into print with a statement that TV was going to ruin the nation's eyes. Or a psychologist would declare that endless passive absorption of television entertainment

Nowadays, gals wear necklines higher and emphasis is on top performance—like acting of Eva Marie Saint (above) and great Peter Pan show starring Mary Martin

would destroy our ability to think. Even the osteopaths got into the act, asserting that if the set were too high or too low our spines would be malformed. None of these disasters came to pass.

Then there was the impact on children. A school in Roselle, New Jersey, conducted a survey which showed that some of the children were watching television for a total of 31 hours a week. The grades of these enchanted children were 15 per cent lower than those of children who didn't have sets. Something Must Be Done. Well, something was. The kids learned to take television in their stride. When I was a boy, I used to do my studies while listening to the Clicquot Club Eskimos on the radio. That was child's play next to what your modern teenager can do. I used to watch in wonder a young miss study irregular French verbs while not missing a twitch on the handsome face of Richard Kiley as he shot his way out of some trouble or other. These youngsters have developed two sets of eyes, two sets of ears and just possibly two separate brains.

Perhaps television's healthiest impact has been on the movies. Years and years ago, Nunnally Johnson, the veteran movie producer, exclaimed sardonically: "Hollywood can't afford to turn out good movies. People might get to like them." Then came TV. Movie business plummeted. Thousands of theaters were shuttered. It looked like the end. But it wasn't. Hollywood rescued itself by two sorts of pictures. One was the blockbuster picture like Ivanhoe, with all-star casts and opulent productions that TV couldn't match. The other type was the good picture like The Country Girl and On the Waterfront, which lured the customers away from the set by sheer excellence. Movie business has rarely been better.

While television has had its share of crazes and phases, one type of show, the hour-long dramatic show, has demonstrated steady improvement and has done some very important things. The dramatic shows have never got either the ratings or the publicity of, say, Jackie Gleason. But they have a tremendous and devoted audience; they are the most durable type of show on television. Kraft Theater, for example, is the oldest continuous hour-long show on television and virtually the oldest show of any sort.

From the very earliest, when Albert McCleery was directing plays without scenery, television's producers have shown a willingness to experiment. Omnibus has done Homer's Iliad. About a dozen of Shakespeare's plays have been done, the productions ranging from very good to pretty bad—but they got on.

Meanwhile, fine young directors like Franklin Schaffner and Paul Nickell of Studio One and Alex Segal of the United States Steel Hour were devising techniques and skills expressly tailored to television's needs—techniques so ingenious that David O. Selznick, the veteran movie maker, declared after his first and only brush with television—as a producer of a big one-shot TV show—that movie makers were technically 50 years behind the times.

Berle had his day, Gleason's having his—but, says author, straight actor's time is coming

Chayefsky's Unusual Dramatic Talent

Television has also produced its own fine dramatists like Paddy Chayefsky, who in TV plays like Marty and Bachelor Party and The Mother wrote for television as if—in Variety's phrase—he had invented the medium. Chayefsky's is an intimate, personal style admirably suited to our living rooms and rather different from either movie script or stage play. One of his TV plays, Marty, has already been made into a movie.

The scorn in which intellectuals have held television has by no means lifted but it is beginning to dissipate in spots and may eventually disappear altogether. Television at its best is just too good. Last winter, Kraft Theater presented an original drama called Patterns by Rod Serling. Technically, its direction and photography were a triumph. The acting of its stars, Richard Kiley and Everett Sloane, was superb. The drama, which was rapidly bought by the movies, was powerful, literate and skillfully put together.

There have been some skimpy and deplorable examples of acting on television, but there have been some very fine ones, too. In a recent Philco drama, Eileen Heckart gave as fine a performance as I've ever seen in any medium and so did Judith Anderson as Lady Macbeth last year. There have been dozens of others. Television has already created its own bright dramatic stars—notably Charlton Heston and Richard Kiley, who got their start in television—and it'll create a lot more.

Many of the early Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca routines are genuine classics that have not yet been fully appreciated. Just as the Museum of Modern Art gathered up the great old movies and is now displaying them as objects of a distinct art form, I'll bet they'll someday do the same with the great early bits of television. These are achievements not lightly to be shrugged off—especially when you consider television's youth.

Where do we go from here, a question everyone would like to know the answer to? In 1953 came the first of the very big shows—the Ford fiftieth-anniversary program produced by Leland Hayward, starring Mary Martin and Ethel Merman and costing $500,000. It was designed more for prestige than for sales—there weren't any commercials—but the Ford sales and advertising departments were both delighted and amazed by the results.

The show caused such a backlog of publicity and word of mouth that General Foods followed it with a twenty-fifth-anniversary program of high lights from Rodgers and Hammerstein shows. Despite the wealth of material, this show was hastily conceived and executed and wasn't really very good. Still, General Foods was delighted with it as a sales and advertising project.

Last fall, NBC embarked, riskily, on its $300,000 color spectaculars. Some of them have been pretty bad—the first one, Satin and Spurs with Betty Hutton, was pretty close to a disaster—but they have improved. More important, the audience has gradually been educated into watching them and the ratings have steadily gone up. The spectaculars were climaxed by Peter Pan, a two-hour version lifted bodily from the Broadway stage with its original cast, headed by Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Without doubt it was one of the most polished and thoroughly delightful evenings TV ever provided. Of course, as skeptics pointed out, it had seven months of polishing on the stage. Still, you don't transfer a stage play to television simply by pointing a camera at it. Television is a lot harder than that. Peter Pan was a triumph for both stage and television. It was witnessed by an estimated 65,000,000 people, the largest audience ever assembled for anything at any time. It makes an advertiser to think. Today quite a few advertisers are standing by with bank rolls of from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 to splurge on one *big* show, hoping to catch most of the nation at one sitting.

Predictions about television are mighty dangerous and most of them have been dead wrong. Still, I'll go out on a limb and predict that the half-hour situation show—that is, the I Love Lucy type of program once a week for 39 weeks—will suffer slow extinction. In its place a network will have, from 8:00 to 10:00 every night a drama or musical studded with stars, on which conceivably six months' work and $1,000,000 have been expended. *Every* night, you ask! Yes, I think so. Television is a big medium and already it has outstripped the wildest predictions of a few years ago.

While the comedian like Mr. Gleason is cock of the walk at the moment, I doubt that he'll be very important five or ten years from now. Comedians were big stars in the early days of films, too. Their day passed and their place was taken by the Clark Gables and the Spencer Tracys. The big star of future television will be a straight actor or actress—and probably you and I have never heard of him as of right now.

A Preview of Future Developments

Color television is already here and it is technically magnificent. Color, especially in a spectacular like Naughty Marietta, with its street scenes and pageantry and massed choruses, adds about 25 per cent to your enjoyment of a show. Pat Weaver, president of NBC, predicts that eventually there will be no more black and white. Beyond that, in the not-too-distant future, is intercontinental television. You'll be able to sit in San Francisco and watch the Pope address the throngs at the Vatican, or the Olympic games wherever they are.

David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of RCA, has predicted that the TV set of the future, with the new transistors in place of tubes, will be a little thing about the size of a cigar box. You'll hang it on the wall and it'll project pictures any size you like on the opposite wall in all colors. You'll have one in every room. The housewife of the future will be able to vacuum-clean from room to room without once losing sight of Arthur Godfrey, a ghastly prospect.

And by that time, I'll live with my memories. Aaah, what memories! I remember the night Eddie Fisher played Romeo to Margaret O'Brien's Juliet. (Miss O'Brien is the only Juliet I ever saw who was too young for the part.) I remember the afternoon President Truman took us all on a televised tour of the White House, and played a bit of classical music on the White House piano. I'll never forget the night Betty Furness couldn't get the icebox door to open and the night Jackie Gleason broke his leg and the night Lucille Ball's baby was born in 12,000,000 living rooms and the night they took out half a man's stomach on television and the first time I ever saw Renzo Cesana—The Continental—pitch woo to a TV camera. ("Don't be afraid, darleeng. Eet ees only a man's apartment") and . . . oh, lots of other things.

No history, eh? I feel as if me and the set have been through three Punic Wars. ▲▲▲

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TUNE IN . . . TEXACO STAR THEATER *starring* DONALD O'CONNOR *or* JIMMY DURANTE *on television, Saturday nights,* NBC.

Children whose only crime is playing hooky sometimes find themselves thrown in with adult psychopaths and hoodlums

JAIL Is No Place for Children in TROUBLE

By RUTH and EDWARD BRECHER

Every year, 100,000 boys and girls are held in police lockups for days, weeks, even months. Often their wrongdoing is slight—but there's no other place to keep them. Here's the shocking story

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Charlie never could figure out how to behave on the nights when his father came home drunk and beat his mother. Sometimes he tried to protect her, and was beaten himself for his efforts. Sometimes he just cowered under the bedclothes. Finally, one night, he ran away. The policeman who found him sleeping in the entryway of a warehouse just across the county line from his home took Charlie to the station house and booked him as a runaway and "juvenile delinquent."

What happens next to children like Charlie? In theory, a benevolent juvenile court takes an interest in them, digs out the facts behind their wrongdoing, and decides how they can best be helped. In some communities it really works that way, with excellent results. But all too often what happens is shocking: children picked up by the police are simply dumped in jail.

Bear in mind that these hapless youngsters stand convicted of no crime; they have not even had their day in court. They are being "held awaiting a hearing," "held for investigation," or just plain "held."

Charlie landed in a seven-by-twelve-foot cell heavy with the stench of unwashed prisoners of the past. It had no window, no washbowl, no table, no chairs—only four steel bunks with fetid, straw-filled mattress ticks. The dirty concrete floor was littered with the remains of comic books, parts of which had been torn off for toilet paper. A single unshaded 25-watt bulb provided the only light. When Charlie came in, three of the bunks were already occupied by older boys. They greeted him with sullen warnings to stop his whimpering or they'd "take care" of him in the morning.

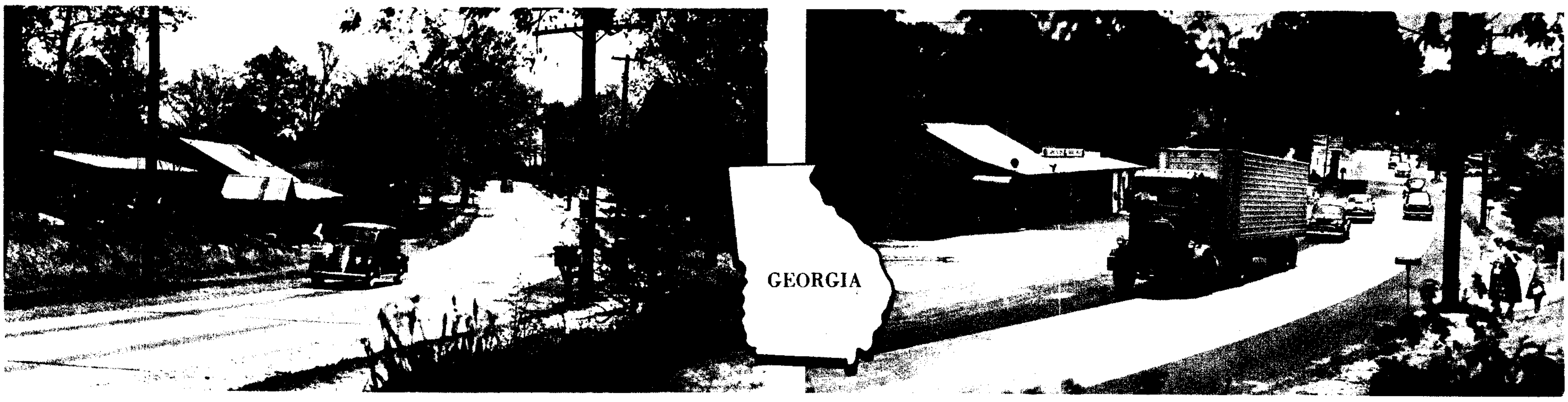
By comparison Charlie was lucky. Some youngsters land in cells with no toilet facilities at all, just lidless buckets or coffee cans. Other boys like Charlie are thrown in with drunks, psychopaths and hoodlums; girls as young as ten or twelve share cells with shoplifters, prostitutes and procuresses. Other children find themselves in solitary confinement in cells too small for exercise, with windows too high to look out of. There they sit, with nothing whatever to do, dumb with fear or screaming with rage and chagrin, hour after hour, day after day—sometimes month after month.

Rare? Not at all. Every year, across the country, fully 100,000 boys and girls from seven to seventeen are held in county jails and police lockups, most of them substandard even for adults. Thousands more youngsters are held in basement cells or behind bars in so-called detention homes—medieval monstrosities which, in effect, are children's dungeons. The statistics are not wild guesses but the sober estimate of Sherwood Norman, child-detention specialist for the National Probation and Parole Association. With notable restraint, Norman terms the situation a "national disgrace," adding: "No offenses which these children have committed can compare in seriousness with the offenses which society perpetrates against them."

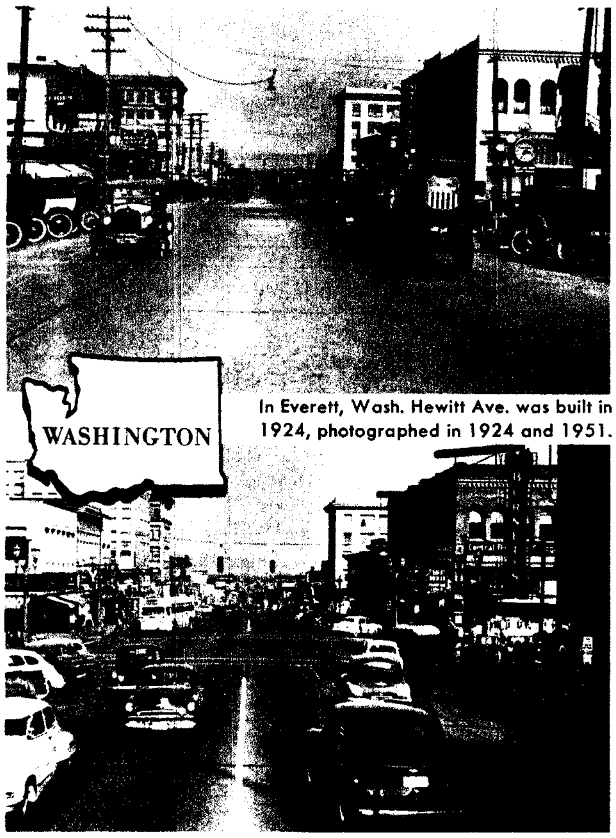
Not all the children, of course, are as innocent of real wrongdoing as Charlie or others who have been picked up merely for breaking a window, playing hooky from school, or loitering. Some are charged with serious crime—but that hardly excuses the harsh penalty exacted from them before their cases are heard. Even hardened adult criminals, free on bail, can await the convenience of the court in their homes. Whatever the nature of the youngsters' offense, this first jail experience all too often marks a point of no return. Convinced that society has rejected them, they become confirmed in any drift they may have toward delinquency.

Charlie, for example, was let out of jail after a few

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ZIN ARTHUR



U. S. 78 near Atlanta, Ga. was built in 1916. These photos, taken in 1938 and 1953, show how traffic has increased. Now a daily average of 7000 vehicles uses this section.


WASHINGTON

In Everett, Wash. Hewitt Ave. was built in 1924, photographed in 1924 and 1951.

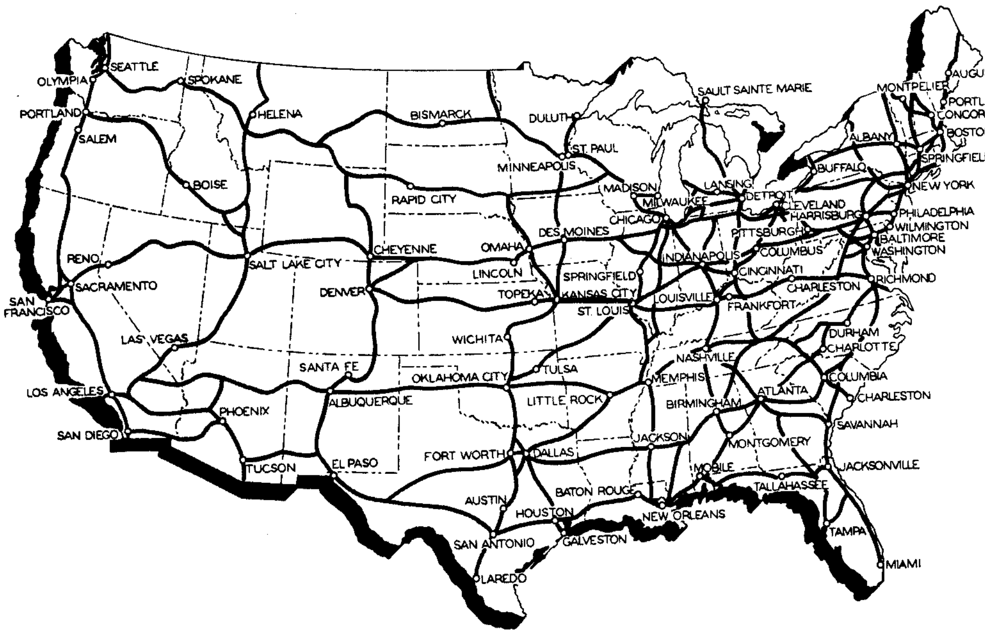
Here today and Still Here Tomorrow

Unusual photographic tour of America provides visual proof of the durability and economy of concrete roads and streets

More than a generation ago our photographer went up and down America taking pictures of concrete roads and streets. In recent years he retraced his steps, rephotographing the same roads and streets from the same places. Reproduced here are a representative group of these "then" and "now" photos of old concrete pavements coast to coast.

These photos are irrefutable evidence of concrete's great durability. They also indicate that concrete requires little maintenance. Because it serves long years with little maintenance and ye can usually be built for less than other pavement designed for the same traffic, concrete gives yo ***low-annual-cost*** service. And ***you*** pay for road and streets with license fees, gas and other taxes

Were it not for concrete's durability the high-way crisis would be even worse. Thousands o miles of concrete pavement have carried increas-ingly heavy traffic for 30 to 40 years and mor and are still serving though not designed for suc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SPOKANE
PORTLAND
SALEM
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ALBUQUERQUE
LITTLE ROCK
BIRMINGHAM
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CHARLESTON
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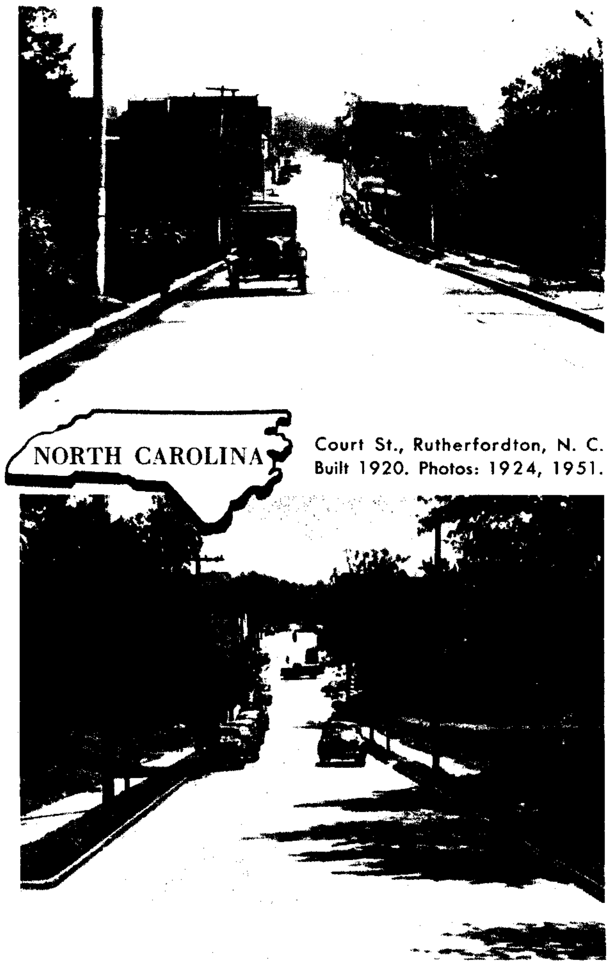
NORTH CAROLINA

Court St., Rutherfordton, N. C. Built 1920. Photos: 1924, 1951.

CALIFORNIA

Thirty-year-old Franklin Ave. in Los Angeles is good for many more years. Built in 1925, it was photographed in 1927 and 1951.

loads. Today concrete pavement is even better. Improved engineering design, materials and construction methods now enable engineers to build concrete roads that will last 50 years and more.

Concrete roads and streets are more than durable and economical. They're safer too. Their gritty, highly skid-resistant surface permits quicker stops, *especially when the pavement is wet.* And their light color, which reflects more light than dark pavement, enables drivers to see farther and better at night. *If you can see better you're safer!*

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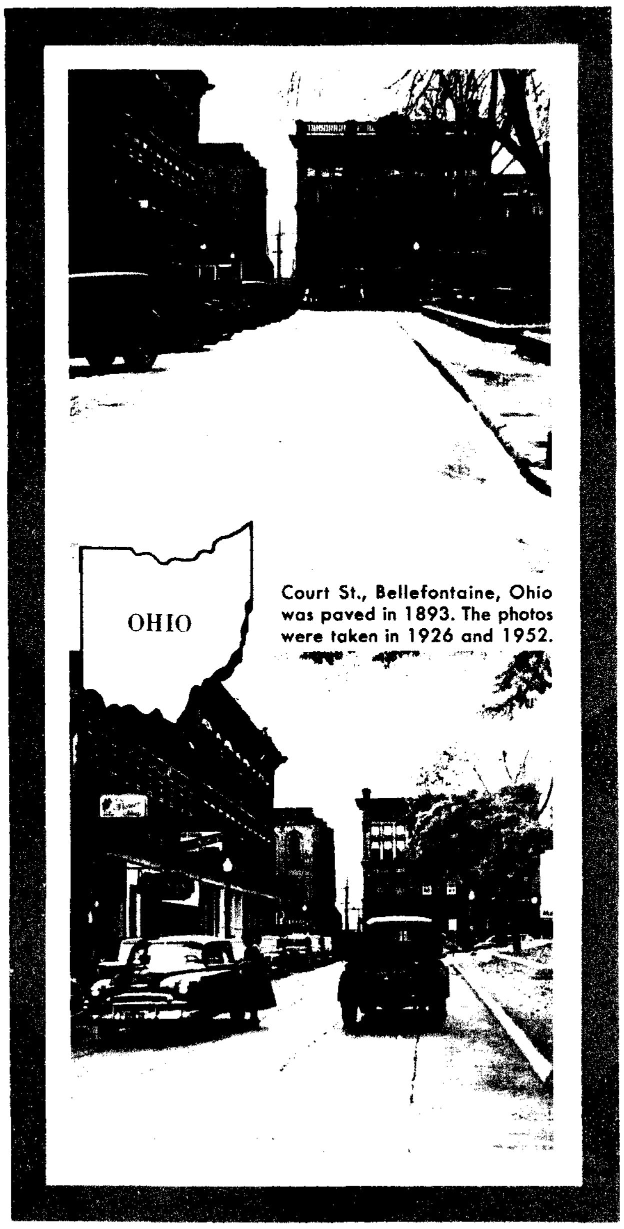
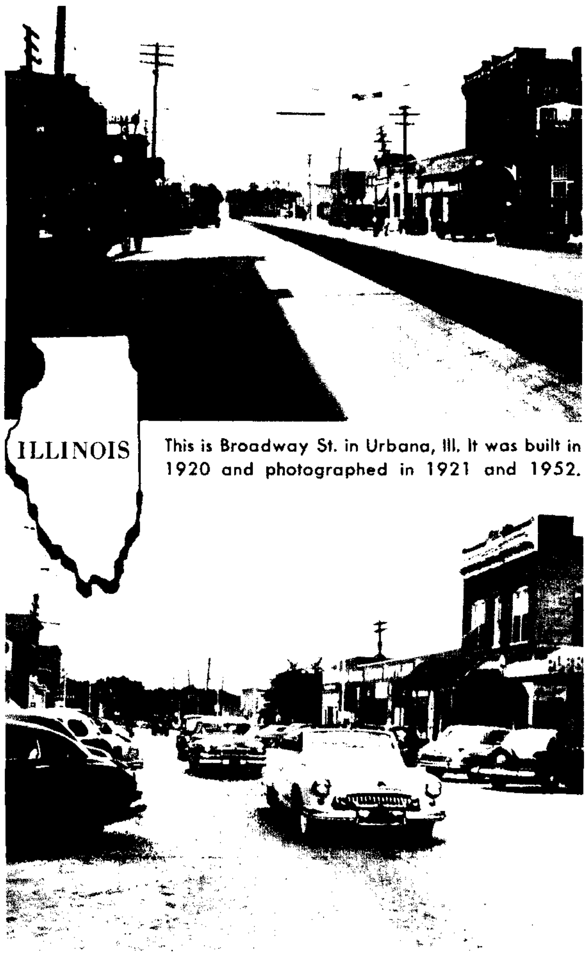
A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work

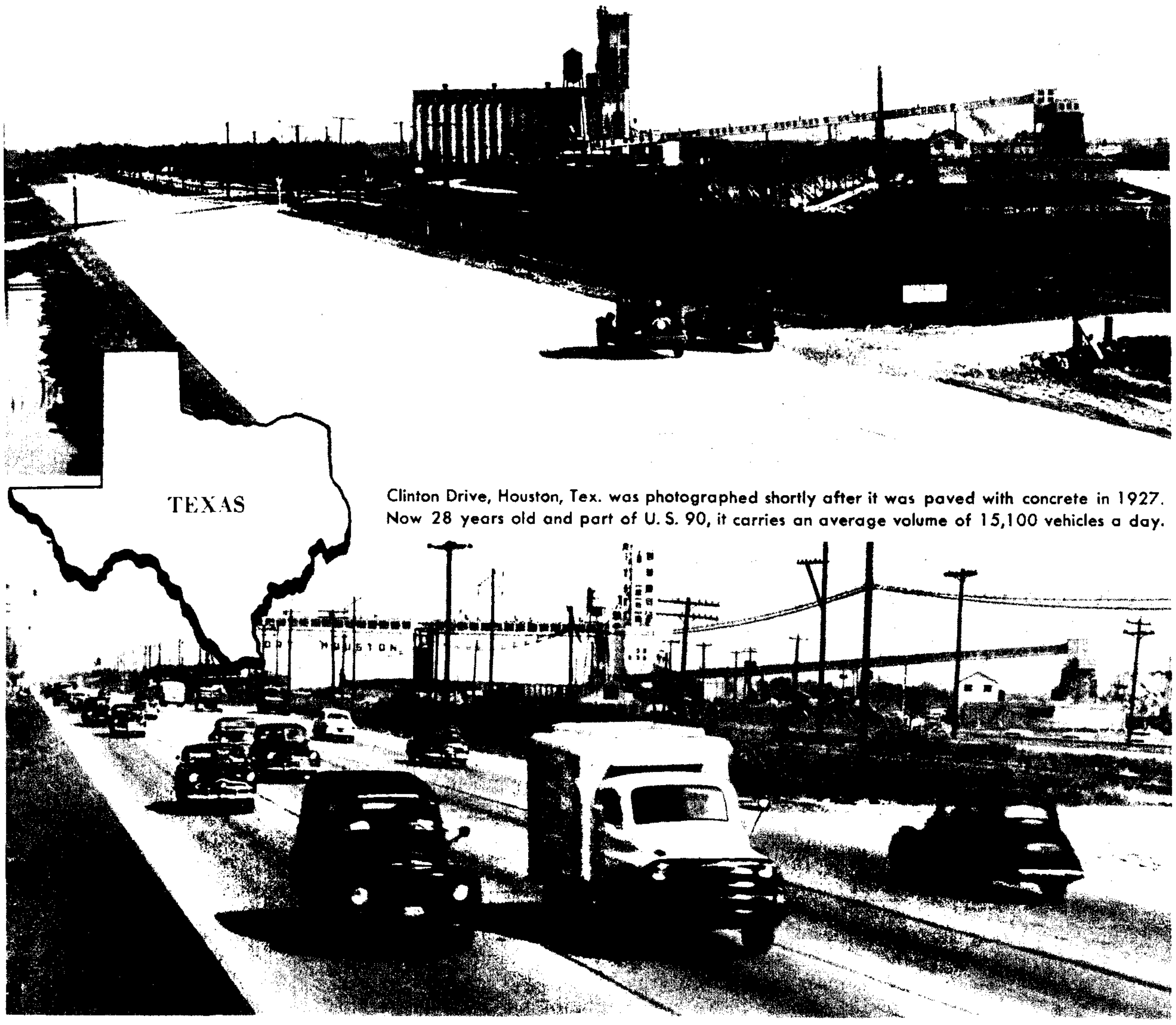
Concrete W. Englewood Ave., Teaneck, N. J. was built in 1927. Photos: 1927 and 1954.



Court St., Bellefontaine, Ohio was paved in 1893. The photos were taken in 1926 and 1952.



This is Broadway St. in Urbana, Ill. It was built in 1920 and photographed in 1921 and 1952.



Clinton Drive, Houston, Tex. was photographed shortly after it was paved with concrete in 1927. Now 28 years old and part of U. S. 90, it carries an average volume of 15,100 vehicles a day.

In many places jailing children is illegal—but still it happens

days and simply sent home—without guidance or investigation of the problem which had caused his runaway in the first place. Will it be a surprise if he turns up again in society's black books?

Many state laws, it is true, ban the jailing of children under a certain age. Most states also prohibit jailing children in the same cells with adult offenders. But where there are no civilized facilities for detaining youngsters in trouble these laws are mere scraps of paper. Law or no law, in most of our 48 states children still land in jail.

A Foot-High Stack of Evidence

You don't have to take our word for it. On our desk right now stands a foot-high stack of eye-witness accounts of juvenile detention conditions all over the United States, reported by skilled NPPA fieldmen. Here are excerpts from some of them. First, from a Midwestern state:

"Fifty-nine children under fifteen years of age were detained illegally in county jails from one to 16 days . . . the lengths of stay for seven children held over 90 days were 97, 101, 104, 110, 122, 135 and 175 days . . . not one of the county jails had a yard where the children could get out of doors . . . Many of the judges seemed unaware of the extent of jail detention in their counties . . ."

This report from a Far Western state:

"Altogether, 9,086 children from eight to seventeen inclusive were admitted (to more than 50 jails in the state), representing 106,114 days . . . Girls in the women's section are usually forced to share facilities and conversation with women offenders including forgers, dope peddlers and prostitutes . . . Boys in several jails were known to be placed in cells next to those of mentally deranged prisoners, where day and night they could hear their shrieks and moans."

The next time you read in your newspaper some account of a brutal crime committed by teen-agers, remember also this other side of the story. Remember the case of two teen-age Puerto Rican boys picked up one night last summer in Central Park in New York, and lodged in the Tombs Prison on a charge of having raped a fifty-one-year-old woman. The charge later proved phony. But by the time the authorities established the facts, the youths—neither of whom had ever run afoul of the law before—had spent *five months and five days* in the Tombs.

Could it happen in your community? How would your children, or your neighbors', fare if they were picked up tomorrow night, by the police? Could another tragedy occur like the one that happened in Seattle on a fateful January evening some years ago when 400 prisoners were held in the King County Jail with only one warden to guard them? Eight of those prisoners were teen-age boys, locked up together in a bull pen on a separate floor. About dinnertime, the warden heard screams from the bull pen. But he later explained, he wasn't worried. "When you have to put eight boys in one room," he said, "there's bound to be a lot of roughhousing. They have rough-and-tumble sparring matches, they rattle dishes and yell until we have to threaten to put them in cells by themselves—cells we don't have."

But this evening the yelling wasn't just a sparring match. One sixteen-year-old, after more than 500 hours in the bull pen, had gone stir-crazy, and had attacked another teen-ager over an alleged $3 loan. Here is his own account of what happened:

"Jack and I were fighting. . . . Two boys held his arms and the other two held his legs. I was hitting him in the face with my fist. I had a pair of gloves on and I had a shower handle in my glove. . . .

"I was straddling his stomach. I was hitting his face. . . . I hit him on both the right and left sides of the face . . ."

"A couple of boys put him in the shower room and turned the water on. . . . I gave the shower handle to the boy in cell 4 to put back on the shower. . . . I don't know who cleaned up the blood on the floor."

It was in the shower room that the warden later found Jack, dead. The autopsy attributed death to beating, strangulation and concussion of the brain. The civic shock had its effect. Seattle's voters approved a bond issue for a fine new brick-and-glass $1,250,000 Youth Service Center, opened in 1952, which houses not only decent detention quarters but also the juvenile court, probation offices, and other facilities for diagnosing and treating children in trouble.

COLLIER'S "What do you mean, the maid quit? We don't have a maid!" BOB BARNES

"The philosophy of our Seattle center is therapeutic, not punitive," says Juvenile Court Judge William G. Long, who spearheaded the movement for its construction, "and we have found that therapy pays rich dividends. Let's hope other communities see the light and take their children out of jail before, rather than after, a public scandal opens their eyes to the evil."

In northern Virginia it was two young women reporters from Washington, D.C.—Mary Lou Werner of the Star and Kristin Norling of the Daily News—who alerted the public to the need for detention reform. At the height of Hurricane Hazel last October, they stopped at the Groveton, Virginia, police station in search of hurricane news. "Never mind Hurricane Hazel," said the officer on duty. "What can you do about Margie?"

Margie was a pert, blonde sixteen-year-old spending her 34th day in this overnight police lockup. The police who guarded her were kindly; they let her hang around the desk, and they supplied her with chewing gum and cigarettes. She had no place to take a bath, but she did have a washbowl where she carefully washed her clothes every night. There was no matron, and no other female prisoners.

Margie's alleged offense was taking $4 from a piggy bank in a home where she had been baby-sitting one evening. A judge in a nearby county had committed her to the custody of the State Welfare Department, and most of her 34 days in the police lockup had been spent awaiting transfer to some state institution. The judge later said he was "astonished" to learn she was still in jail. State officials said they were sorry, but Margie would have to wait her turn. There were five other girls in various jails and lockups, they explained, on the same waiting list. A few headlines later, state policy was changed and all six girls were transferred.

Except that it made headlines, there was little unusual about Margie's case. A survey completed the year before by Frederick Ward, Jr., director of the Southern office of the NPPA, had shown that 107 children were detained in the same lockup during a 16-month period. Virginia state law prohibits jailing children under fourteen; but the lockup register showed two eleven-year-olds, six twelve-year-olds and six thirteen-year-olds.

Margie's story could not have been aired at a better moment. For several years, public-spirited citizens of Arlington, Fairfax and Loudoun Counties had been aware that jail is no place for children in trouble, and tried to hasten reforms. But neither the three county governments nor the cities of Alexandria and Falls Church in the area had funds for a satisfactory detention home.

To Sherwood Norman of the NPPA, this lack of funds was an old story, and he urged what he believes is the ideal solution. Why not get together, he asked, and build one well-designed regional detention home to serve all five jurisdictions adequately and economically? Such regional centers, Norman is convinced, offer the greatest hope for getting children out of jail throughout broad areas of the country. More than 2,500 of the nation's 3,070 counties have populations too small to warrant separate child-detention facilities; regional centers are thus the only practical approach.

It seemed a good idea; in fact, plans for a northern Virginia regional detention home were under active consideration while Margie sat in jail. But like many good ideas, this one needed a head of steam to push it through five separate governing bodies. Margie's 34 days in jail provided the necessary steam. By last April, four of the five local governments had budgeted funds for the construction of a regional home. The only holdout was Loudoun County, which had locked up Margie in the first place. Northern Virginia's children, let's hope, will soon be out of jail.

Let's hope, too, that the new detention home won't be a children's jail in disguise. In the unsavory history of society's offenses against children, nothing is more discouraging than the story of communities which rose at last to the challenge, spent substantial sums on new detention facilities—and ended up with a situation as shocking as before.

Seven Boys and Four Walls

One Midwestern detention home is an outstanding case in point. From the outside, this "haven" for children in trouble—a three-story brick residence—looked inviting enough. Almost any afternoon you could see youngsters playing in the well-kept yard under the watchful eye of a kindly-appearing matron. But in the basement an NPPA consultant found seven adolescent boys locked up in a room which was absolutely bare—no chairs, no benches, no tables. Nothing at all—just boys surrounded by walls, with windows too high to see out of and nothing to sit on except the floor. Some of the boys had been locked in that room for weeks, some as long as two months.

Had they no activities whatever?

Yes, the NPPA consultant was told, sometimes the boys were given a ball to play with.

How about those youngsters playing on the lawn?

Those weren't "delinquent" children, he was told, but "dependent" children who were being given temporary shelter. And the superintendent who ran the "home" couldn't let the "bad" children in the basement associate with the "good" children upstairs.

So the good children ate in the dining room while the bad children ate off trays in their bare basement room. The good children had movies in the evening; the bad children stayed down in their hole. A teacher came in to give the good children lessons; the bad children got none.

Oh, yes, there was one break in the routine. Twice a month, a women's group came in to lead hymn-singing parties. On these occasions, the bad children were allowed to sing the praises of a kindly Father in Heaven who watches over every sparrow.

Well, what's the solution? Are we adults so lacking in vision that we can think up no alternatives except locking children in adult jails or in children's "homes" which are little better?

Actually, as half a dozen alert communities have shown, children in trouble can be detained intelligently,

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The TUBELES

DELUXE CHAMPION
Firestone
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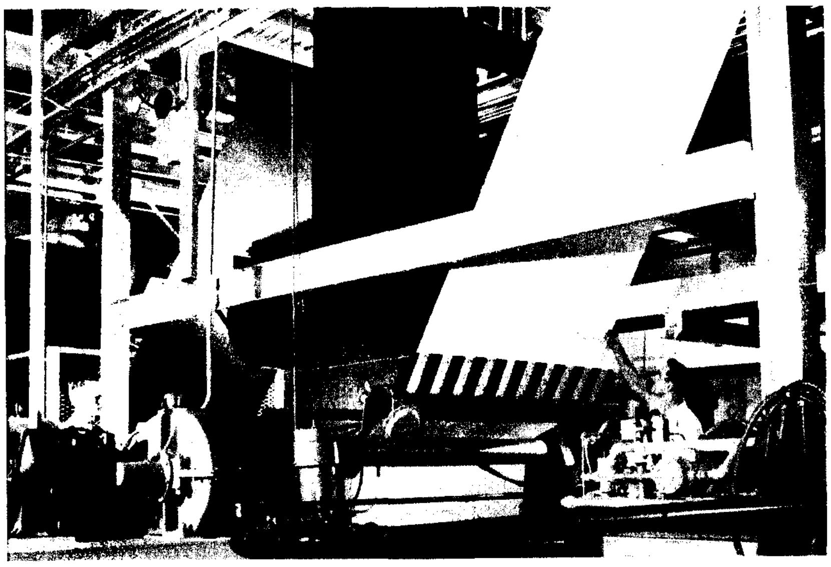
America's Future Progress Depends on Better and Safer Highways

THE new tubeless tires that are standard equipment on the new 1955 cars, provide wholly new concepts of safety and economy for the car owners of America. But all tubeless tires are not alike! They differ greatly, in performance, in safety and in quality. One tire, and only one, the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire, gives you, *at no extra cost,* exclusive built-in extra values that you cannot get in any other tubeless tire. Many of the most important features of these plus-quality tires cannot be copied by other tire makers.

Until now, tubeless tires have always sold at premium prices. But Firestone, after years of research and after investing many millions of dollars in engineering, in facilities and in new equipment, showed the industry how to build them to sell at the price of a conventional tire and tube.

You can have your present car equipped with a set of new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires without changing your present wheels or rims. They cost no more than conventional tires and tubes and your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store will give you an allowance for the unused mileage in your present tires. You can buy on convenient budget terms, if you desire.



This is the only complete cord treating factory of its kind in the world. In it, the cord used in the bodies of Firestone tires is Gum-Dipped and Safety-Tensioned to "set" the cord so it cannot expand when it gets hot from fast driving, causing the tread to crack and separate from the tire body. Safety-Tensioning and Gum-Dipping were originated by Firestone. No other tires can give you this extra safety feature.

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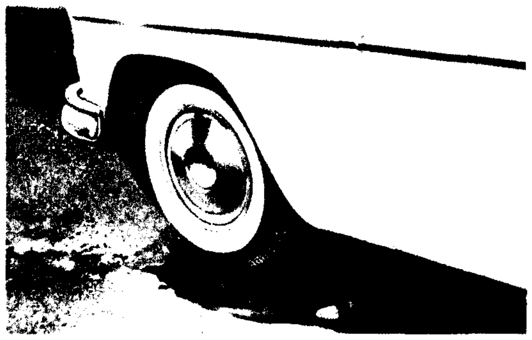
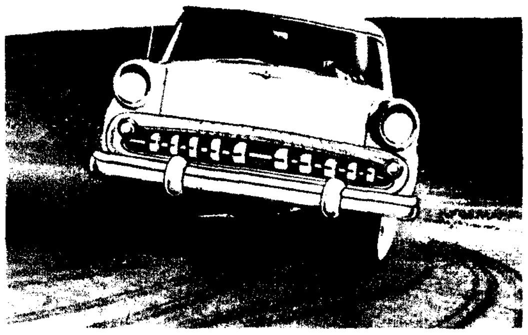


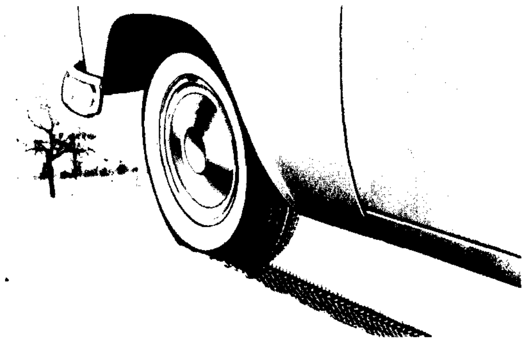
Blowouts Practically Eliminated

With the new Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body, the new Safety-Liner and Tubeless Construction, damage which might cause a blowout in a conventional tire merely causes a slow leak in the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire, giving you plenty of time to bring your car to a safe, straight-line stop, even from high speeds. This tire is so strong and the tread so tough that it gives protection even against terrific impacts.



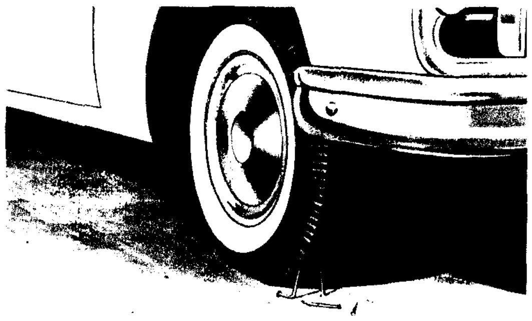
Hushes Squeal, Whine and Hum

The Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread is scientifically designed for quiet running. Instead of adding stabilizers to the tread as an "after thought," the outer grooves are stabilized by the elements of the tread itself, thereby eliminating the cause of squealing on turns. Furthermore, the traction elements in the tread overlap each other, which prevents annoying whining and humming on the road, even on wet pavements and on wet brick.



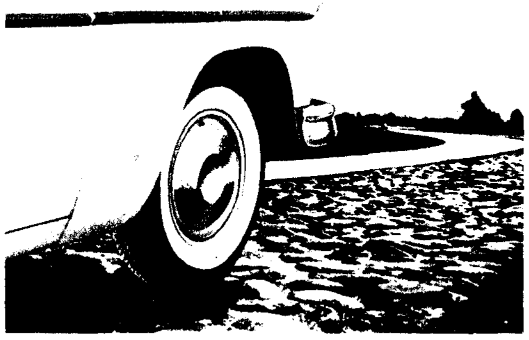
Unequalled Non-Skid Protection

The new Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread provides greater protection against skidding and side-slips and greater traction than any other tire on the market except, of course, special winter tires. The tread elements are scientifically-angled for maximum skid-resistance in all directions and for utmost traction. The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire has more inches of non-skid edges than any other tire of similar type and price.



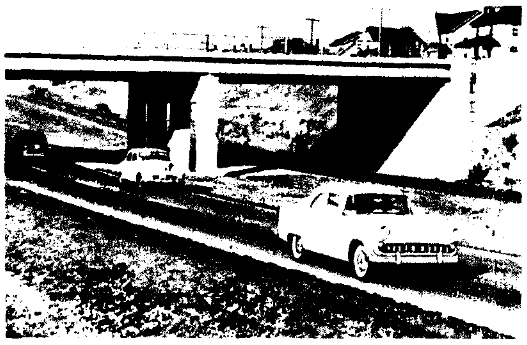
Seals Punctures Against Air Loss

If a nail or any other sharp object should possibly penetrate the extra-tough tread and cord body, the Safety-Liner, which is inseparably welded to the inside of the tire body, grips the nail and prevents loss of air, thereby minimizing the danger and annoyance of punctures. You can keep on going until you have time to have the nail removed and the tire repaired at a service station. No need to change tires on the highway.



Something New in Riding Comfort

The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire absorbs bumps and road shocks which conventional tires transmit to the frame and body of the car and thus to you and your passengers. It provides a super-soft cushion of rubber and air which helps smooth out even the roughest roads. It makes steering easier . . . and it has an extra-tough Curb Rib which protects white sidewalls against damage and scuffing and preserves the beauty of the tire.



Most Miles Per Dollar

Every part of this amazing new tire is built for long, trouble-free mileage. The Silent-Ride Safety-Grip Tread is made of extra-tough, wear-resistant rubber. It is road-level flat for maximum contact with the road and utmost mileage. The Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body is locked or "set" so that it cannot expand or "grow" and cause the tread to crack and separate, thereby ruining the tire. It is so strong it can be retreaded again and again.

*DELUXE CHAMPION Tubeless Tires

RESENT CAR AT NO EXTRA COST AND WITHOUT CHANGING WHEELS OR RIMS

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*Also available for use with tube.

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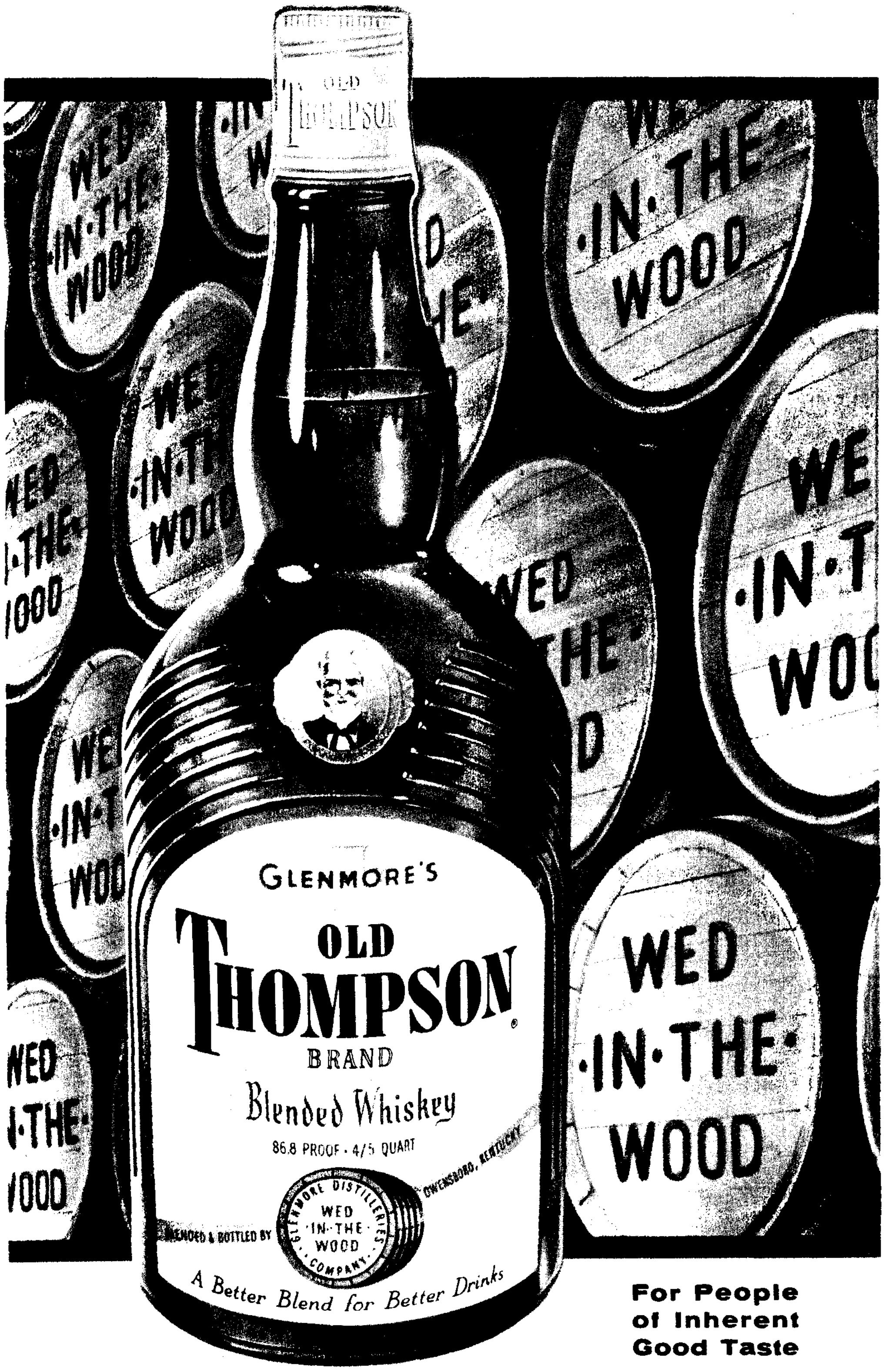

For People
of Inherent
Good Taste

Two to one, most of you have never tasted a whiskey that's "Wed-in-the-Wood"; for in these days of fighting for more business at lower costs, it's an almost forgotten art of blending. Plain takes too long, costs too much for the big volume boys.

But not for us. We believe anyone who knows his whiskey realizes that "Wed-in-the-Wood" adds a peak of perfection you will recognize and prefer. And that's what counts with us. But this extra care means that Old Thompson, the only "Wed-in-the-Wood" whiskey we know of, will always be in limited supply. So when you see a bottle, latch on to it.

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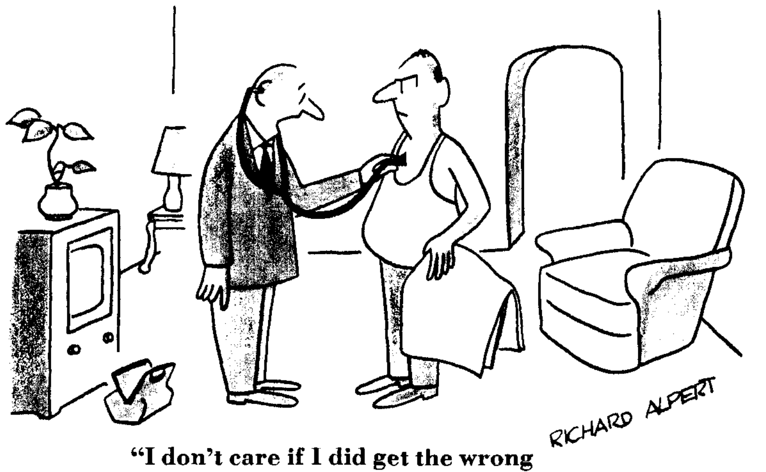
The solution? One state sends most kid



"I don't care if I did get the wrong house, you're in pretty bad shape"

COLLIER'S RICHARD ALPERT

humanely, without pampering, but with maximum help in the child's rehabilitation. To see how it can be done, let us take a look at the Lehigh County Detention Home just outside Allentown, Pennsylvania.

It took three burly policemen in a squad car to transport Mike (Knuckles) Smith to the home late one night last summer. It was Knuckles' birthday, and he had obviously been drinking. He was in an ugly, rebellious mood when he was picked up for disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace and striking an officer of the law. Knuckles was a big fellow, nearly six feet tall in his stocking feet; but the birthday he was celebrating was only his sixteenth.

"They'll never keep me in that can," Knuckles boasted on the way. "They ain't even got bars on the windows."

Knuckles Had Cops Worried

The three policemen exchanged glances. Their instincts urged them to take Knuckles to the county jail instead of to the pleasant suburban home where Mr. and Mrs. George Roth—"Mom" and "Pop" to Allentown's youngsters in trouble—keep house for juvenile delinquents. Mom and Pop didn't even have a gun; this boy could easily overpower them.

"It isn't going to work this time," one of the officers said in a worried aside as the car drove up to the Roths' door.

The Roth home, though its doors are kept locked and its windows are covered with specially designed screens strong enough to hold even kids like Knuckles, is not a jail. Knuckles appeared to sense the difference the minute he crossed the threshold. It wasn't what he saw or heard; it was what he smelled. By accident or design, Mom Roth's spick-and-span kitchen is right next to the admissions office; at almost any hour of the day or night, the first thing you notice when you enter is the comfortable aroma of Mom's Pennsylvania Dutch cooking. What Knuckles smelled was one of Mom's specialties—hot cinnamon-and-raisin buns.

Knuckles looked at Mom and Pop with a puzzled frown. It's hard to act tough when your mouth is watering, and you suddenly remember you've had nothing but a couple of greasy hamburgers since breakfast.

"Better lock this one up tight," the senior policeman warned, mopping his brow. "It was all the three of us could do to get him here."

Pop said nothing. Mom said, "My, you all must be hungry. Come on into the kitchen—I'll have coffee and a snack in two minutes."

The men and the boy sat down while Mom laid out the snack—Lebanon bologna, Pennsylvania head cheese, strawberry jam she had preserved herself, fresh bread, cinnamon buns. The coffee was hot and black.

"Our rules are pretty simple here," Pop told Knuckles. "First off, get yourself a real hot shower. Plenty of soap. When you've done, call me and I'll give you a shampoo. This is our home, you know. It's a clean home, and we aim to keep it that way. Tomorrow morning you can sleep late if you want to. But at ten, we all pile into the car and go to church together."

Knuckles, eating ravenously, nodded. His bluster was gone. For the first time in days, his stomach had a satisfied feeling. That hot shower sounded good. And Pop was the steady kind of adult Knuckles hadn't run up against in years—firm but friendly, a man you could trust to play square. Half an hour later, the police were on their way, convinced that Mom's and Pop's magic had worked once more. Knuckles was already asleep in a single room, snoring peacefully.

"What Mom and Pop chiefly accomplish," says Raven H. Ziegler, Lehigh County's chief probation officer, "is a change in the kids' attitude toward adults and authority. Mom and Pop don't pamper the kids in their care; but they don't reject them, either. They give the boy or girl a glimpse—often the first—of what decent, civilized, friendly American living can be like. You'd be amazed at how much even a few days of that can accomplish."

Not all the Roths' charges are six-foot toughs like Knuckles, of course. While we were there, the Roth "family" consisted of three fourteen-year-old girls brought in for shoplifting and for running away from home. All three were pretty as pictures, clean, neatly dressed and full of girlish vitality. Many communities still lock up such children in adult jails.

Big-city detention homes lack Mom's and Pop's family touch; nevertheless the best of them can do a lot by making available to children in trouble the services of skilled social-work counselors and carefully planned programs.

Counselors provide a youngster with what he needs first in this emergency—a sympathetic ear into which he can pour his woes. They help him let off steam verbally, rather than through ag-

ome, under supervision. It works fine

gressive acts. Thereafter, they help him get an insight into his problems, and offer the kind of guidance the child's own family has failed to provide.

In the large detention home, sports play an important role, teaching fair play and teamwork. Boys and girls take part in dramatics: the shy ones lose their shyness, and the overbold quiet down. Religious activities help too. Psychological tests, psychiatric interviews and school lessons all play their part—and accumulate data about each child which the judge can later use in disposing of the case wisely.

Underlying all other detention-home headaches is an overwhelming concern over the sex problem. Most homes attempt to solve it by complete segregation of their boy and girl charges, an attempt which often fails. Several successful homes, however, feature a wide range of coed activities, even though many of their girls are being held for prior sexual misbehavior.

In a supervised program, these girls can be helped to develop normal social skills. They learn how to meet and associate with boys in acceptable social settings. Boys and girls frequently work together preparing a weekly newspaper, or writing and rehearsing skits for the weekly Talent Night. Some detention homes find dancing an excellent socializing influence. Watchful counselors are quick to spot those children who have difficulties in adjusting to such healthy heterosexual experiences and need more intensive forms of therapy.

Many big-city detention homes, however, are so tragically overcrowded and understaffed that they can provide nothing but a lockup for children. They get by as best they can, and hope against hope that the youngsters in their care won't be injured by the detention.

How many children really need detention of any kind?

"Figures from all over the United States," says Sherwood Norman, "leave no doubt whatever that a very large proportion of the children now detained under lock and key could be far better served by home probation services during their precourt wait. If you doubt it, look at Connecticut."

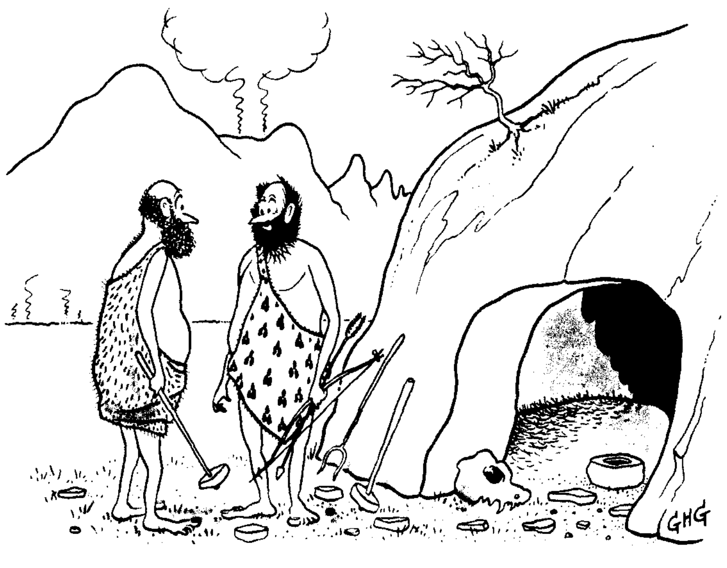
In Connecticut, state-wide juvenile court jurisdiction rests with four strategically located courts with full-time judges. A specially staffed children's detention home is attached to each court. Trained state probation officers are stationed throughout the state, on call 24 hours a day.

"The heart of the Connecticut system lies in the cordial relationship between the probation officers and the police," we were told by William N. MacKay, chief probation officer in Hartford. "When a policeman anywhere in Connecticut takes a child into custody, his first step is to phone the nearest probation officer. In four cases out of five, the two agree that the child can be taken home, and his parents given a juvenile court summons. In these cases, the probation officer invariably visits the home the next day, and talks with both parents and child. He begins to collect the data which the judge will later need in disposing of the case. Even more important, he lays the foundation for counseling services which these children will get at home rather than in an institution."

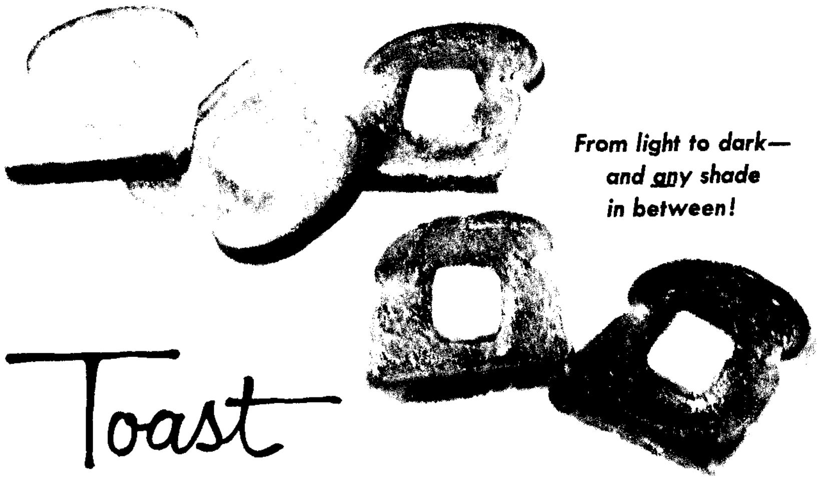
At first, MacKay concedes, the police were leery about "just turning the kids loose." But as the system sank roots, they became increasingly enthusiastic. Few cops *like* to jail a kid, and the police could see for themselves that home supervision was really working.

Sometimes, of course, the child is so disturbed, or the home situation so intolerable, or the offense so serious, that detention is the only answer. In such cases, the probation officer authorizes detention—not in the local jail, but in the nearest court-operated detention home. "Throughout the state," MacKay estimates, "we average only thirty or forty children in detention at a time."

We are convinced it can be that way in our state, and in yours. The prescription is simple. Supply adequate probation staffs to supervise the children in their own homes. Eliminate those long stays in jails and jail-like detention homes; these can only confirm children in their delinquency. And for the relatively few children who *must* be detained let us build small, specially designed facilities with trained staffs adequate to diagnose the youngsters' difficulties. By controlling the inflow at the source, we automatically control the outflow of ruined lives and criminal careers.



COLLIER'S "As near as I can figure out, we are descendants from a creature called 'man,' who lived in the atomic age" GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



From light to dark—
and *any* shade
in between!

Toast the way *you* want it

... with G.E.'s truly automatic toaster!

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GENERAL ELECTRIC
LIGHT
DARK

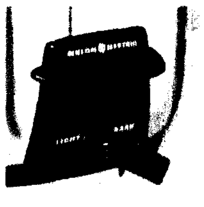
THIS is the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed! It gives you toast to your taste every time.

6-position control is one of the new, easy-to-use features of this toaster. Just set it for light . . . medium . . . dark . . . or any in-between shade. Then, count on piece after piece being *exactly* alike.

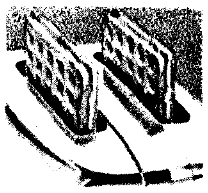
Another pleasing feature of the General Electric toaster is the *extra-high toast lift.* It brings small pieces of toast, muffins and even frozen waffles well up out of the toaster. No more digging for toast—no more burned fingers.

You'll find in this toaster an *extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray* that is completely cleanable in seconds. Just wipe it off with a damp cloth or wash it along with the dishes.

See the G-E Toaster at your dealer's now! Also available with ivory color base . . . $21.95.* General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



6-position control!



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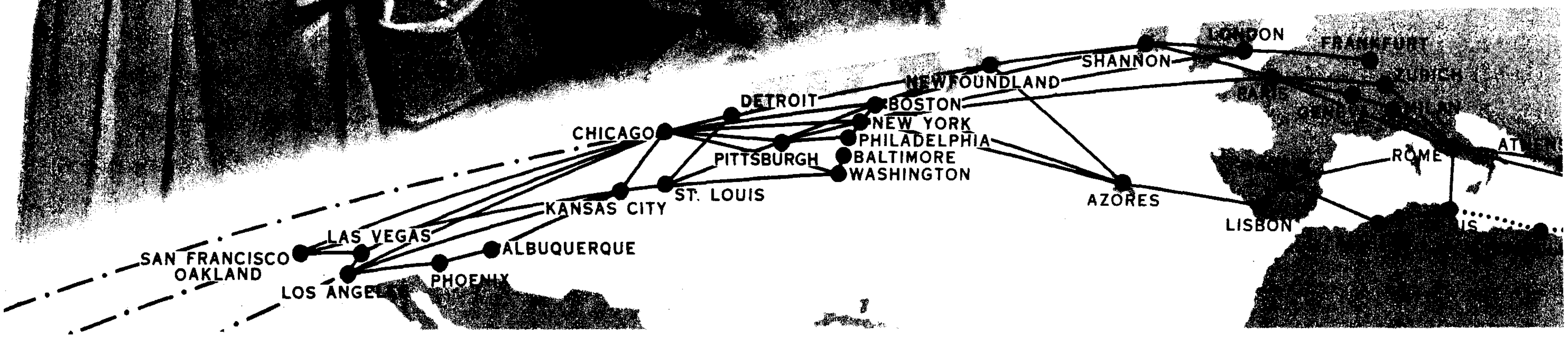
Ever stop to think how precious your vacation time is—especially if you are a professional man, are in business for yourself or get paid by the hour. Yes, each hour *does* have a dollar-and-cents value! All the more reason why you should make the most of every pleasure hour . . . by making the most of world-proved TWA!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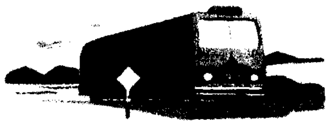
LOS ANGELES—NEW YORK	TRAVEL TIME	TOTAL TRAVEL EXPENSE	
VIA **TWA** 	**10 HRS.** ON A WORLD-PROVED TWA CONSTELLATION	TWA fare . $99.00 No extras . TOTAL $99.00	**$99.00**
VIA **RAIL** 	**60 HRS.** SITTING UP ALL THE WAY	Fare . . . . $81.51 Seat . . . . 1.00 Meals . . . 15.00 Tips, etc. . . 7.50 TOTAL $105.01	**$105.01**
VIA **BUS** 	**84 HRS.** STRAIGHT THROUGH WITHOUT A STOPOVER	Fare . . . . $56.70 Meals . . . 30.00 Tips . . . . . 5.00 Pillows . . . 3.00 TOTAL $94.70	**$94.70**

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Boston-Los Angeles	12 hrs.	106.00
Kansas City-New York	4 hrs.	52.00
Pittsburgh-San Francisco	13 hrs.	96.00
Las Vegas-Los Angeles	1 hr.	13.70
Phoenix-Chicago	6 hrs.	69.00
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BARGAIN FARES TO EUROPE, TOO!		
New York to:		
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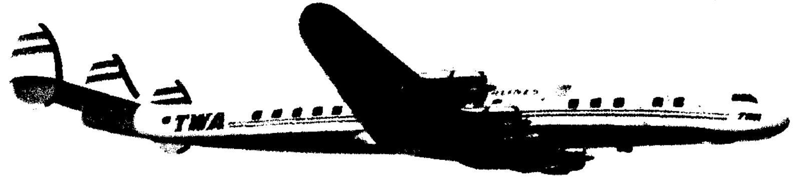
Rome, Italy	19 hrs.	360.20
Frankfurt, Germany	16 hrs.	328.10
London, England	13 hrs.	290.00
Madrid, Spain	18 hrs.	320.30
Shannon, Ireland	12 hrs.	261.00
Lisbon, Portugal	15 hrs.	296.00
Geneva, Switzerland	17 hrs.	328.10



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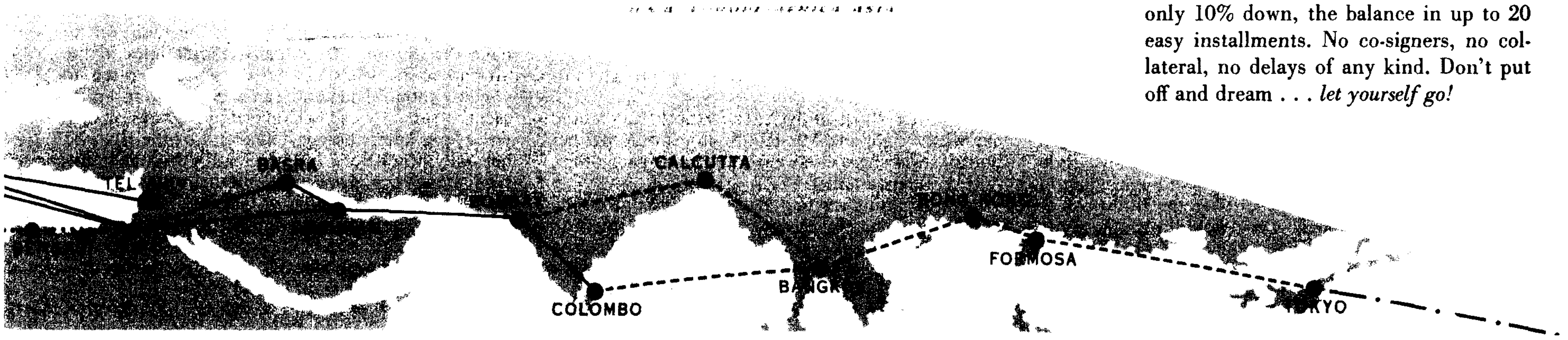

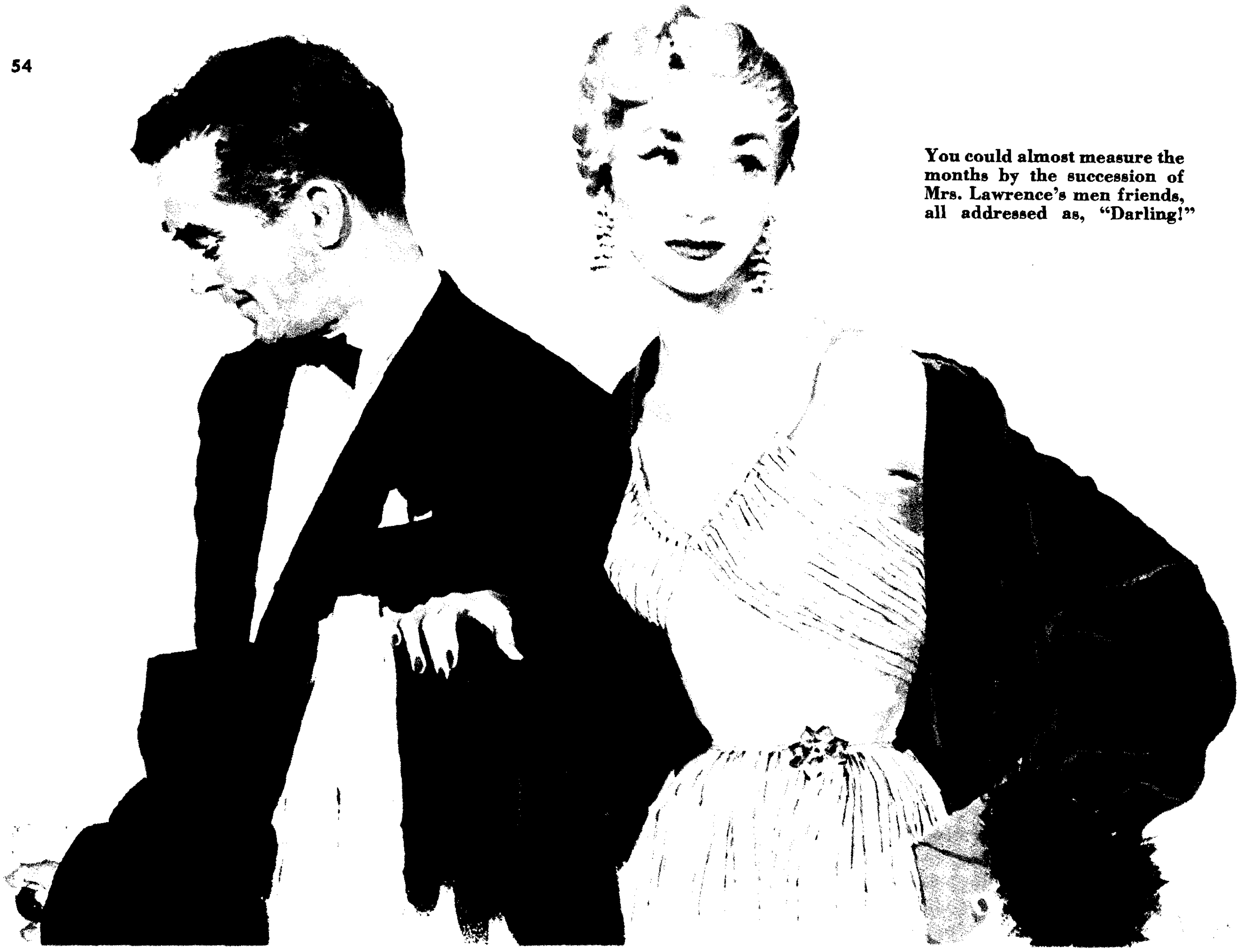

You could almost measure the months by the succession of Mrs. Lawrence's men friends, all addressed as, "Darling!"

Woman across the Hall

By ROBERT WALLSTEN

Forthright and mercurial, tragic and gay, shocking and kind—this beautiful enigma changed the lives of all those she knew

THEY were neighbors and had been for five years now. Only a wall separated them. Mrs. Lawrence's living room abutted the Huntingtons' bedroom. The Huntingtons could hear Mrs. Lawrence's television set faintly, and the frequent ringing of her telephone, and sometimes when she gave a party, the laughter of her guests.

Occasionally, too, they saw her—beautiful, slim and elaborate, with her dazzling smile, her golden hair, and her very special way of walking, like a pony, stepping very high, in her expensive little shoes. They saw her when they met by accident in the elevator vestibule which was the threshold of their two front doors. They would murmur polite banalities to one another: "Beautiful day, isn't it?" "Lovely day—lovely . . ."

Being older, Mrs. Huntington would precede Mrs. Lawrence into the elevator, and Mr. Huntington would bring up the rear. They would stand with serious expressions on their faces, watching the floor numbers fly upward, and down in the lobby they would nod and smile and go their separate ways.

They were neighbors, and this was the extent of their acquaintance.

"It's New York, Billy," Mrs. Huntington would say with a sigh, and Mr. Huntington would pat her hand. "Anywhere else we'd get to know each other, Mrs. Lawrence and I."

Mrs. Huntington had never got used to New York, even after thirteen years, and all of them in this one apartment house. If Billy had not been so successful, she would have happily remained where she had started, being as neighborly as she pleased—and appreciated for it too, in a quiet, tree-lined street in a small Midwestern town.

In New York, during the day, she felt actually deserted. She did her housework herself, just for something to do; she did it with the radio on, to have the illusion of company. Sometimes in the afternoon she went out to shop—more often to window-shop. Then she came back to the apartment in time to hear her favorite programs, and to write long letters home, letters full of the trivia of her daily life, letters that were bulky with clippings from papers or magazines. And then Billy returned from downtown. He always whistled an optimistic little four-note tune as he unlocked the front door, and Mrs. Huntington knew her loneliness was over.

She was an enthusiastic, small, plump woman with a flat, honest face and no sense of humor at

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW VIRGIL

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100 PROOF
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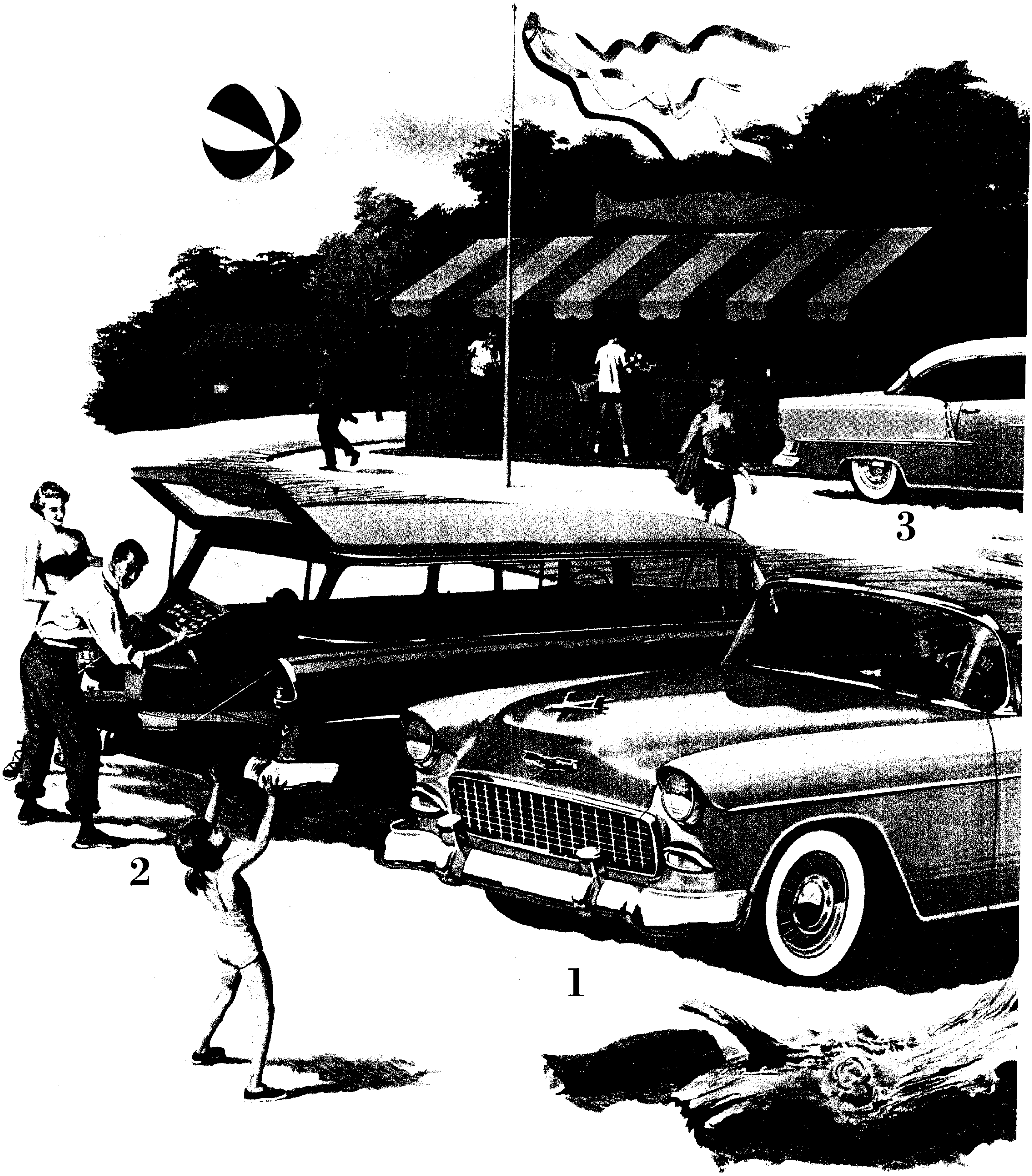
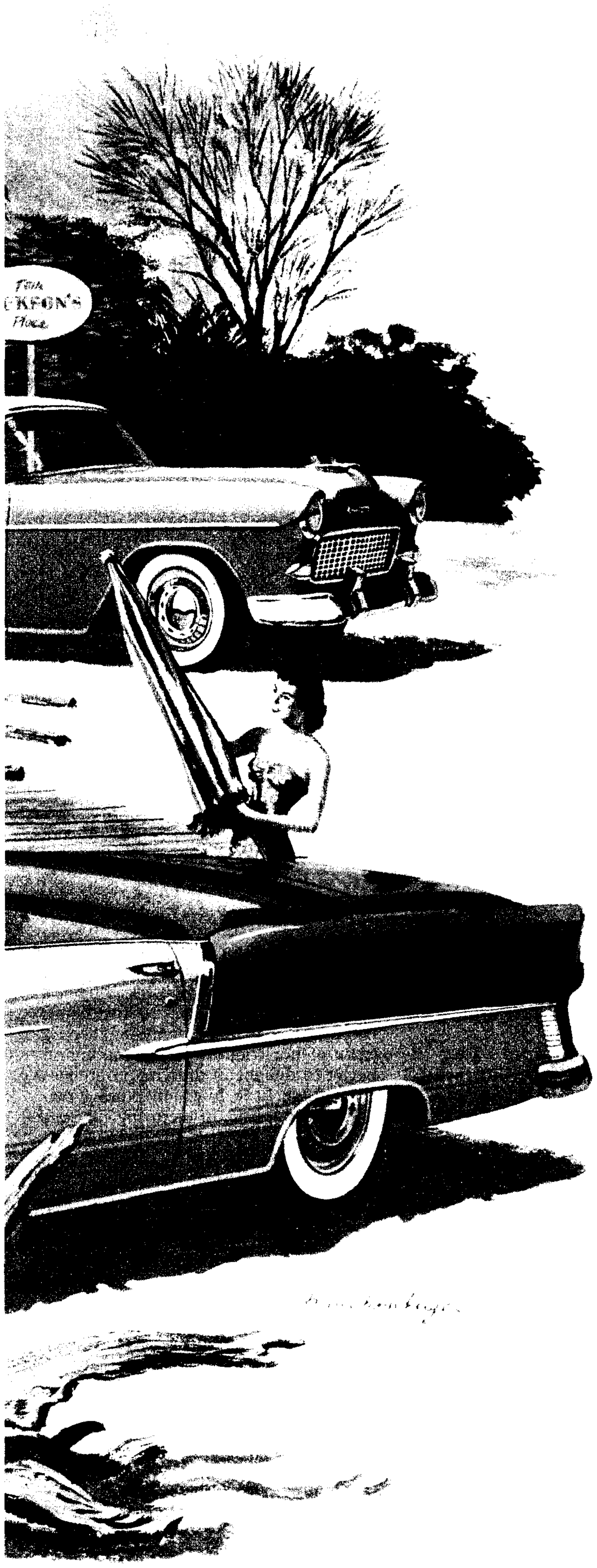


1. The fun-loving Bel Air Convertible 2. The versatile "Two-Ten" Handyman 3. The glamorous Bel Air Sport Coupe



Which one of these Chevrolet sport models would you rather have fun with?

Are you the type that likes to breeze along the open road on a bright summer day with nothing above between you and the blue? Do you like the sound of rain against a snug fabric top? If so, that Chevrolet Convertible in our picture is for you! No question about it. For here's a car that's as young in spirit as you are—and looks it! Even the smart all-vinyl interior is made to live outdoors.

But maybe you like a car that can carry anything from small fry to outboard motors with equal ease. That would be the "Two-Ten" Handyman Station Wagon you see over there (one of five Chevrolet station wagons). Here's one car that's so versatile it practically makes you a two-car family all by itself. So low it sets a new height of fashion for station wagons! Practical? If the kids track sand inside, you can wash it out in a jiffy.

On the other hand, if you go for hardtops—and like 'em long, low and dashing—that Bel Air Sport Coupe in the background is just your dish. It's a "show car" from the word go!

Whichever Chevrolet you choose, you're bound to have the driving time of your life! You can't miss with Chevrolet's new 162-h.p. "Turbo-Fire V8" under the hood (180 h.p. is an extra-cost option in *all* V8 models), or with one of the two highest powered 6's in the low-price field. Your Chevrolet dealer is the man to see. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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by AL CAPP
GANGWAY, FOSDICK!! WE'RE BUSTIN' OUT!!
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PHOTOGRAPHERS WILL SOON BE HERE!! I MUST LOOK MY BEST!!
YOU'RE BACK?
NATCHERLY!!- YOU GOT WHAT WE BUSTED OUT FOR!! AMERICA'S FAVORITE HAIR-TONIC, WILDROOT CREAM-OIL—WHICH KEEPS HAIR NEAT AN' NATURAL—
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BUT DAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL!! MY NAME IS 741!!
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ONLY A CREAM DRESSING GROOMS HAIR THE NATURAL WAY! ABSOLUTELY NON-ALCOHOLIC. WITH NATURAL INGREDIENTS. BUY AMERICA'S FAVORITE!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR THE HAIR
NON-ALCOHOLIC, LANOLIN
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

all. Instead, she was affable. She had what is called a good heart, and this made it particularly hard for her to understand that people could be neighbors and still remain strangers.

She had tried to do what she could about this. Five years before, on the day that Mrs. Lawrence had moved in, Mrs. Huntington had made the first gesture. After that, as she said to Mr. Huntington, there was nothing further *she* could do. She had been hurt and even angry at the time. Now, whenever she thought about it, she was still a little hurt.

IT HAD been half past five that first day when Mrs. Huntington crossed the checkerboard floor of the elevator vestibule to pay a welcoming call. When a very handsome, very nice man opened the door, Mrs. Huntington introduced herself and told him that she lived in 14-A just opposite, and that she'd dropped in to see if there was anything she could do for Mrs. Lawrence.

She said that three times in the course of the next twenty minutes, until it seemed even to her that her voice had a kind of twittering insistency. She went through it all again when Mrs. Lawrence appeared ("My sweet!" the man had said when he called to her), and Mrs. Lawrence—in a negligee at that hour of the day, the palest yellow with brocade—said, "How very nice. Won't you come in?"

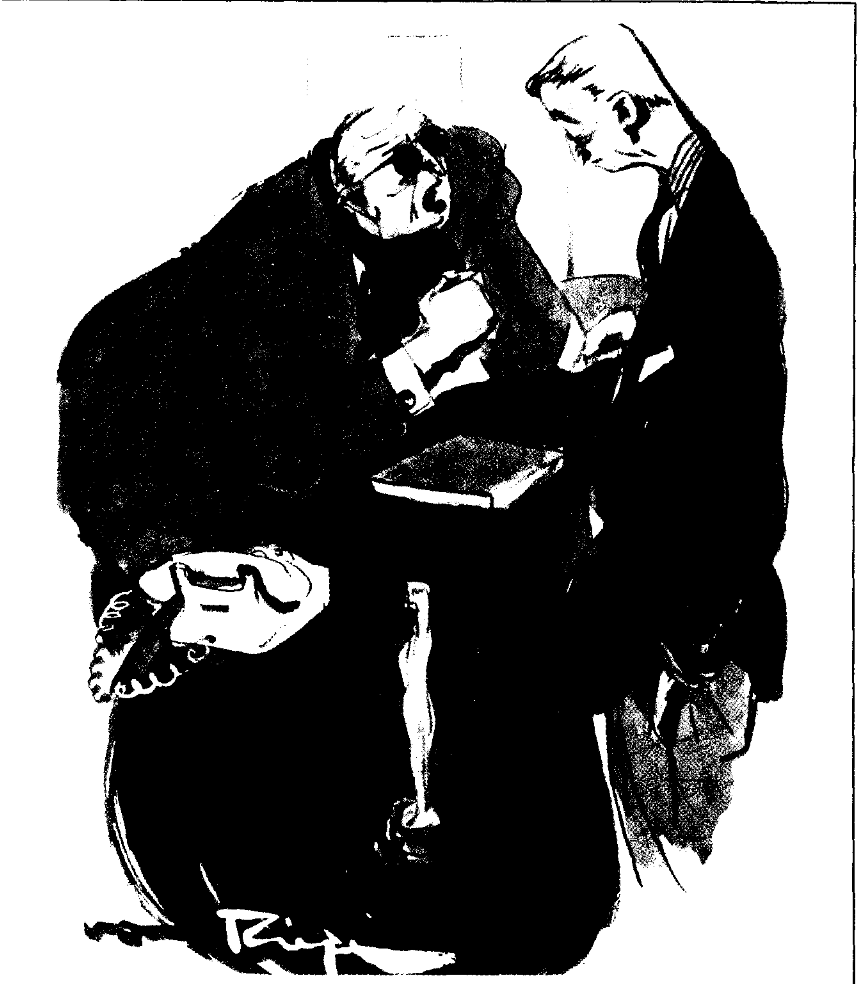
Walking with little high steps in golden mules, Mrs. Lawrence led the way into the drawing room, one of the most beautiful rooms Mrs. Huntington had ever seen; it had a cream-colored couch and carpet and curtains, and blue-green walls. She couldn't help contrasting it with her own drawing room, which, she now realized, she hadn't really seen in years, not since the day she and Billy had moved in. Now, as she thought of it, the room seemed dark and cluttered, with too many patterns, bronzes and fringe.

Mrs. Lawrence and the man, whose name was Mr. Gentry, were having a drink. They offered one to Mrs. Huntington, but some instinct made her refuse. Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Gentry exchanged a long, serious look—as if some message were passing between them—and then they just stood there, smiling. He leaned against the mantelpiece, she leaned against the back of a chair, and Mrs. Huntington stood lost in the vast middle of the room, with nothing to lean on at all. They didn't sit down or suggest that she should, they just stood there smiling and said nothing.

Mrs. Huntington found herself chattering, as she always did when nervous. She embarked on a long story about Mr. and Mrs. McVickar, the former occupants of this apartment, who had moved to California. "I do miss them so," she said. "We were great friends—in and out of each other's apartment all day long . . ."

Her voice trailed off and Mrs. Lawrence said, "Really?" and smiled her beautiful smile, and silence fell again. That was the way the whole visit went, until Mrs. Huntington edged toward the door and repeated her little welcoming speech, adding brightly, "After all, we *are* neighbors!"

"I'm endlessly grateful," Mrs. Lawrence said. "There really isn't anything, but how sweet of you to think that there might be!" Mrs. Huntington had bobbed herself into the vestibule now, and Mrs. Lawrence said suddenly, "Oh, yes, there *is* something!"



"Don't try to pass the buck, Bronson! You were the one who told me how good my idea was!"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

She flicked her hand in the direction of the lamp that stood on the vestibule table. It was a large lamp, with a stained-glass angular shade and a metal fringe, and it was held aloft by a bronze young woman in swirling bronze draperies that contrived, somehow, to cover the young woman most discreetly.

"That nightmare lamp," Mrs. Lawrence said, in her clear, tired voice. "No doubt it's something the building stuck there, so you won't mind, will you, if I put something else in its place? A vase, perhaps, with some greens in it?"

Mrs. Huntington gasped. Then she collected herself. "Why, not at all," she said. "I won't mind at all. I'll just take it back to my own apartment." She pulled the cord from the socket right then and there and, cradling the lamp in her arms, started across the vestibule to 14-A.

Behind her, Mrs. Lawrence was saying, "Oh, my dear, I'm so terribly sorry; I didn't realize—" She sounded sorry, and looked sorry too, when Mrs. Huntington turned with as much dignity as her plumpness permitted.

"It's really quite all right," she said. "This is just what I meant. You'll be sure, won't you, to call on me if there's anything else I can do?"

With that she retired. She had not told Mrs. Lawrence then—and did not later—that the lamp had been a wedding present to Mr. Huntington and herself, and that they had always rather liked it. . . .

After about a week, a handsome silver vase appeared on the vestibule table, and Mrs. Lawrence's maid—who was French, of course, and seemed to share her employer's attitude of courteous disdain for the neighbors across the hall—kept the Chinese evergreens in it replenished and watered.

For a while Mrs. Huntington wished she might never have to see Mrs. Lawrence again. But that was impossible. The laws of chance ordained that they meet from time to time in the vestibule or the elevator. Mrs. Huntington was always polite but reserved on these occasions, and Mrs. Lawrence smiled her bright smile, which didn't dwindle but rather snapped off like a light.

But when Mrs. Huntington's resentment began to fade, it was largely because curiosity was replacing it. She took to observing Mrs. Lawrence's comings and goings, noting overheard fragments of her conversation, keeping track of her friends. Mrs. Huntington began to delight in drawing inferences from these little hints, in putting two and two together, in picturing for herself Mrs. Lawrence's life as a whole.

SOON it turned into something of a game. Mrs. Huntington kept the apartment across the hall under intermittent but continued surveillance—though with no more malice than if she were reading an autobiography in bed. This reconnaissance became at last an important part of every day, keeping her in a state of pleasurable, low-keyed agitation, rather like the succession of catastrophes that plagued the lives of the tremulous heroines on her radio.

She even found herself capable of subterfuge and innocent eavesdropping. It was easy, for example, to poke her head out into the vestibule after the premonitory crash of the elevator door, and say with fairly convincing neighborly surprise, "Oh, I was expecting a package." And in that moment while she waited for the polite rejoinder, which sometimes never came, she could take in with a quick glance not only What She Had On but also Whom She Was With.

What She Had On was a subject of continuing fascination: the rather absurd hats—some with nose veils full of little specks that looked like beauty patches, some with feathers that formed trembling question marks just above her head—the blue mink coat with the great shawl collar, the ermine, the suède—the tiny, expensive shoes.

But Whom She Was With was even more fascinating. You could almost measure the months, Mrs. Huntington frequently thought, by the succession of Mrs. Lawrence's men friends: Mr. Gentry, and then Mr. Black, and then a man whose name Mrs. Huntington had never caught, and now Mr. Gregory. Mrs. Lawrence called them all "Darling!"

THEN there were the fill-in men, who sometimes rang Mrs. Huntington's doorbell by mistake and said, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry," as they backed across the vestibule. One of them, a very handsome man, had looked somehow familiar, and she had said, "Oh, how do you do?"—only to realize after he had gone into 14-B ("Darling! Hello! It's been ages!") that he was a well-known movie star.

And there were pretty, delicate, expensive women who were replicas of Mrs. Lawrence herself, schooled in a kind of automatic exuberance that Mrs. Huntington was sure they couldn't be feeling all the time. They arrived in twosomes and foursomes and large parties, and they left the little vestibule smelling like a perfume shop. There was so much gaiety at Mrs. Lawrence's—with flowers and gifts and telegrams arriving, and the sounds of laughter and the strains of music—that Mrs. Huntington often felt the least bit envious and more than a little wistful.

And, finally, there was Mrs. Lawrence's son.

Mrs. Huntington first heard about Mrs. Lawrence's son when the two women met in the vestibule. It was in the afternoon and Mrs. Lawrence said, "This is a big day for me. My boy is coming home!"

There was a kind of merriment in her manner, and Mrs. Huntington immediately pictured a small boy with short flannel trousers and bare knees. But then her neighbor added, "I'm trying to round up a cocktail party for him tomorrow. Do you know any young people, by any chance?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I suppose your children are all grown up and married . . ."

Mrs. Huntington answered with resignation she had long ago learned. "No. You see, we never had any."

She was somewhat bitter as they parted in the lobby. That too, she thought—beauty, and a kind of glamor, and a son as well—it was most unfair.

But the next morning she recognized Mrs. Lawrence's son in the elevator when he asked for the fourteenth floor, and her bitterness all but vanished.

They didn't exchange a word, of course. But the boy was conscious of Mrs. Huntington's glance (his mother's eyes, she was thinking, his mother's forehead), and he responded with a shy but friendly smile.

That was all Mrs. Huntington needed to like him at once. She wanted to apply the word handsome to him, which in all honesty he didn't deserve. He was at least six feet tall, and not quite filled out. He had the crew cut standard to his generation, the flannel slacks, and the ungainly feet.

When he unlocked his mother's door, he turned with a tentative, almost imperceptible nod of parting, and Mrs. Huntington stood for several minutes in her dark foyer, wondering what her own son would have been like, if she had ever had one.

That was the only time she ever saw Peter Brett Lawrence, Jr., but afterward whenever the two ladies met—twice a week at the most, sometimes not for more than a month—he was the subject of a brief conversation. Thus Mrs. Huntington learned that he was at Williams, and that he alternated his vacations between his parents. His father lived in the country somewhere—Connecticut, Mrs. Huntington thought, but she wasn't sure.

Sometimes Mrs. Lawrence volunteered a word or two, but more often Mrs. Huntington would make a polite inquiry—only to be polite, she assured herself, only to fill in the long silence of fourteen floors in the elevator.

But she felt more friendly than she realized, and over the weeks she gleaned in desultory fragments the essentials of Peter's biography.

"Oh, yes, thanks, Peter's fine," Mrs. Lawrence said. "I've only one worry about him, really. When he graduates, the Army's waiting for him . . ."

And, "There I was in a picture hat I'd bought especially for commencement, and it rained! Anyhow, poor Peter doesn't know this and I wouldn't tell him for the world, but there were so many boys, and they all looked so alike, that I *missed* him when he walked up for his diploma . . ."

And, most recently, "Well, it's Private Peter Brett Lawrence, Jr., now, and his uniform doesn't fit him at all . . . Yes, North Carolina, training . . . Oh, probably the best thing in the world for him—but I'm worried. I'm terribly worried. Korea, you know . . ."

Mrs. Lawrence's maternal concern might almost have made Mrs. Huntington fond of her neighbor, if anything could have. But Mrs. Lawrence was not a woman you could grow fond of—she managed to prevent it, to chill it, by being cold and distant, as though she had no heart at all.

THERE was one time in particular; Mrs. Huntington was preparing one of her husband's favorite dishes, vaguely aware of sounds in the vestibule that meant that the elevator was once again depositing guests for the apartment across the hall. Clearly through the closed door came Mrs. Lawrence's laughing voice. "Do forgive that nightmare smell of cabbage," she called. "My neighbor, yes—a perfectly nice little woman, but she plays her radio all day till I *think* I will go *out* of my mind!"

Mrs. Huntington was mortified. She considered giving up cabbage and not playing her radio after that, but she reminded herself that Billy paid rent too, and had been doing so for a good deal longer than Mrs. Lawrence. She adjusted the volume control ever so slightly—not to make it vindictively louder, but to be sure it was good and clear all the same.

And then Aunt Nellie came to town, and everything changed. . . .

As far back as Mrs. Huntington could remember, Aunt Nellie had been a problem and a trial. Now she was old, self-pitying, demanding and rude. Furthermore, she was ill—chronically, complainingly ill—and proud of it. She was proud of her fallen arches, of her rheumatism, of her fluttery heart, but proudest of all of what she called, in her melancholy way, her arterial condition. Her only faculty that age and ill temper had left unimpaired was her hearing, and this, in compen-

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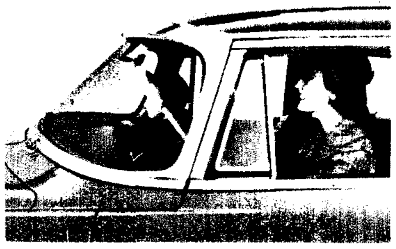
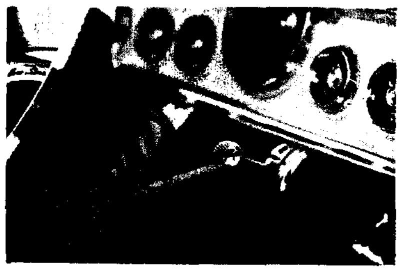


Most graceful wraparound windshield: swept back and fully wrapped around—at the *top*, as well as at the bottom—gives you the *widest eye-level visibility of any car!*



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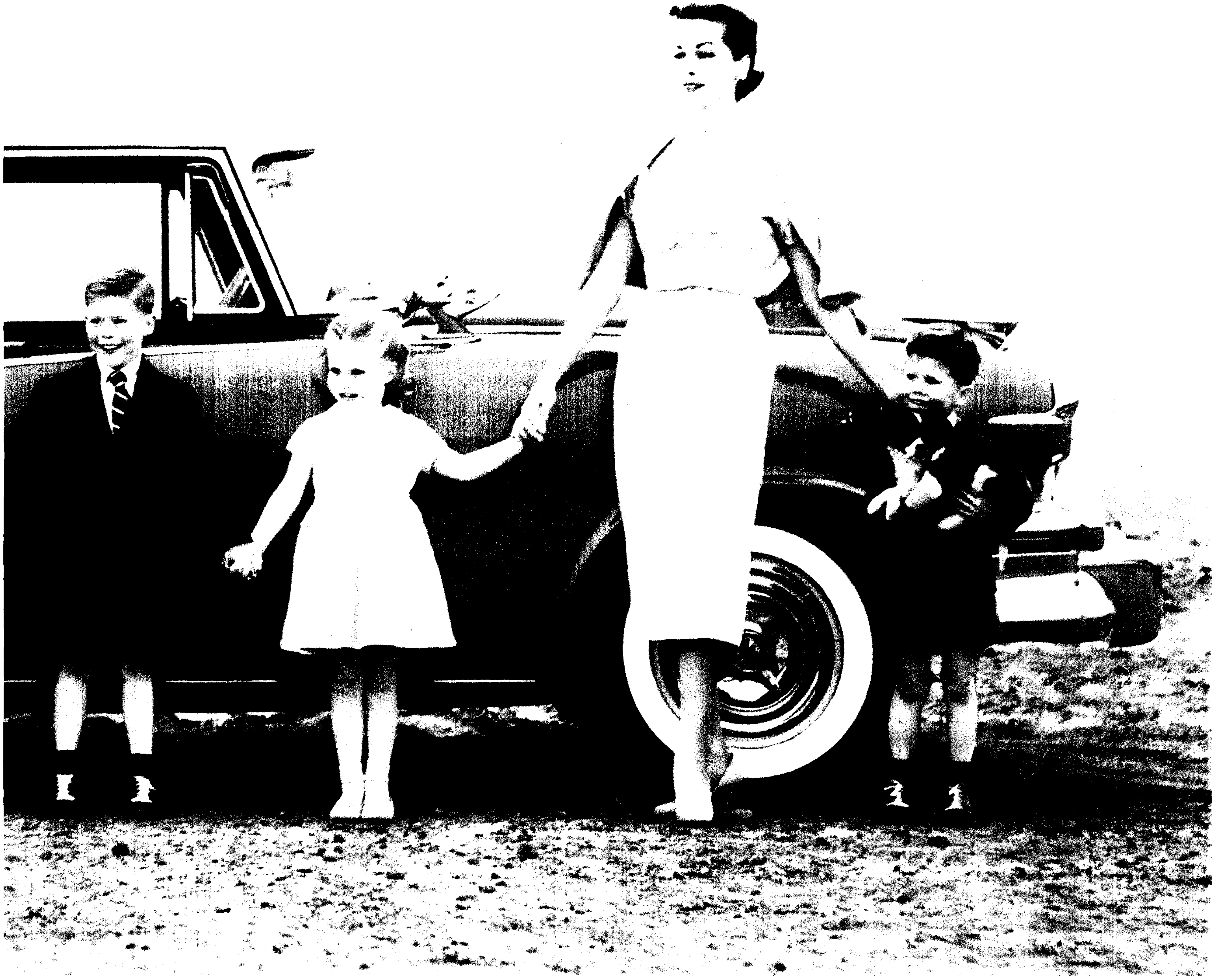

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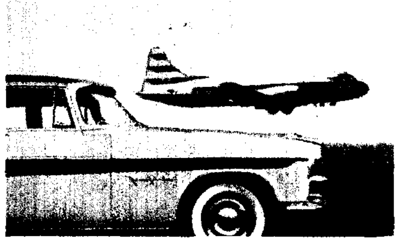

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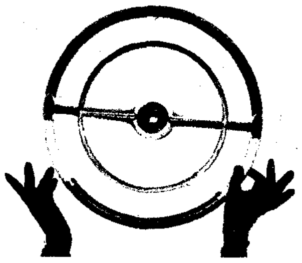

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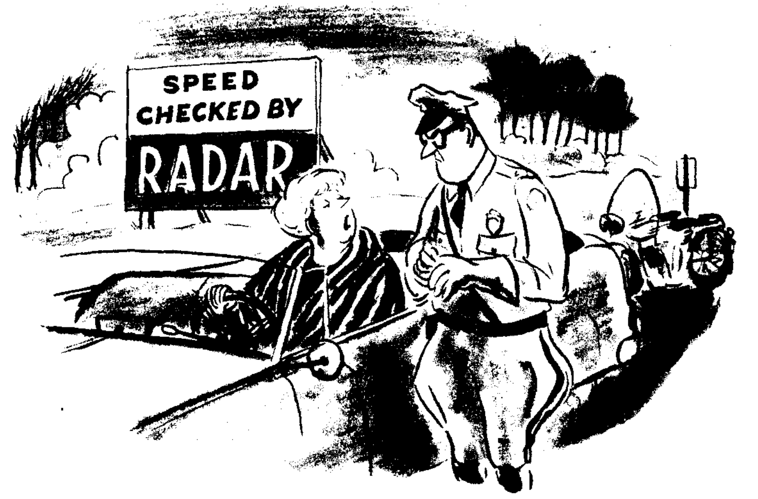


COLLIER'S "I'm afraid you've got the wrong blip" PHIL INTERLANDI

sation, was so acute as to be more a burden than a blessing.

Aunt Nellie came to New York every fall on her way to Florida, where, this particular year, she had taken it into her head she would rent a trailer—largely, Mrs. Huntington deduced, because it would be a new experience of discomfort. Aunt Nellie was looking forward with relish to a perfectly miserable winter.

THIS year, as every year, her coming was preceded by a volley of letters and telegrams containing orders and countermanded orders, reservations, cancellations and insistence on fourth-row-center seats at theaters that had been booked solid for months. On arrival, as always, she compared everything unfavorably to home. New York restaurants poisoned her; New York traffic was deliberately contrived to maim her. Even in the security of her niece's apartment she was fretful.

"That radio," she said. "That television set. I wouldn't have them in my house. There's noise enough outside."

Mrs. Huntington had long ago realized that there was no possibility of pleasing her. Her standards for others, like her excuses for herself, were unlimited. Mrs. Huntington submitted to every whim. She deferred to every demand. After all, she consoled herself, the old lady would leave on Saturday.

But on Friday, at the lingerie counter of a Fifth Avenue department store, Aunt Nellie fainted and turned blue and had to be carted off in an ambulance to a hospital. It took Aunt Nellie some time to see the bright side of this catastrophe, but when the doctors told her that her arteries were the trouble and that indefinite bed rest was the only cure, she actually smiled with satisfaction, realizing that she could be many times more enjoyably wretched in New York than she had ever been in Florida.

Some five weeks after Aunt Nellie had arrived—it was the fall of 1952—Mrs. Huntington ran into Mrs. Lawrence, aglow and exuberant.

"The relief of it!" Mrs. Lawrence said. "I've just had a letter from Peter. They're not sending him to Korea."

"Isn't that wonderful!" said Mrs. Huntington. "I'm so happy for you."

"You've probably been tired of hearing my radio, but I just can't help listening to the news."

Mrs. Huntington looked up at her quickly, searching for irony in her tone or expression, but her neighbor was merely staring into the mirror of her compact, giving reluctant approbation to her make-up.

"Why, I haven't had *my* radio on for three weeks," Mrs. Huntington said defensively.

"Oh, really? Why not?"

The question was obviously sympathetic. It had even diverted Mrs. Lawrence's attention from the little mirror in her hand, so Mrs. Huntington drew in her breath, said, "Well . . ." and told her about Aunt Nellie. She tried to be very fair about it, to be no other than factual, though utter dispassion was difficult, particularly when she came to the part about indefinite bed rest.

"The doctors thought a hotel would do just as nicely as the hospital," she said, "with nurses, of course, to take care of her."

"So you're constantly running over there," Mrs. Lawrence said. "I know how exhausting that can be."

"No. My aunt wouldn't hear of staying in a hotel. And neither would we," Mrs. Huntington added loyally. She omitted Aunt Nellie's reasons for refusing the hotel: the financial drain when her niece's apartment was so close and cost her nothing, the fact that the hotel was on a busy side street between two busy avenues and that one heard nothing but hornblowing from morning to night. She merely stated that Aunt Nellie had been installed in the study of 14-A with a relay of nurses.

Mrs. Huntington didn't dwell on the inconvenience of the nurses, of their coming and going, usually whistling, of their eating copiously and leaving the dishes for her to do, or their sitting in the living room when Aunt Nellie was resting, with their magazines unread on their laps and their big white shoes stretched out in front of them, so that she felt that unless she hid in her bedroom she was an intruder in her own apartment.

She mentioned none of this because the nurses, after all, were the lesser trial, and actually she sympathized with them because they bore the brunt of the real problem, which was the patient herself. Aunt Nellie winced when the doorbell rang, shuddered unless you passed her room on tiptoe, cast her eyes heavenward at the sound of talking—of anyone else's talking—and spent the day counting the beads of her maladies, martyred and tacitly accusing.

Mrs. Huntington treated all this with dignified reticence. "My aunt," she merely said, "is extremely sensitive to noise."

"And that's why the television set's turned off—and the radio . . ."

"Yes," said Mrs. Huntington, and wanted to add: And it's why Billy doesn't whistle his little tune any more when he comes home in the evening. But she knew too well the danger of sounding like Aunt Nellie, and so she rallied to her relative's defense. "After all, she's old and alone."

"How dreary for you," Mrs. Lawrence said flatly. "I know how much store you set by that radio."

Again Mrs. Huntington looked at her quickly, to detect a note of mockery, however gentle, and saw to her surprise that Mrs. Lawrence really seemed concerned for her. They had never had so long a conversation as this, all the way down in the elevator, through the long lobby and out into the street under the canopy, where they were standing now.

"How completely, utterly dreary," Mrs. Lawrence was saying thoughtfully, and then said to the doorman, "Taxi, please." And just as the doorman was opening the taxi door, she turned and rested her gloved hand lightly on Mrs. Huntington's arm. "I've just had the most marvelous idea," she said. "I'm going away tomorrow—Mr. Gregory and I are visiting some friends for the weekend. Why don't I leave my key with you, and then you can use my radio or television set whenever you want to."

For a moment Mrs. Huntington couldn't find words. "You mean—while you're not there?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't," she said. "It's so truly kind of you, but—oh, no, I'm sure Mr. Huntington wouldn't approve at all. Thank you very much, but I don't really think I could."

After the taxi drove away, she stood on the curb for several minutes, overwhelmed with warmth and gratitude. And you thought she was hard and cold and distant, she said to herself. And then added: Though of course she didn't mean it. Not really. It was only a gesture.

But it was quite enough, at that moment, to have the gesture to be grateful for.

NEXT morning, slipped under the front door, she found an envelope containing a key and a cordial, insistent note in a large, up-and-down hand. The maid would be away—the apartment would be empty—Mrs. Lawrence would be so happy if Mrs. Huntington would only use it. Mrs. Huntington recalled with sudden hurting clarity the last time she had been there, but decided that it would look as though she were bearing a grudge if now she refused her neighbor's hospitality.

All morning she looked forward to it. The doctor came, shook his head after examining the patient and murmured something about how she didn't seem to be responding and would have to continue to rest in bed. The patient herself was particularly difficult, as always on doctor days—full of self-pity and malice; and the day nurse, unnerved by this and resolved to rise above it by being more cheerful than ever, broke two of the gold-trimmed bouillon cups. Mr. Huntington telephoned from downtown to get a report on the doctor's visit, and, when he heard it, was neither optimistic nor comforting, as he had hitherto been, but plainly depressed, and even impatient.

Any one of these minor crises would have been enough to spoil an ordinary day, but today, Mrs. Huntington thought happily, she could stand them all. Today she didn't have to make up errands to stay out of the apartment, or sit through movies she'd already seen or visit exhibitions of paintings she didn't understand. As soon as Aunt Nellie began her nap, she could go next door, turn on the radio, take off her shoes, close her eyes, and just listen.

IT WAS as blissful as she had imagined. She found to her surprise that none of the stories had advanced very far during all the weeks she had missed them. Virtuous, brave young women still suffered as they supported old parents or young children or maimed husbands, while the studio organ wheezed and shuddered, and the foreboding voice, at the end of each episode, asked a series of tantalizing questions about the next episode that made Mrs. Huntington glad that Mrs. Lawrence's weekend would stretch from Thursday to the following Tuesday. Both the radio and the television set were newer and better than her own. She couldn't understand why her neighbor played them only when she had company.

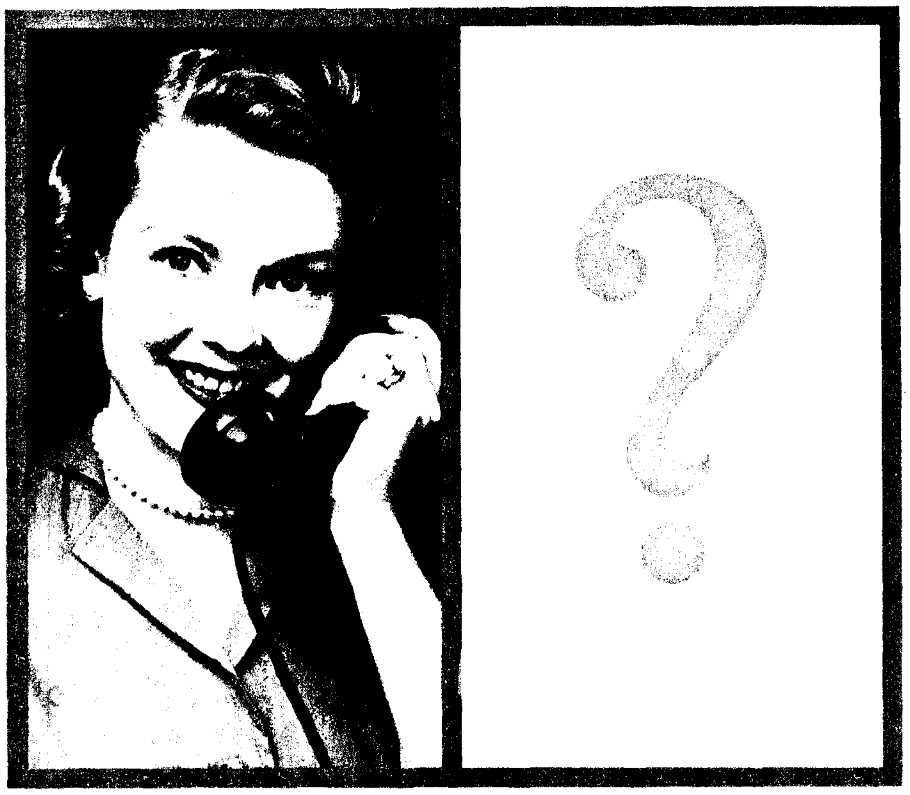
The cream-and-turquoise apartment, as beautiful as she had remembered it, looked lived in now, Mrs. Huntington thought as she let her glance rove over the vases, the mural above the fireplace, the miniature porcelain figures, and the photographs that clustered on the piano top. Her conscience charged her gently with snooping just a little, but she absolved herself by rationalizing that she was merely looking around, getting a general impression, not lingering over anything specific, or wondering about it, or studying it.

She did, however, come on a photograph that she concluded was of Mr. Lawrence, from the resemblance to Peter, Jr., with whom he shared the eminence of the dressing table. There was no evil, she told herself, in the way she lingered over the picture, studying it and wondering how Mrs. Lawrence had ever brought herself to divorce him, because he was so much handsomer than Mr. Gregory or any of her other gentlemen, and so much more suitable, somehow, because his age was right, and he looked prosperous and kind and rather gay.

He lived at something called Broadview, which Mrs. Huntington discovered from an envelope she found on a table. She was scrupulous about not picking it up, or even touching it. She merely leaned over, and, squinting, saw Mr. Lawrence's name and the name of the Connecticut town where this Broadview was. She did speculate about the envelope briefly, and was rather pleased with herself, both because she decided it must contain an alimony check and because she resisted the temptation to prove herself right or wrong by holding it up to the light.

The envelope lay on a desk, and next to it, under the telephone, was a scrawled note in the vertical hand that she recognized as her absent hostess'. It was fortunate, she thought later, that she had given her curiosity so free a rein, because when she needed it she was able to remember the name of the inn on the North Shore of Long Island where Mrs. Lawrence and Mr. Gregory were rather surprisingly visiting their friends.

She needed it the next afternoon when the telephone rang just as she was pouring the tea she had brought into Mrs. Lawrence's apartment with her. She jumped a little, spilling some of the tea, and then sat quite still, listening to the peculiar desperation of the bell's protracted ringing. Long-distance sounds rather like that, she thought idly, and then put down the



Can you picture the other half of this Long Distance call?

This is a photograph of a Long Distance call.

Just half of it, really.

The other half is miles away.

But you can tell without seeing it
that the other half is just as happy as the
half pictured here.

For a Long Distance call brings news and
pleasure both ways—to you and to those you love—
even though you are miles apart.

Long Distance service is quick. Personal.
Easy to use. And inexpensive. Isn't there
someone you'd like to call right now?

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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

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Best of all, Hertz service is reasonable. In Phoenix, Arizona, for instance, the rate is just $6.00 a day, plus 8 cents a mile, and that includes gasoline, oil . . . and proper insurance. And it's the same *no matter how many ride.* That means the whole family can roam 30 miles in one day for only $8.40, and the cost is still lower by the week. (Rates may vary slightly in different cities.)

So remember, as long as you carry a driver's license and proper identification, you have a Hertz car in your pocket! Look up your Hertz office in your local telephone directory. You'll find it listed under "H." Or write Hertz Rent A Car System, Dept. 445, 218 South Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill. Phone: WEbster 9-5165.

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Need a truck? Hertz has them, too! Low rates! Everything furnished but the driver. *Call your local Hertz office.*

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teacup with a clatter as she realized that if the telephone were to be answered only she could do it. But should she? As the ringing continued, curiosity battled with propriety, and not until she thought that it might be Mrs. Lawrence herself calling on the chance that Mrs. Huntington might be there did she feel justified in picking up the receiver.

"Hello," she said, and then explained to the man's voice that asked for Mrs. Lawrence that Mrs. Lawrence was away, and she was a neighbor, and was there anything she could do?

LATER, trying to reassemble the conversation, she found it was jumbled in her mind. But she had had enough presence of mind to call Information and get the number of the inn on the North Shore and, rather pink in the face and puffing a little, to call it and ask for Mrs. Lawrence.

But a man who was, she assumed, a room clerk told her that no Mrs. Lawrence was registered and, from some unsuspected fount of worldliness, she heard herself saying, "Oh, but I'm quite sure she's there. I think she's—in Mr. Gregory's party."

The voice at the other end was matter-of-fact. "We have a *Mrs.* Gregory. Would you like to be connected?"

"Yes. Yes, please." And presently Mr. Gregory answered, and she had to go through the whole elaborate explanation of how she had happened to receive the call. "I want very much to speak to Mrs. Lawrence," she said, and when Mr. Gregory expressed surprise, interrupted him before he could deny Mrs. Lawrence's existence. "Tell her, please, that it's Mrs. Huntington calling—and that I'm calling from her apartment—and, please, we shouldn't waste any time."

There was silence then, and Mrs. Huntington felt that a hand had been placed over the other mouthpiece. Then there was the remote, cool voice, the condescending voice, being ever so understanding about this unfortunate intrusion.

"Yes?" it said, and Mrs. Huntington poured it out, in a jumble of apology and confusion, and managed, in the wrong order, to mention the major, and the station hospital, and North Carolina, and Private First Class Peter Brett Lawrence, Jr., and the one vital phrase, which she quoted correctly: "Injured this morning in a training accident." . . .

Two days later Mrs. Lawrence rang the doorbell and, remembering the invalid in the study, drew Mrs. Huntington into the elevator hall. Her eyes were shining and she had never, Mrs. Huntington thought, looked quite so beautiful, or so chic, or so young.

"He's all right. I wanted you to know—you've been so kind. He's going to be all right!"

She said she had just come back from North Carolina, from seeing Peter, and it was hard to realize that this was the same voice—this laughing, girlish voice—as the one Mrs. Huntington had heard on the telephone from Long Island, saying over and over again, "But he can't be injured—he can't—"

"—maneuvers, or whatever they call it," she was saying now, "and somebody got the orders mixed up and overloaded this landing barge. Divisions, regiments, companies—I always get confused when they start using words like that, but anyway they put two of them on when there should have been only one, and they were in full battle kit, so when the barge sank—well, forty-seven of them drowned, but Peter was lucky. Oh, so lucky . . ."

Her eyes filled with tears, but she blinked them away, because, as she kept saying, he was going to be all right, the doctors had promised her, had told her it wasn't even necessary to notify Peter's father, it would only worry him.

And so it was really startling, only a couple of days later, when Mrs. Huntington, already a little late for the dentist and waiting in the vestibule for the elevator, heard the sounds from the other apartment. First she thought it was some kind of animal groaning. Then she heard the wheeze of an indrawn breath and knew suddenly, with a thud of her heart, that it was Mrs. Lawrence—weeping, terribly.

She could hear the vibration in the shaft that meant the elevator was ascending, but even so she approached the door of 14-B, biting her lip, wondering what to do. She would be really late if she stayed here longer, and yet it seemed heartless to go down when the elevator door opened. She could, of course, pretend that she hadn't heard those awful sounds. But she knew that would never do. She would hear them in her mind's ear for a long time, no matter what course she took.

COLLIER'S "Sorry, dear, I thought *you* were leading" BILL YATES

WHEN the elevator arrived, she said, "I'm sorry, Carl, I've changed my mind," and, committed to the intrusion, rang the doorbell.

The sounds inside diminished, became a whimpering, stopped. The door was flung open.

She would remember that moment's frightening impression always: a blur of disarranged dressing gown, the usually lacquered hair tumbling around the shoulders, and the ravaged face, with runnels of tears through the makeup and black smudges from mascara under the streaming eyes.

"Yes?" Mrs. Lawrence said. Her voice, barely under control, was hard, resentful, hostile.

Mrs. Huntington backed away. "I—I'm sorry. I just wondered—if there was anything I could do . . ."

"Please. Please come in." . . .

Mrs. Huntington told her husband about it that night, about the way Mrs. Lawrence had thrown herself into her arms and sobbed with her hands clasped around Mrs. Huntington's neck. "Just like a little girl," she told him. Only Mrs. Lawrence was not a little girl. This too Mrs. Huntington had learned that morning, though out of loyalty to her sex she said nothing of it to Mr. Huntington. She had seen the mud-colored roots of the pale-gold hair and she had got a good close look at Mrs. Lawrence's face. Forty-five if she's a day, she had thought.

"And then," Mrs. Huntington continued to her husband, "she said, 'There—look!' And I picked up the telegram from the floor."

"From the Army?"

She nodded, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. "He took a sudden bad turn in the middle of the night . . ."

Mr. Huntington frowned and then blinked. "The waste of it," he said softly, and added, "the poor woman."

They stared at their plates in silence, and Mrs. Huntington almost told him what she had done next. But he would have said, incredulously, "You *did?*" and might even talk about meddling, or at the very least imply it. If nothing else, his eyes would scold her, and she had been scolding herself quite enough, thank you. She had acted on an impulse, and she knew that this time she had gone too far, and felt more ashamed than she ever had about anything. So she decided not to tell him—not now, at any rate, and perhaps not ever.

Later that night they were astonished. They could hear the sounds distinctly through their bedroom wall—the thump of the bass most clearly, with a blare of trumpets from time to time. It was Mrs. Lawrence's phonograph, turned up loud.

"It's the same piece," Mrs. Huntington said. "She's playing it over and over." A moment later, she turned anxiously to her husband. "Billy?"

"Yes?"

"I haven't heard the elevator all evening. I know, because I've been listening for it. She hasn't got company. She's sitting in there all alone."

They were silent as the number began again.

"Mighty callous," Mr. Huntington muttered.

"Oh, no!" She was surprised at herself for understanding. "Not callous, Billy. It's just too awful for her to think about. She's trying to put it out of her mind."

The music in 14-B went on till three twenty the next morning. . . .

"She's feeling pretty bad," Carl, the elevator man, said. "That's why she's moving out—storing the furniture—going away."

"All alone?" asked Mrs. Huntington.

Carl shrugged.

"Perhaps Mr. Gregory has been around . . ."

"Haven't seen him," Carl said. "Haven't seen nobody; just her."

Mrs. Huntington left a note in the door of 14-B, once again offering what assistance she could give. The note was not answered.

On the day that Mrs. Lawrence left, Mrs. Huntington, hearing the elevator and voices and footsteps in the vestibule, opened her door, as she had so many times, on the pretext of looking for a delivery. Mrs. Lawrence was erect and cool-looking in a suit that Mrs. Huntington hadn't seen before. It was a black suit, but somehow it didn't look like mourning.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said softly, coming toward Mrs. Huntington. "I didn't want to leave without seeing you—to say good-by—and to tell you how grateful I've been . . ."

"Good-by, Mrs. Lawrence. I—I'm afraid I'm going to miss you very much."

AND then the moment was over. The woman from across the hall rested her hand for an impersonal second in Mrs. Huntington's and then smiled her brilliant stranger-smile, turned and entered the elevator. This was the end, Mrs. Huntington thought, but the elevator door didn't close. A man came out of 14-B carrying two suitcases.

Mrs. Huntington blushed and started for her own apartment. She recognized him from his photograph. It was Mr. Lawrence.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a voice that stopped her, a voice as handsome as his face. "You're Mrs. Lawrence's neighbor, aren't you?"

"Yes," Mrs. Huntington answered timidly, turning.

"And you telephoned me the other day?"

She looked at the floor. "Yes." He put down the suitcases and he took her hand. He seemed to force her eyes up till they looked into his.

"I just want to thank you," he said. "I want to thank you very much."

He didn't wait for a reply. He released her hand, picked up the suitcases and went into the elevator. He nodded to Carl and the door slammed shut, and Mrs. Huntington was alone in the vestibule, listening to the grinding noise that diminished as the car went down the fourteen stories.

She stood there for quite a long time, lonely but vaguely satisfied too, and found herself wondering about the new tenant who would move in soon. Then her glance fell on the empty vestibule table. She remembered the lamp with the bronze nymph, but it didn't occur to her to get it down from the top shelf of the closet. She would get a silver vase, exactly like the one that had been there till yesterday, and fill it with Chinese evergreens. Keeping them fresh would give her something to do. And also it would remind her of Mrs. Lawrence, who had walked out with her head so high. Those little careful steps, and her chin in the air . . .

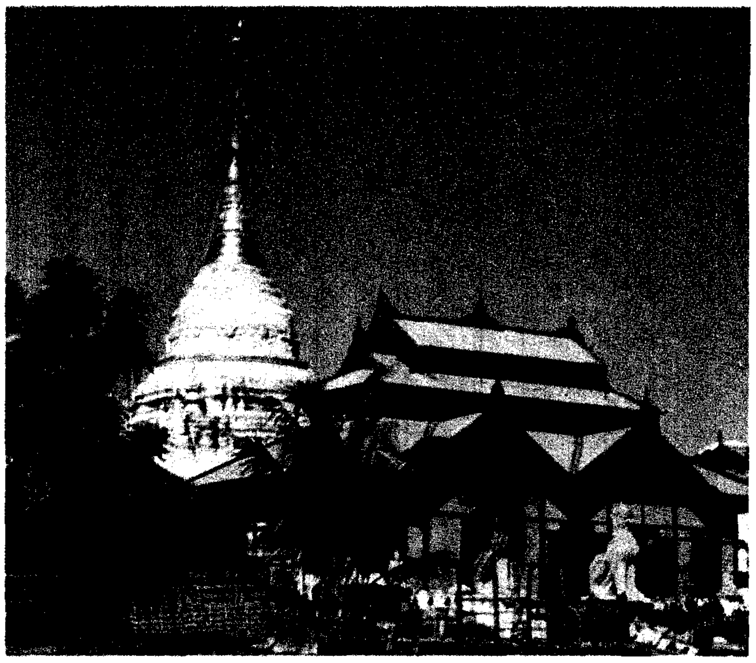
She would never see her again, Mrs. Huntington thought as she went slowly back to her apartment and to Aunt Nellie and the nurses. But she and Mrs. Lawrence had, in a way, been neighbors after all.

—ROBERT WALLSTEN

Buddhist pagodas stud hills and shore line of Irrawadd

'Way Down

These sisters in Burmese bazaar not far from border of Communist China weave and sell shoulder bags. The bags are worn by both men and women



Every stopping place along river has at least one pagoda. In front of each is a grinning *chinthe,* a legendary beast

River at Tigyaing (literally "Dented Umbrella"). At night electric lights outline the religious places. But there is no other electricity in town

Upon the Irrawaddy

The river's a challenging, treacherous, Oriental Mississippi. Along it you'll find the real Burma—land of cheroot-smoking women, skirted men, pagoda-dotted hills, plundering outlaws

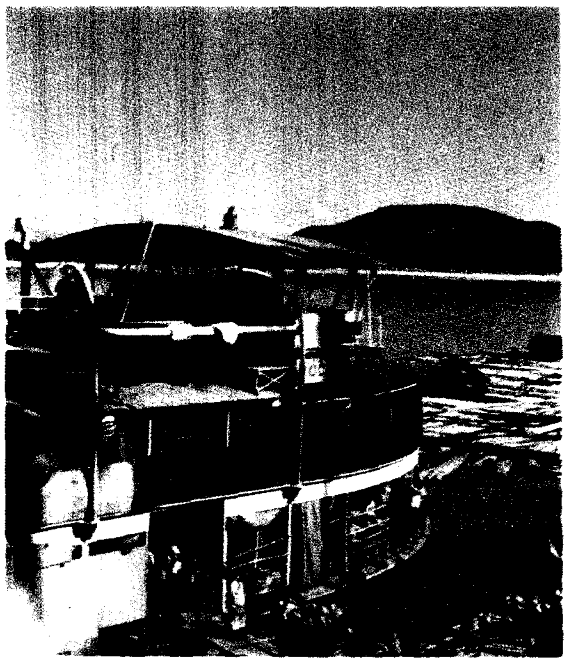
By DELIA and FERDINAND KUHN

IN BURMA, not long ago, we found an American Embassy official wringing his hands over a telegram from a touring congressman who was about to arrive in Rangoon. The message read: NO MEETINGS WITH OFFICIALS, NO BRIEFINGS PLEASE; WANT TO SEE THE REAL BURMA; HAVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

If we had known then what we know now, we would have advised the embassy: "Put him on a flatboat on the Irrawaddy River. He'll get more excitement than he bargained for."

We might have added that nobody can pretend to know Burma, a country big as Texas and with 20,000,000 people, until he has sampled life on the Irrawaddy. In many ways the Irrawaddy is the Mississippi of Burma. It looks, behaves and misbehaves like our own great river. It holds as many clues to Burmese life today as the Mississippi held to life in America in the days of Huckleberry Finn.

As reporters in search of "the real Burma," we decided to ride down the Irrawaddy. First we would jeep north to the Chinese border, where in past centuries mule caravans had come down the jungle trails into Burma with raw silk, precious stones, musk, vermilion and quicksilver for the outside world. After a look at the border, which has been officially closed since the



Kuhns traveled 297 miles down-river, Bhamo to Mandalay, aboard steamer Panglong, above

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHORS

When a steamer ran aground on a sand ba

These three women were among more than 200 passengers who spent 4-day trip on deck

Communists took over China in 1949, we would board an Irrawaddy river boat at the nearby ancient port of Bhamo, the head of navigation, for the 297-mile run south to Mandalay. But like most reporting ideas in Asia, this one hit some snags.

The manager of river shipping at Mandalay was unhappy when we asked him to arrange passage for us on a boat from Bhamo. "I am sorry—there are difficulties," he began. "We have five ships on the Bhamo-to-Mandalay run. The President of Burma has commandeered one of them, the Minister of Transport and Communications another. A third is in dry dock. A fourth has gone aground upstream. And now I have an order from the army requisitioning the fifth." He waved his arms in a gesture of despair. "But I will do what I can. We need a ship desperately for civilian traffic. Maybe the army will be reasonable. See our agent when you get to Bhamo." He bowed us out with a flashing smile.

Ten days later, at Bhamo, we got half an answer. "Yes, there will be a ship," the local district commissioner told us. "It has started upstream from Mandalay, but we don't know when it will arrive."

On the third day came cheering news: the ship would arrive that evening and sail downstream early the next day.

We were at the jetty to meet the Panglong, a stylish version of the old shallow-draft paddle wheelers. The British had built the Panglong in 1947 and equipped her with up-to-date diesel engines. Most of the people, the oxen and oxcarts of Bhamo seemed to have come to meet the ship, and barefoot coolies in knee-length nightshirts soon began unloading her. On bent backs they carried sacks and bales up the steep path to waiting oxcarts. Although Bhamo has an airstrip and a passable motor road, the river is still the main link between the town and the rest of Burma.

In World War II, Panglong's captain (above) rescued shiploads of refugees from Japanese

The next morning, an hour before sailing time, joyful disorder prevailed. We slithered down the bank, threaded our way among oxen, coolies, children and cargo, and crossed the rough planks that led to the lower deck of the ship. It was crammed with bags of rice, baskets of fish, bunches of bananas and milling people. The dominant aroma was of dried fish.

A flight of steep steps in the middle of the ship led us to the upper deck. There, in contrast to the bedlam below, it was as quiet as a schoolroom. More than 200 deck passengers had already staked out their claims to floor space. Families were spreading out pieces of cotton cloth, arranging their bedding rolls, baskets and "tiffin carriers" filled with rice and curry for the voyage.

The women looked as neat and dressy as if they were going to a *pwe*—a Burmese party. Most of them wore the uniform of female Burma: a long-sleeved white voile blouse with bright-colored glass buttons, and a long tubular skirt of gaily figured cotton. The men also wore skirts, but knotted them in the front whereas the women tucked theirs at the side. The men mostly wore checked or striped patterns, the women flowered designs.

Both men and women smoked cheroots made of tobacco, corn husks and leaves. Kipling, whose eye missed little, gave an exact description when he sang of the "Burma girl a-settin' " on the road to Mandalay: "An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot . . ."

Our Own Room—with "Conveniences"

Luckily, we didn't have to compete with the crowd for a few square feet of floor space. We had a small outside room with two comfortable bunks, mosquito nets and a washbasin. Except at night, however, we spent few minutes in the cabin. The outer world was too full of attractions. One was the dining saloon in the bow, where we were served two daily meals of good Burmese rice, curry, tea and fruit. Another was the sloping tin roof of the Panglong, reached by a ladder from the passenger deck. There, between the funnel and the bridge, we staked out our own claim to roof space. In blinding sunshine we waited for the ship to leave.

Our space was shared but not disputed by 25 military police who had been detailed to guard the ship on the voyage. Why police? The answer is that large tracts of back-country Burma are still infested with some 9,500 assorted rebels and outlaws—most of them a legacy of the Japanese occupation during World War II—who rob, raid and kill. We had been warned about them. "You'd be fools to go outside the city," a Scottish bank manager had told us in Rangoon. "If they hold you up," said a helpful American, "hand over your money quickly and they won't kill you. Go ahead. You probably have as good a chance of survival as on an American parkway."

Recalling these warnings, we looked over the deck passengers and wondered whether any of them were outlaws planning to hold up the ship. We were glad to have the policemen aboard.

A whistle blast signified "all visitors and coolies ashore." We waited for the two blasts that would mean "pull up the gangplank." They didn't come. An hour passed. Presently, two excise officers clambered up the ladder to the roof and began to rummage through the knapsacks of our police escort. They found what they were looking for: a small packet of opium wrapped in newspaper. One of the policemen was led off the ship, together with a passenger.

Two whistles shrilled from below, the bell clanged, the ship's horn let out a deafening blast, the diesel engines shivered and the Panglong glided out into the river. At last we were on the Mississippi of Burma.

The Mississippi may be "Ol' Man River," but the Irrawaddy is a lady, splendidly beautiful, tricky, unpredictable and dangerous. She changes her mind and her direction without notice. She can be lazy or tempestuous, deep or deceptively shallow.

Swift, Deep Waters in Three Gorges

She is most headstrong in the three gorges or defiles of her upper reaches. We encountered one of these gorges about 12 miles below Bhamo. Here the water is deep and the current swift. The Panglong spanked along through the narrows at a great rate and, relaxing on our tin roof, we figured we'd be in Mandalay in no time.

But beyond the defile the river widened, the shore line flattened. Our navigator rang a bell. The engines slowed down, and the leadsmen took over. Leadsmen are the men who stand at the bow, almost at water level, and measure river depth with long bamboo poles. They sing out the result to the navigator in his wheelhouse high above them.

When the water was deep, the song was happy and triumphant. But as the river became shallow, the cry grew ominous. After a while, we could tell from the song just when to worry, when to expect the bells that put the ship in reverse. And after the Panglong had skidded gallantly over a few sand bars and backed away from dozens of others, we ourselves began to get the measure of this river.

The Panglong, in fact, had two navigators who, we discovered, were not Burmese at all. They came from Chittagong, the main seaport of East Pakistan, which before India's partition was part of Bengal. The Chittagonians are a race of seafaring men who are reputed to be the smartest and craftiest pilots in all Asia—and it is just as well. An Irrawaddy pilot needs a photographic memory, X-ray eyes, crafty judgment and a game spirit. He must know when to gamble and when to play safe in his battle of wits with the river.

Our navigators took the wheel of the Panglong in shifts. But when the going was tricky and both leadsmen were on duty, chanting their soundings at intervals of five seconds, both navigators stayed on the bridge and became allies against the river.

During these times, the captain joined them on the bridge. The three men talked earnestly and constantly, their eyes always on the water. They peered at the ripples and swirls and currents and read them like a familiar book.

The captain was a stocky Burman who had spent most of his life on the Irrawaddy. When the river was an avenue of escape from the invading Japanese, he had taken shiploads of refugees upstream to Mandalay. He gave you the feeling that he could handle emergencies and make hard choices without fuss or delay.

Late on the afternoon of the second day, we slid around a bend and anchored for the night 300 yards off the town of Tigyaing. The river was too shallow for us to approach closer. A huge raft of teak logs was anchored nearby, waiting for higher water to float it downstream. Along the shore, every hill had a bell-shaped pagoda on it. The highest hill, with a nick in its profile, gave the town its name of Tigyaing—"Dented Umbrella." From the pagoda on this hill, orange-robed monks walked down a staircase in single file. A high-prowed barge with standing oarsmen moved slowly out toward us.

More than any town we had seen in Burma, this one suggested the exotic East. But we had learned not to trust appearances—and, sure enough, as darkness fell all the pagodas came to life in the Times Square manner, outlined in electric-light bulbs. We half expected they would form into a sign and flash, "Drink Gold Spot," which is the Burmese version of orange soda pop.

the Irrawaddy River, it took a week just to get the passengers off

Our captain told us that insurgents were known to be lurking behind the town. They had cut the only road connecting it with the outside world. The people of Tigyaing, therefore, were all the more intent on putting their stacked-up produce on the Panglong. Their high-prowed boat, loaded with cargo, crept alongside in the gathering darkness and the bargemen came aboard to plead with the captain. But he already had too much cargo and he knew that the river was shallower than when he had made the upstream voyage only a few days before. He was stony-faced and stonyhearted, and, hours later, the barge pulled away, its cargo still unloaded.

Meanwhile, the local Tigyaing doctor, a smiling young Indian, came aboard to tend a passenger. We asked if we could help. When he heard us speaking English he all but hugged us. Any kind of English, even the American variety, was music to his ears. The doctor introduced himself as S. N. Gupta, of Calcutta.

"Please come ashore with me," he begged. "I want to show you my hospital."

He was so earnest, so eager, that all our thoughts of insurgents went out the cabin window. We said, "Of course we'll come." From the lowest deck the three of us stepped into a leaky canoe and were paddled toward the shore.

We asked the doctor what it was like to practice medicine in Tigyaing. "I'm the only doctor here," he told us. "I have no nurse, only the simplest drugs and practically no equipment."

He made no bones about the fact that he was one year short of a medical degree. "I had to eat," he explained. "In my city of Calcutta there are 17,000 doctors and medical students. So, when the Burmese government advertised for 350 Indian doctors at twice the salary the Indian government pays, I jumped at the chance."

The canoe scraped the muddy bottom and we were ashore at the foot of a steep, sandy cliff. We scrambled up the cliff, led by the doctor's flashlight. Why, we asked him, was everything so dark?

"Only the pagodas have lights," he told us. "The Buddhist priests took up a collection for generators so that the pagodas could be decorated. But is there any other electricity in the town? Heavens, no!"

We followed the doctor's flashlight down an unpaved street that led straight into insurgent-held countryside. Oil lamps lighted the shops on either side. The doctor presented us to some of the shopkeepers, who stared in amazement at two Americans in Tigyaing after dark. Soon the shops and their oil lamps were behind us. The doctor pointed to a pool of darkness off the road and said, "Here we are." He led us up a path to his hospital.

We entered a bare waiting room with wooden benches. Next to it was a consulting room and a four-bed ward illuminated only by the unsteady light of an oil lamp. The doctor told his patients they had "visitors from America." Four startled, unshaven faces peered at us out of the shadows.

"I should like to see your American hospitals," said Gupta as we groped our way back to the riverbank and the waiting canoe. "I don't have much to work with here, but maybe it's a chance to be of some use in the world."

Next morning a mist shrouded the Panglong for hours. The captain was impatient. "I want to get going," he told us. "The next twenty miles are almost the worst on the river."

When the mist cleared about noon, the boat started downstream under a brilliant Burma sky. The river split into a maze of sand bars and flat islands. The leadsmen warned of trouble as we crept slowly forward, and soon treacherous shallows brought us to a standstill. The captain decided to anchor and whistle for help from a navy launch that was just leaving Tigyaing.

"We'll let the launch find a channel for us, and then we'll follow," the captain explained.

The Captain Puts His Plan into Operation

The launch swept so close under the opposite bank that we thought it would bump onto dry land. But near shore the water seemed deeper. We started to follow our guide boat.

Cautiously our big ship inched ahead close under the bank. The captain and his navigators were tense and silent, searching the water for telltale signs of shallows. It looked as though we might make it this time.

Suddenly we felt a soft thud. The bells rang a succession of frantic orders. The propeller churned up muddy water at the stern, but the ship didn't budge. The Panglong and her 250 passengers were firmly stuck on a sand bar.

The fight against the sand bar went on for three hours. The captain tried to wriggle the ship forward, backward and sidewise. A hot sun beat down on the roof astern of the wheelhouse. The police guards were busy doing their laundry. Below, the deck passengers sat patiently smoking cheroots, playing cards and drinking tea.

"Another one of our ships went aground just below here," the captain said. "We got the passengers off after a week, but the ship can't be refloated for at least six months."

That wasn't exactly reassuring. We began to adjust ourselves to spending a week on an Irrawaddy sand bar. But the captain and his navigators were not as discouraged as we.

They strained the diesel engines to the limit. The ship swung and shivered. Finally, by a supreme effort, the stern came around, and the Panglong slid free into deeper water.

The captain wiped the sweat from his face. "That one worried me," he confessed.

Before sundown, the Panglong had found a channel on the far side of the river. The engines purred and pushed her through clear, deep water. As we swept around a low headland, the captain pointed downstream. There, high and dry, with its bow tilted upward, lay the Panglong's sister ship, which had gone aground six weeks before. It looked as grisly to us as the bleached bones of a camel on a Middle Eastern desert.

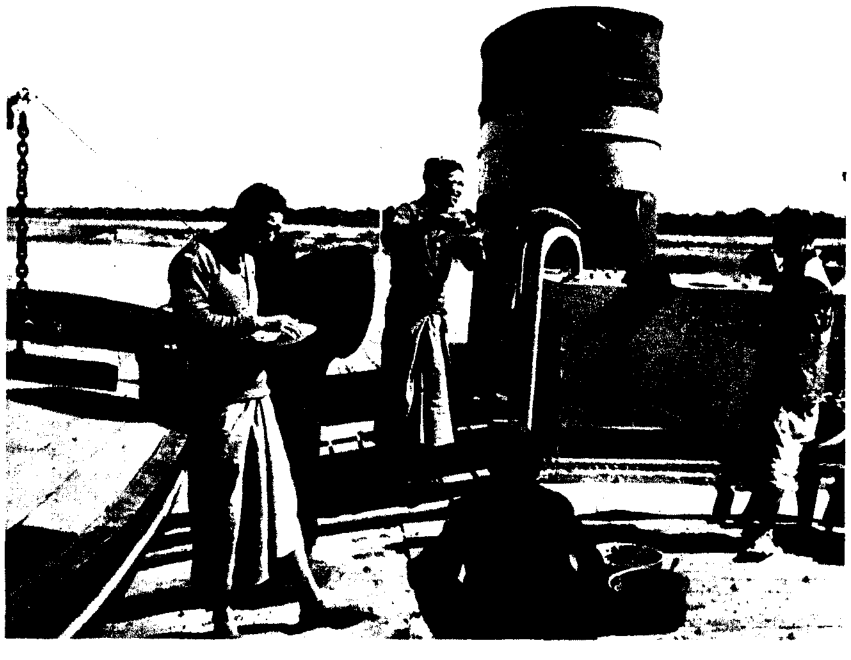
For the rest of the run to Mandalay, the captain pushed ahead by night as well as by day. Four days and three nights after leaving Bhamo, we edged alongside the mud bank at Mandalay.

While the shoving coolies and passengers made a madhouse of the main deck, we sought out the captain to congratulate him and say good-by. Then we gathered up our bedding rolls and bundles and went ashore.

A few days later, in Rangoon, we questioned an army officer about the insurgents in Burma. On a big map he pointed out some of the areas where they were still plundering, kidnaping and killing. Then on his map he drew a big circle north of Mandalay.

"This," he said, "is where the insurgents are giving a lot of trouble right now."

The center of his circle was the exact spot where we had sat on the sand bar. ▲▲▲



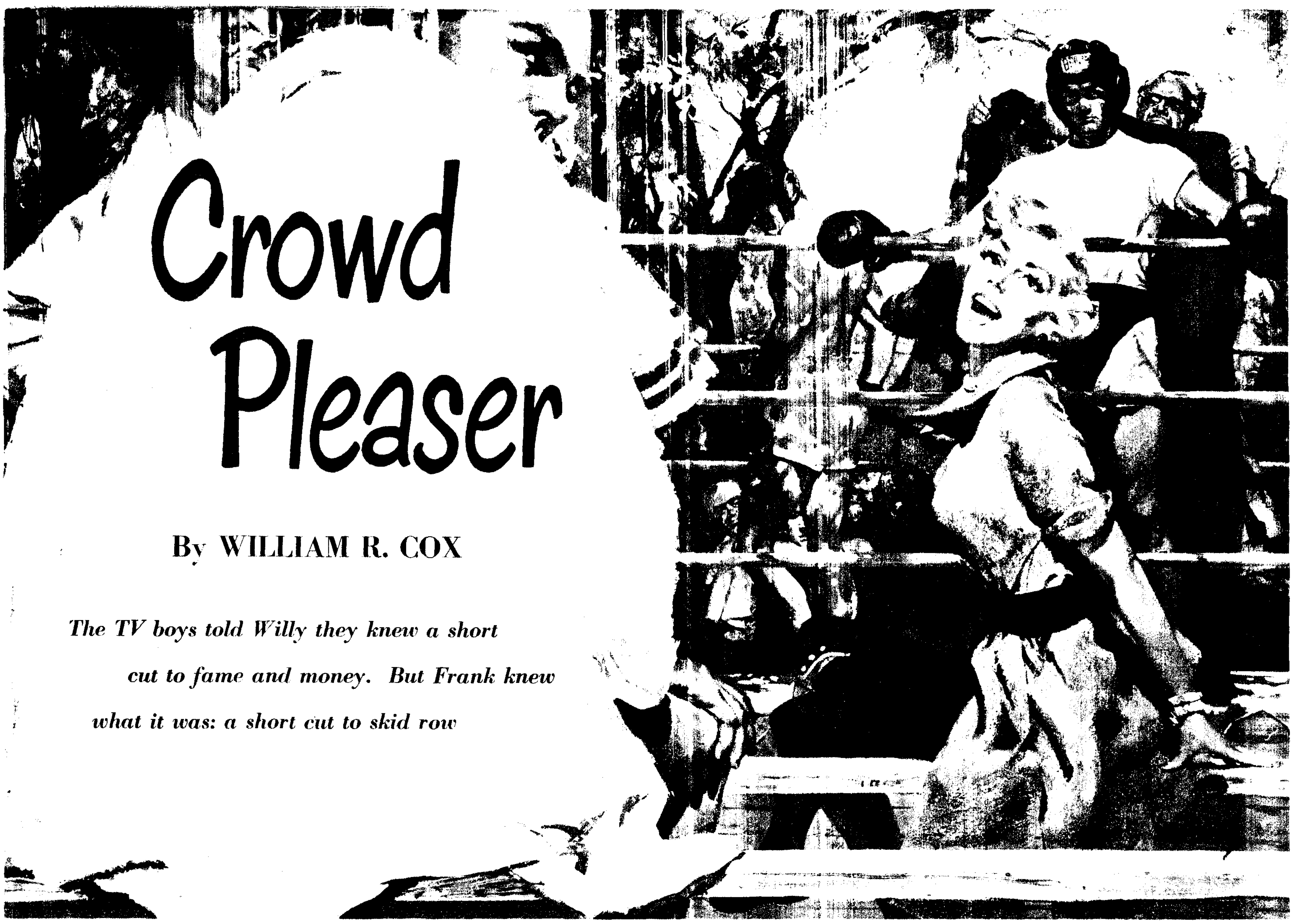
Burmese military police, detailed to guard steamer against raids by insurgents, shed khaki uniforms for civilian skirts while off duty

Primitive transport is still the rule in back-country Burma. Oxcarts bring produce to river port of Katha, where coolies stack it on dock

Crowd Pleaser

By WILLIAM R. COX

The TV boys told Willy they knew a short cut to fame and money. But Frank knew what it was: a short cut to skid row



Mary turned from watching the workout and saw Frank. Remembering her part, she called, "What are you doing here?"

FRANK BERRY crouched in the corner and bit on a stick tufted with cotton and moved his shoulders with every punch. Only one more round and Willy was moving nice, always going away from the hook of the Mexican boy, countering neatly.

The Mexican boy was trying desperately to even it with a big one but Willy's pace was perfect. The bell rang and Willy turned abruptly and came dancing to the corner, and the crowd in Hollywood Legion Stadium roared its approval. Frank took the mouthpiece and Willy looked up with his wide, happy grin.

"Okay, Frank?"

"You're sailin'," Frank said. "You're real cool."

He brushed back Willy's tightly curling hair and sponged his sharply cut boyish features. He went on, "You got him made, Willy. Just box him."

"I could take him," Willy said.

"But you're doin' it my way?"

"Sure. You know me, Frank." There was a thin line of discontent across the smooth young brow.

"Later, when you learn more," Frank consoled him. The hardest part of all was to keep the kid from believing himself a born slugger, to make him keep his elbows tucked in. The buzzer sounded and Frank slid outside the ropes. "Left hand. In the puss. And keep movin'."

He got down and Willy went out and boxed. The picture people loved him; he had looks and class. They kept hollering for a kayo as the Mexican floundered, biting his tiny mustache, throwing the big ones, pounding only smoke-filled air.

Suddenly in desperation the Mexican attempted to switch to southpaw style. For an instant his legs were crossed.

Frank yelled, "No, Willy—NO!"

Willy had planted his heels. He threw the right hand from away over on Catalina.

It landed. Frank shook his head. There was nothing he could do now. With the roar of the crowd in his ears Willy was away and winging. Frank shuddered at his flat-footed clumsiness.

The Mexican fell. The referee counted him out and Frank clambered into the ring with the clean white terry-cloth robe. Willy, doing an exuberant victory dance, mitting the crowd, was all grins and youth and vitality.

A wave of generous applause engulfed them. Coins sailed and fell upon the white canvas, a wadded dollar bill struck Frank lightly and fell at his feet. He tightened his lean dark face.

The announcer came close to him and whispered, "It's a local custom when they like you, Frank. Go ahead, pick it up."

Frank looked vengefully at the eye of the television camera. He heard the commentator lavishing praise on Willy's kayo punch. It was all wrong.

Well, he thought, every buck counts. Get down on your knees, Frank. Your boy disobeys you and look what you get—money.

THEY were staying in adjoining furnished apartments not far from the Legion Stadium, close to Vine Street. Willy and Frank came out of the club and walked a block, toward a small beer joint. They were about of a size, easy-moving figures in the light rain that began to splatter them. Frank was older though.

He was thirty-four, to be exact. His nose was twisted slightly to the left, because of an evening some years before with Mick Terrill, a younger man. That Mick went on to become champion was of small comfort. That fight had finished Frank Berry for good. At thirty, Mick was still going, still a great man. Frank was fond of him. But sometimes Frank relived that bout, minute by minute, agonizing at lost opportunities, longing to do it over again.

Mary Cernszky, small and lithe, came out of the beer joint. She was as blonde as her brother Willy was dark. She kissed Willy hard. She said, "You looked great. They loved you."

Frank wanted to say, What is he, an actor? But he couldn't get out the words. These kids were all he had.

Mary was twenty-four, Willy was twenty. Their father had been Frank's trainer and friend. Their mother had cooked a thousand meals and cared for her children around the camps when Frank had been coming up. They were dead now, the loving, happy Cernszkys, and the kids belonged to Frank.

Willy said, "Frank's mad at me."

"Go on home and put the potatoes in the oven," Mary commanded. "Frank and I will walk a bit."

That was because of the rain, Frank knew. Mary was funny about rain. Willy gladly left, still with furrowed brow, still angry because Frank had bawled him out. Mary tucked her hand under Frank's arm and they moved slowly up Hollywood Boulevard.

She said, "He wants to make good so bad, Frank. He wants to pay you back for what you've done for us."

Frank snorted. "Sure. I'm a big fat hero. I got a meal ticket in Willy. I got a cook who can make hamburger taste like a filet. Too bad for me."

She smiled. "You've taken care of us. You've

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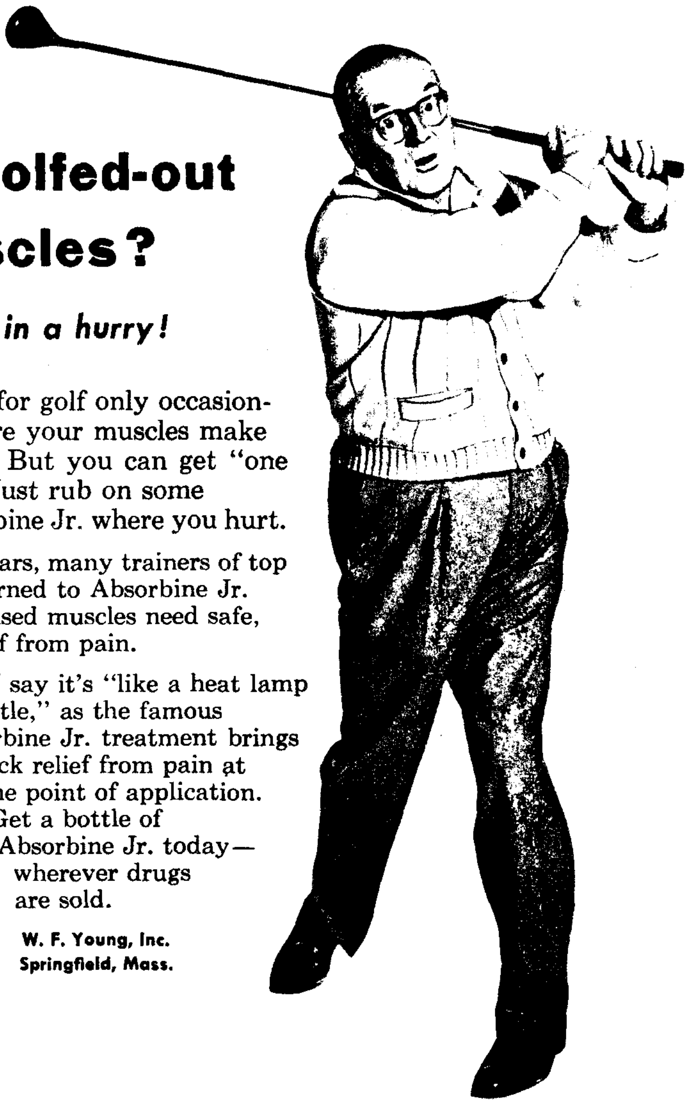

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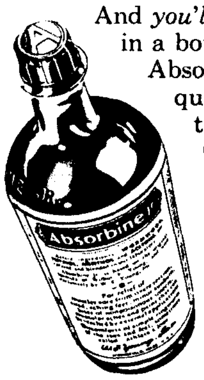

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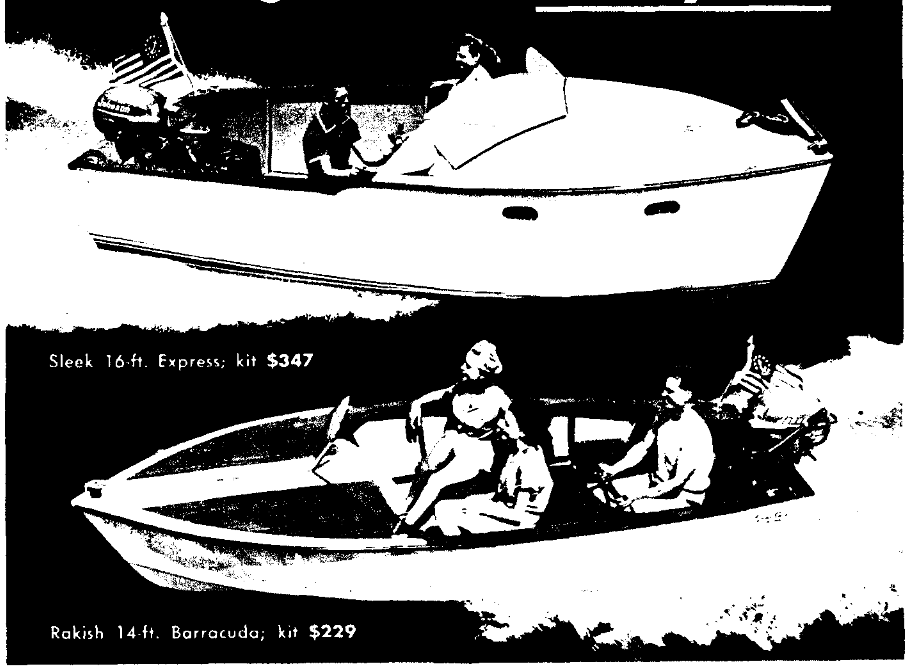

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spent the little you saved to see that we're okay."

"What else?" he demanded roughly. "You think it ain't somethin' to me? You kids—you're for me. That's all."

She hugged his arm tighter. She murmured, "I'm no kid, Frank."

That was true, but it made him uncomfortable to think about it. It wasn't fair, he thought irritably. It kept him from making dates with certain dames in this part of the country who remembered when he had been a big man.

He changed the subject abruptly. "If Willy can forget the television audience and the fight bugs at ringside, we'll be making a buck soon. Not right now. But soon."

"I know, Frank," she said submissively. "But don't be hard on him. He's just a baby."

"Strongheaded," he said. The rain made the wide streets slick and lights were reflected in a varicolored pattern. Mary always wanted to walk in the rain. He'd got soaked many a time. "He's got a streak of mule in him."

"From Father." Mary nodded. "But he's a good boy, Frank."

They walked down Vine, and Frank wished he could blow them to a dinner at the Brown Derby, but they needed the money. The fans had thrown sixty bucks into the ring, amazingly. He could buy Willy a fancy robe with that dough. And they needed a jalopy to tour the sticks—what small clubs television had left alive.

They came to their beat-up street, turned and entered the apartment house. Willy was there, still looking stubborn.

THEY were eating when Willy said suddenly, "Frank, he got his feet mixed. He was wide for the takin'."

Frank did not answer.

Mary pleaded, "His first knockout, Frank. Let him enjoy it."

"He was hysterical," said Frank. "You should have seen it."

"I saw it," she reminded him.

"On television! You see what the camera picks up. Nothin'. Willy was wide open. Did you see that?"

"His back was to me."

Frank nodded. "If he'd missed once —wham! Murder."

Mary giggled. "He looked very cute. Like Tony Curtis."

"Now wait!" Willy scowled.

"Like Abbott and Costello. Like Martin and Lewis," Frank said. Then, seeing Willy so uncomfortable, he relented. "Okay. You knocked him out. Just don't do it again."

He couldn't stay mad at the kid. In three years Willy would be great. It was only necessary to rate him along, to make sure he did not go too fast. He had all the requisites. And in three years maybe Mick Terrill would be over the hill. If only he could prevent Willy from getting the beatings, the dented nose, the cut eyes—

The telephone rang. Willy answered. He listened, nodding, his eyes growing wide. He put his hand over the transmitter and said sharply, "Guy named Vance. Something about Sport Incorporated. Wants to come over."

"Hang up," snapped Frank.

"It won't do any harm to listen." Willy did not meet Frank's eye. The stubbornness was upon him. He spoke into the telephone: "You can talk to us, Mr. Vance." He hung up, turned defensively.

Frank said, "Sport Incorporated. How many times I got to tell you we don't want them yet?"

"This guy caught the fight on TV. He ain't *with* Sport Incorporated. He's got a wire in there, an angle, he claims. He's talkin' big money."

"We're not ready for big money." Frank looked to Mary for help. She was unable to give it to him; he shouldn't ask it, he thought.

He began to feel a little lost, and then the first warning sounded deep within him. He had picked money up off the floor of the ring; he had exactly four hundred dollars in the bank right now. He knew the answers, but how could he convince these kids?

"I see these other kids gettin' it," Willy was saying. "Gordon Eiler. Manny Poste. Remember Poste?"

THAT had started it, that sparring match in the Chicago gym against Poste; Poste was the darling of Sport Incorporated, that octopus that controlled the boxing business at the top by owning the arenas and the fighters. Willy had looked good against Poste.

Frank said evenly, "You'll be around with all your buttons when Poste is playing Napoleon."

Willy set his jaw. There was nothing to be gained by arguing right now, Frank realized. Mary was perturbed, but he caught the slight shake of her head, and he knew she agreed. . . .

Vance arrived almost too quickly, as though he had been just around the corner when he called. Frank stared at the man: crew-cut, Brooks suit, tab-collared shirt, knit tie and casual moccasins of the Eastern advertising world. This was a knowledgeable prize-fight fellow?

"Vandy Vance." He shook hands hard. He was maybe Frank's age, polished, confident, charming. *"Miss* Cernszky?" he asked, lightly disbelieving that so lovely a girl should be unmarried. "Frank Berry!" He was meeting one of the greats of fistiana. "And Willy!" He was warm, admiring, promising a great future.

In a moment Frank knew that this man was dangerous. Without sacrificing an ounce of his charm he could belabor you with words swift and convincing. He represented something brand-new in the boxing world.

He was making Sport Incorporated sound like a beneficent organization intent upon enriching everyone connected with it. "Of course I'm not employed by S.I., but I know—certain people. I have various interests and I've always been a fight bug." Vance smiled at Frank, addressing himself straightforwardly to the oldest of those present. "I saw you against Sugar Ray—and Mick Terrill. You were great."

"I wasn't good enough." Vance had mentioned only his two losses. Clever, very clever.

"Through television, with its vast audience, boxing has come into its own," Vance went on.

Frank scarcely could keep still. Only the fact that he had said it so often to Willy and Mary kept him from blurting out the truth: that Sport Incorporated and television had combined to ruin the breeding places for good, solid boxers—the small clubs; that boys were being shoved ahead too quickly, to the detriment of their careers, their health; that the fans created through television demanded wide-swinging blows, blood that the sportscaster could describe with breathless oratory; that the fine inside work, the clever moves of the skilled boxer, could not be detected by TV viewers, staring in semidarkness at a small, two-dimensional picture.

"Now boxing has become business,"

Vance said. "Big business. Follow certain maneuvers—clean up a fortune. A boy like you, Willy, could make your killing, get out young enough to go to school."

"Go to school with his brains knocked out?" Frank shook his head.

Vance smiled indulgently. "You've taught him too well, Frank. Who's going to knock out his brains?"

"Mick Terrill," Frank said.

"That's in the future," Vance said carelessly. "Meantime, I heard about the Manny Poste incident in Chicago. I happen to know the right people. All I want is a percentage cut; Frank is the manager, the boss. Think about it. No hurry." He bowed to Mary. "Good night, you charming people."

Mary closed the door behind him. She seemed perplexed. She looked at Frank, and then at Willy, who walked the floor, looking more than ever like a young movie star.

Frank waited for them to speak. Resentment was building within him, and also something that frightened him a little. Could it be that Vance was right, that things had changed so much? Could he be missing the boat? Maybe the kid had a right to make a quick dollar and get out of the business.

Mary said, "It's up to you, Frank."

Willy wheeled, facing them. "I say sign with him. I say he's right. Why starve in the sticks? I can beat Poste any day. I can beat any of those guys."

Frank got up stiffly. "You can't beat Mick Terrill." He wanted to say more, but he couldn't. He had never been much of an orator and he knew Vance had him beaten. He left then and went next door to his apartment. He was simply aware that his was not a strategic move, but he had no further resources. He had said it all too many times before.

A YEAR later Frank Berry knew how wrong he had been. He had played along the way Willy wanted it, hoping that he could stave off disaster, somehow, when the time came. He could not leave the kids, even when his authority declined, when Sport Incorporated took them over.

On the surface everything looked fine. They were living in a large apartment on the East Side of New York, Mary and Willy, happy as bugs. Frank had a single nearby, for less money. This day Mary was ready to go out. She wore a cocktail dress. Her smile was as bright as a new nickel.

Frank said, "You're the real deal. You're terrific."

"As if you ever notice," she said ruefully. "Vandy has to take me out to show me off, pretty as I am."

Vandy and Willy came in. They were oozing importance and excitement. Willy shouted, "We got it! We tie it up this afternoon at the party!"

Vandy lighted a cigarette with a gold lighter. "Just lucky, that's all. He needs a fight. He can't get it without Sport Incorporated."

Frank said, "May I ask who needs this fight, and where and when?"

"Mick Terrill!" cried Willy. "The old man! The champ! I'll murder him!"

THERE was dead silence for a moment. Then Vandy said in his reasonable, smooth way, "Willy has done everything asked of him. He's beaten Poste and Eiler and Corrigan and Cansella. He's the only logical contender."

"You say that." Frank took a deep breath, steadying himself. "You think those boys were fighters?"

"The best around," Vance said.

Frank looked closely at this man. He believed it, he really did. He had made himself a fight expert by believing this stuff.

Frank said, "They're television fighters. They taught Willy exactly zero. They gave him a big head."

"Just a minute," Willy said heatedly. "You know Terrill got beat by Sullivan in that nontitle bout. He's washed up. I can beat any washed-up old man in the world."

"You should be so washed up," Frank said sadly. "All right. It's my fault. I kept my mouth shut too long." He reached inside his jacket. He took out the contract Willy and Vandy and he had signed. He started to tear it.

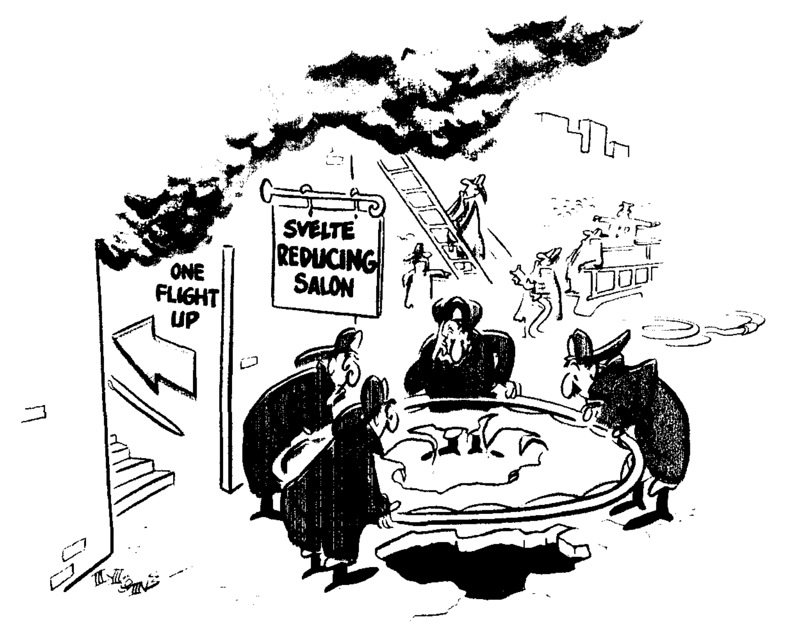
"No!" Mary yelled, her face white.

Willy said miserably, "I don't like it either, Sis. But he's lousin' me up."

Vance said nothing, clicking his lighter. Mary tried to take the contract away from Frank.

She said, "He brought us up. He's done everything for us. All the money in the world can't repay Frank!"

Frank began to feel good inside. He smiled down at her and gently removed the contract from her grasp. He tore it twice. He put the pieces carefully in an ash tray. He said, "It's okay, Mary. Don't fret. You sure do look wonderful when you're all excited." He turned to the others. "Vandy, you're the boss now. You handle it. I've had my say



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often enough. Maybe I can't stop it. Maybe Mick will get at Willy and tear him to bits. When you're through letting that happen, give me a ring."

He walked to the door and looked back at Mary. "See you when it rains again," he said, and left.

He went down and walked over to Broadway, oblivious to the crowds. He had to think of something.

It was all insane, Willy pushing set-ups around and Sport Incorporated putting it out that he was the greatest since Sugar Ray Robinson. What did Willy do to become the new Sugar Ray? Dance fifty rounds in a camera's eye?

When he wasn't able to duck it any longer, he thought of Mary. The last year had built another kind of awareness in Frank. Little by little it had grown inside him. He knew her love for Willy. He knew what it would do to her to see Mick make the boy a bleeding, stumbling wreck. He could picture her in Polyclinic Hospital, waiting to hear the verdict after Mick had clubbed Willy to little bits.

There was no doubt in his mind about it. Style counted for everything in this business he knew so well, and Willy's was made to order for Mick.

Why did they keep doing it? In Detroit, in Boston, in the Garden they had sent boys to their ruin, boys built too swiftly, flashy boys—like Willy—who were not ready. Why did they repeat the pattern, and why did the public fall for it? He shook his head, then stopped abruptly, reversing his steps, going back toward Third Avenue. Dusk was settling, and Frank knew now what he was going to do.

He paused in Toots Shor's Restaurant and had a beer and made a telephone call, and then ate a steak. It was almost ten o'clock when he went on toward Third Avenue.

MICK TERRILL, stocky, Billiken-faced, met him at East Fiftieth and said, "Hi ya, chump!"

"Hi ya, Champ," Frank grinned.

"I seen you on TV with your wonder boy. You were real cool," Mick said mockingly.

"You mean psychiatric," Frank said. "You don't dig the new jive, dad."

"Actually, you stunk it up," Mick said cheerfully. "No talent. Your boy was—psychiatric."

"He's not my boy any more."

Mick nodded. "I get it." It began to drizzle and they stepped into the shelter of a crumbling brick tenement. Mick said, "I was born near here. Now I'm out in Westchester, livin' high off the hog. Three kids, all goin' to school. Even the baby—progressive school—crazy, real crazy."

"What's so bad?" Frank asked.

"For them I got to murder that nice boy that you don't want should fight me this year," Mick said.

"For them and Sport Incorporated and the eye of the camera."

"They want it. Not me, not you. But if they want it, I got to do it."

Frank said quickly, "I wasn't going to ask you to—"

Mick interrupted gently, "The way I work, at my age, I can't fool around with this boy. You know that. I got to get to him, slow him down. I can't do anything else."

Frank said, "It's a dirty shame."

"Give the kid maybe three years, he'd be great," Mick said.

"Two," Frank said. "Two years."

"Two, then," conceded Mick. "I wish there was somethin'—but there ain't."

"I know what you'll do to him," Frank said somberly.

"Better he should break a leg," Mick was deadly serious. "My style against his. I'll kill him. Better he should break both legs."

"And an arm."

Mick dug a gentle fist into Frank's ribs. "Still in good shape, huh, kid? You were always great, Frank. Plenty I learned from you."

"You busted my beak."

"I was younger then." Mick sighed. "Got to go home now. Start trainin' tomorrow. Wish I could do somethin', Frank. But there it is."

Frank's thoughts wheeled as it came to him that something could be done. He shook hands with Mick, and said, "Maybe you've done somethin', Mick, at that. Just maybe. So long, Mick." Frank turned up his coat collar and began walking north.

Across from the apartment farther uptown, he paused. Mary came running across the street, his raincoat over her arm, her own slicker already wet with the rain.

Somehow he forgot to say something topical and flip and she was in his arms, crying a little, holding up her face to his, saying over and over, "Frank, they can't do this to you—they can't, they can't. I love you, Frank. Why are you such a fool—no, you're not a fool, you're my wonderful guy and I'll love you forever—"

Finally he said to her, "I got rocks in my head. I was scared to love you, until this afternoon when you grabbed that contract. Now I got an idea and you got to help."

So they walked in the rain and talked.

OVER in Jersey the training ring was pitched under tall elms and every prospect pleased the eye. Except Willy, who was up there with a lightweight who was laughing as he evaded the swinging punches that the overanxious challenger was uncorking with flying elbows. It was early morning and Mary had told Frank that this was the time

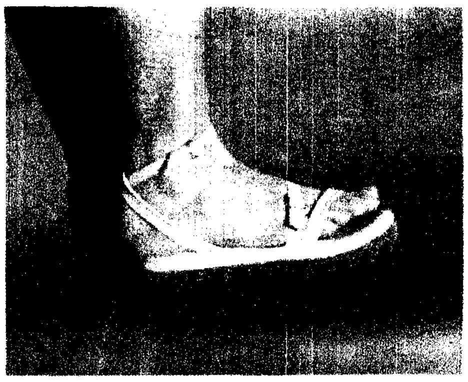
RIPPLING ALONG

University of Southern Cal track star, Will Wright, tests spring of soles by leaping high hurdle

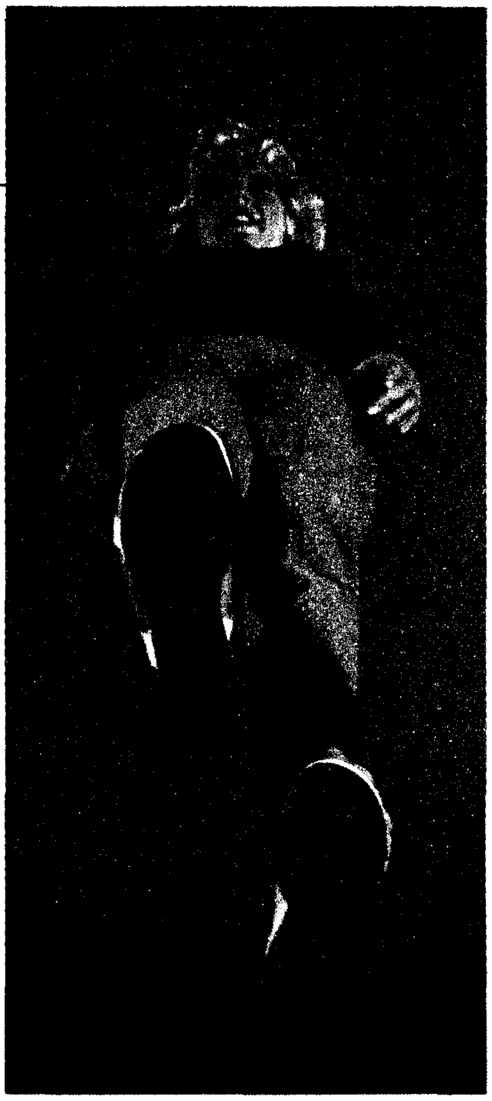
BEFORE long you may be able to bound along in revolutionary new footgear. Called "ripple soles" by Nathan Hack, their seventy-one-year-old inventor, the innovation consists of half-inch-thick composition-rubber soles, ridged like corrugated cardboard, which are glued onto regular shoes. When stepped on, the ripples compress, then spring up as the foot is raised.

Tests run by the physical education staff of the University of Southern California have shown that 40 per cent of normal walking shock is absorbed by the special design. And the study found the rippling rhythm helps propel the walker along, lengthening his stride by four to eight inches.

But Hack, a retired shoe manufacturer now living in Santa Monica, says his boon for the footweary has another advantage: by raising the shoes, "the soles keep your feet dry in the rain."



Ridges compress under weight, spring up when free. Angle of ripples propels foot forward



Excellent traction of soles is shown by Barbara Ruick, who walks across a glass platform

FRED SWARTZ

they usually worked out. Frank sat in his secondhand convertible and watched with a practiced eye.

Vance was sweating in the corner. Even he wasn't dumb enough to think everything was going well. He rang the bell to end the round and even its metallic sound was part of the disharmony. Mary, who was watching the workout, turned and glanced at the convertible. Then she saw Frank and started. Remembering her part, she called clearly, "Frank! What are you doing here?"

Frank called back, "Come over to see the new champ."

Willy looked down, glowered, and looked away. But Vance came hurrying over, new lines in his face.

In a low voice Vance said, "Frank, he's awful. He won't do anything I say. He needs you. Would you help?"

Frank got out of the car and Willy scowled at him. Frank said, "He don't look to me like he can cut weeds."

"He's got to make a showing," Vance said impatiently.

"A showing? You mean keep from gettin' killed?" Frank felt his face burn. "He's got to make a showin' for the cameras?"

Willy said, "I'll show you and everybody. What you want here?"

"A look at the tiger," Frank said insolently. "You got trouble, tiger?"

"I got no trouble," Willy snapped. Frank indicated the grinning lightweight. "You couldn't hit him. Who *can* you hit?"

"I can hit you." Willy was white with anger. "You quit me. Don't come sneakin' around. Go with Mick Terrill, your pal."

"Willy!" Vance's voice had an edge Frank had never before heard. "Frank came to help."

"What can he do?" Willy sneered. "He's scared of Terrill."

THE kid was tight as drawn wire. Frank waited, feeling the pressure in Vance, waiting for the explosion.

It came. "You spoiled, ignorant brat!" Vance yelled. "You stupid, no-talent prelim bum! I've spent a year making you into something, and now you're falling to pieces—"

"Why don't you take a powder?" Willy had his right cocked, ready to go. Vance moved back. Frank laughed and Willy turned toward him, his right still ready.

"Don't go aiming that at me, kid." Frank said in a flat, hard voice.

"You're not telling me what to do."

"I'm warning you, Willy, back off or I'll take you apart."

"Like you did Mick Terrill?"

Frank had known Willy wouldn't back down. He took off his jacket and sport shirt and slid through the ropes. There was an edge of hysteria to Vance's voice as he yelled for them to stop. Frank grinned at Willy, who glared back. Mary came over and stood near the ring. Sleepy-eyed reporters rushed to ringside.

Frank was thirty-five, but he had been working out for weeks and his lean body was sinewy with muscle. He said casually to the lightweight, "Lemme see those mitts."

He had to ignore bandaging his knuckles, hoping the twelve-ounce training gloves would protect them. He slid his hands in and clenched the bar with a strong grip. He broke the gloves on the hips of his light gabardine trousers. He was wearing heavy sox and rubber-soled sport shoes.

He waved reassurance to Mary, noting her pallor, but at the same time he sensed a feeling of sympathy from her. He turned and smirked at Willy.

Vance was trying to overcome his desire to scream. He said quaveringly, "This is a farce. I forbid it."

Willy snapped, "Let him try something. He'll find out."

"I won't let this go on." Vance started to climb into the ring.

Willy reached out and shoved him, hard, so that he fell back. "Keep out of this, you faker!" Willy shouted.

The lightweight asked brightly, "You want a referee?"

"We know the rules," Frank said. "Get down there and keep time if you want." He was waving to the reporters. They knew him of old. They were talking together, frowning, wondering.

FRANK faced Willy. The boy wore regulation headguard, mouthpiece, a huge inflated supporter. Frank wore his pants and shoes and the big gloves, nothing more. They stood at ring center, the old fighter and the boy he had raised, trained, loved. Frank said gently, "I'm the guy Mick Terrill beat. Remember that, Willy."

The bell rang and Willy tried a fast, showy left. Frank, hands high, picked it off without waste motion. Eyes bright and intent, he scarcely moved his feet, weaving, watching.

Willy came at him. All the pique, frustration, youth and strength in him were behind the attack. He flung punches furiously. Frank took a few, rolled with others.

Frank feinted with head and shoulders, moves imperceptible to all but close observers. Willy swung his right arm, the elbow betraying him.

Frank blocked it. His left dug at Willy's ribs. His right cut upward, inside, knocking Willy off balance. He looked at Willy, who was gasping.

"Why don't you cover up?" he asked coldly. "I taught you better than that."

He feinted for the body. Willy dropped a hand. Frank set him up with a left. Then, straight from the shoulder, he drove in with the right hand. Coldly and deliberately he broke Willy's nose. . . .

Frank drove the convertible, Mary beside him. In the rear Willy watched the Virginia countryside go by, occasionally scratching at the tape across his nose. It was a cloudy day.

Mary turned. "How is it, Willy?"

"It's okay. I keep tellin' you. You act more like an old married woman every day."

Mary admired her ring. "I get to be more of an old married woman every day."

Frank said, "Leave Willy alone. In a few weeks he'll be trainin' on those Florida beaches."

"You can say that again," Willy said. "Gimme a year and I'll be up there with Terrill yet."

"Two years," said Frank.

"Yeah. Two years." Willy nodded.

Mary laughed and said, "The funniest part was when Vance tore up his contract because the fight had to be called off. He looked so frantic!"

"If Frank could bust my beak, what would Terrill do to me?" Willy demanded. "Murder! You got to admit. Frank was right."

"I admit it," Mary said. She slipped her hand beneath Frank's arm. "It looks like rain. Will it be raining where we stop tonight?"

"Wherever it rains, darling," he promised her, "we'll stop and take a walk. Willy can wait. Two years he can wait."

—WILLIAM R. COX

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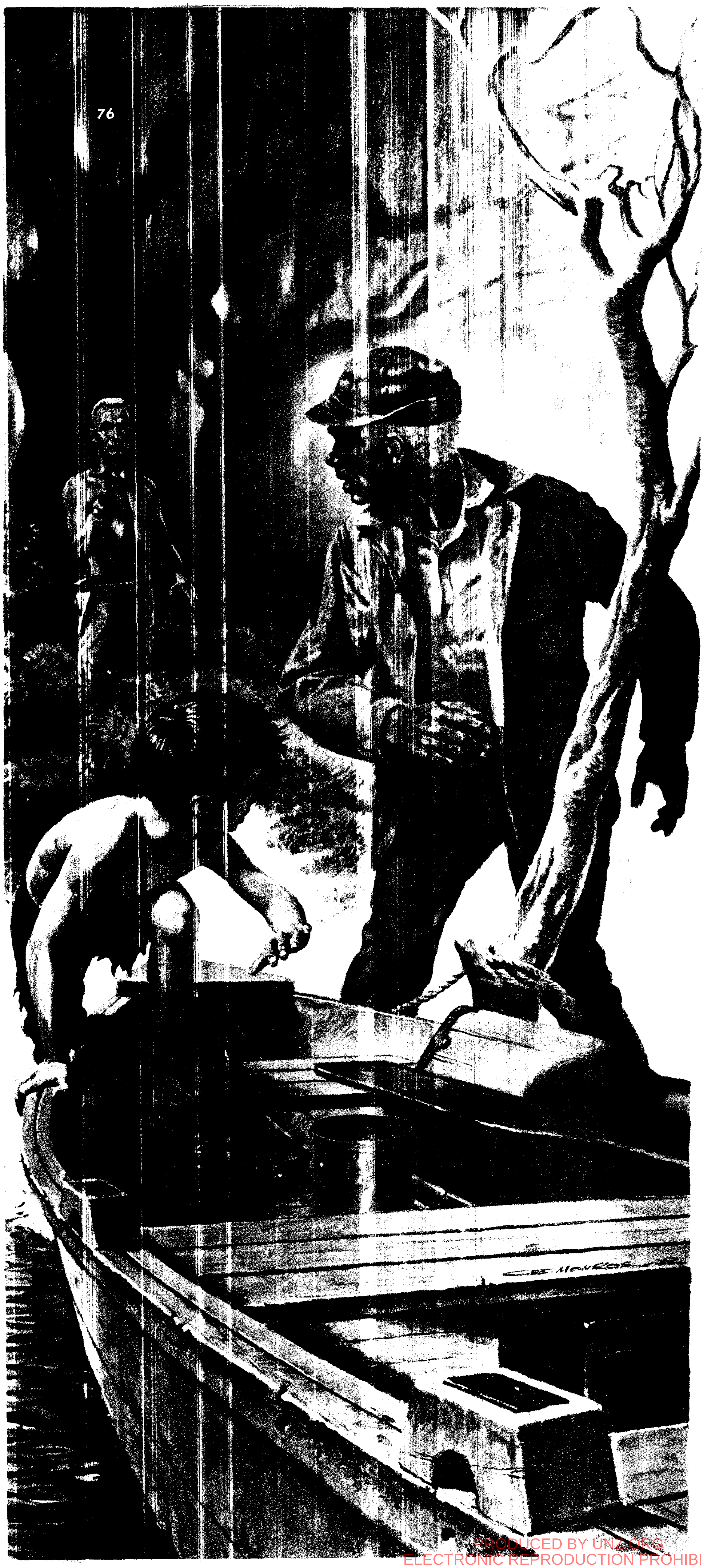


Island OF FEAR

By JOHN ANDREW RICE

He had stumbled into a mock paradise, ruled by a crazed fugitive. He had to escape and take the madman's son along

IN HIS day he had been known to every serious fisherman or duck hunter on the Carolina coast. There was no guide like him, they said, for he could tell exactly where fish were to be found, and when, or whether. When asked how he knew, as he often was, he always answered, "I ain't rightly *know.* I just goes where the fish is." It was true—he did not really know—though no one else quite believed it.

His way never varied: cautioning complete silence from the moment of getting into the boat, he rowed with slow steady rhythm, the only sound being the drip from the feathered oars. With eyes half closed, he rowed as if in a trance, apparently without direction. Then, after a while—it might be an hour or a bare ten minutes—he quietly shipped the oars and said, "They here," and fish would be there.

Or ducks, for in their season he knew where the ducks would light, again not knowing how he knew. The ritual was the same: the slow steady rhythm of his rowing in silence when it was still dark and not yet dawn, the quiet, shipping of the oars, and his words, "They here."

By the time he reached middle age he had become a legend and had seen many a skeptic newcomer pay a handsome bet at the end of the day. For his familiars liked to boast, to tell tales that only the wise could believe. He himself did not boast, even when he was young; and as he grew older he became certain that the finding of fish and birds—his gift, they called it—was something more, not merely a gift. But he told no one, not even himself, in words.

Then the war came, Pearl Harbor, and Hitler ushering in his empire that was to last a thousand years. That put an end to his being a guide, but by that time he was rich in memories, and, as his neighbors said, in gold; and so now, in his old age, he knew no want.

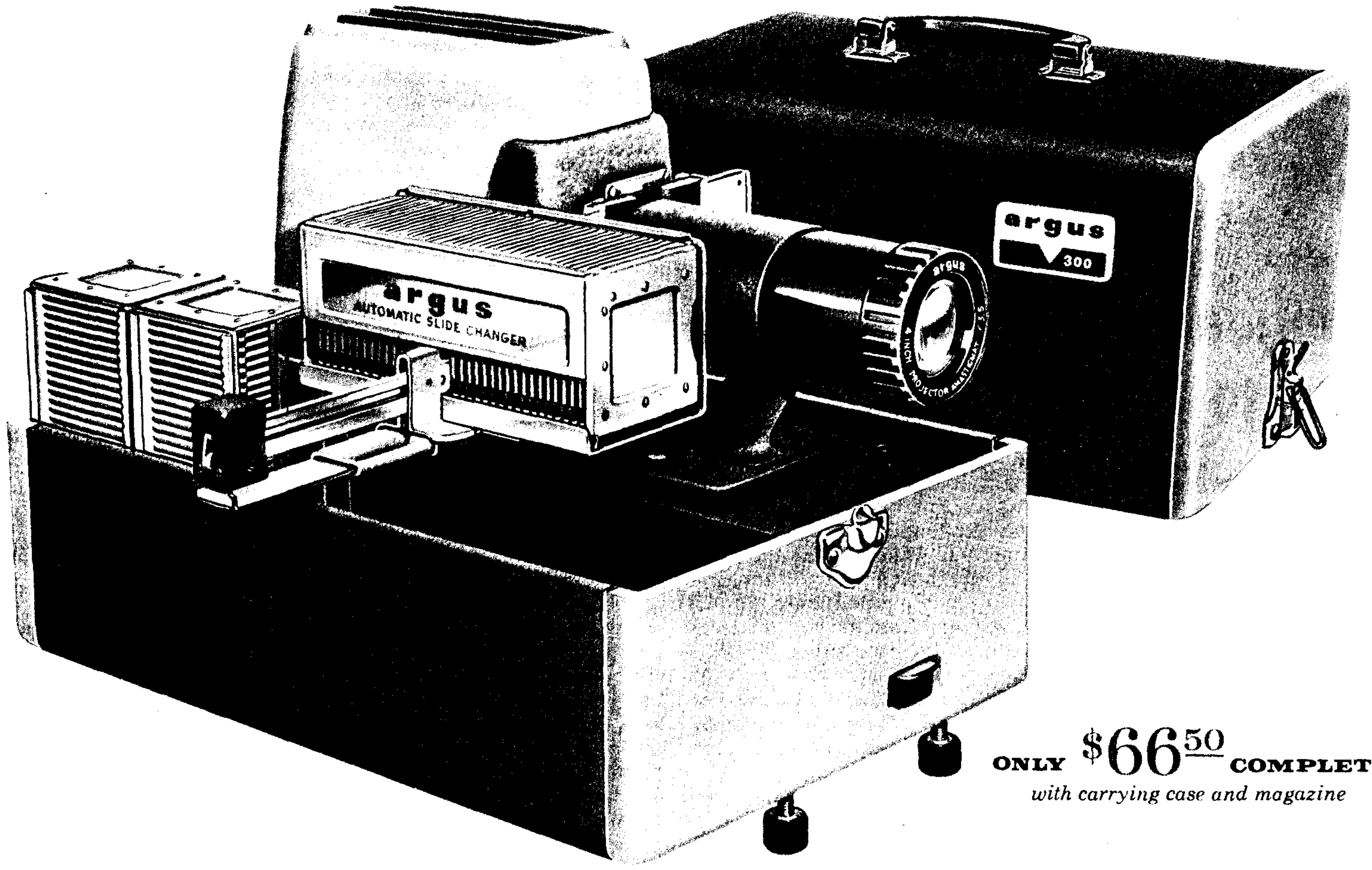
But he still liked to row about the nearby island, even occasionally in winter, when he went to meet the ducks. But not to shoot them. That he had never done, or even owned a gun, except the German pistol that lay unloaded on his mantelpiece. "I'll keep it for looks," he had said to the returned soldier who, eight or nine years ago, had offered it in payment for a fish fry. A Luger, the soldier had called it.

In summer he rowed more often, for he still liked to catch a few fish, testing the old knowledge and finding it sure; and he enjoyed the summer sun, so hot that no white man dared risk it bareheaded.

It was on a day in early summer that he saw the boy. He woke that morning with a vague feeling that there was something he ought to do—he recalled this quite clearly later; but not knowing what it was, he dismissed the feeling as one

The boy was halfway into the boat when there came a sharp "Halt!" and the man appeared, pistol in hand

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.



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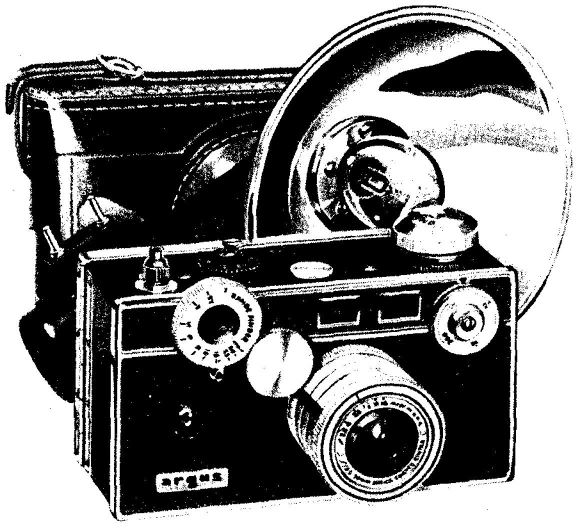

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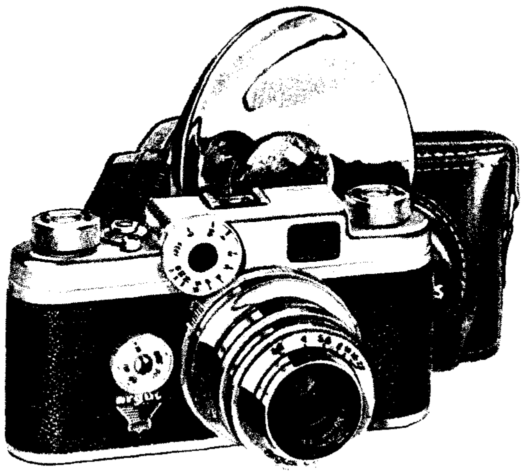

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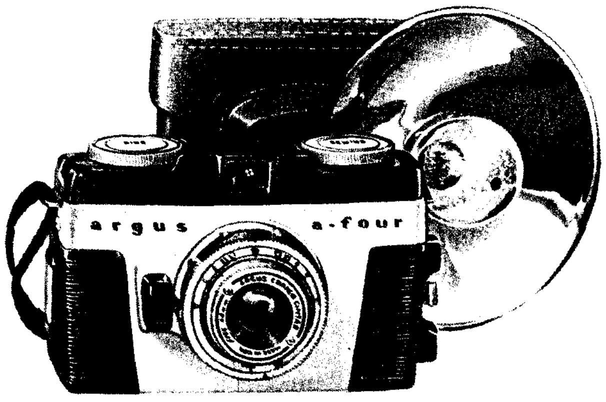

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dismisses a foolish dream. But at midmorning he was restless, and presently he went down to the dock. Once there, however, he hesitated. The weather was, as he said, "misty moist" and that meant fog before night. Then, sternly reminding himself not to distrust the future, ever, he got into the boat. He rowed until he came to where the fish were, caught a few, and then rowed on in the delight of recognition, for he knew every creek mouth, current and inlet. He knew every island too, many of them covered with dense cassia bushes and inhospitable to human dwelling.

THE fog came suddenly, settling down in cotton thickness, blotting everything from view. The old man shipped the oars and, while the boat drifted, brought out from under the seat the box containing staples and his tin dinner pail. The pail held cowpeas that had been boiled with fat back, and a piece of corn pone. He set the pail on the seat, and from the box of staples he took a can of cane sirup. Then he dined, dipping the corn pone into the sirup for dessert. When he had stowed the remainder of his food, he was ready for his chew of tobacco. The boat drifted.

Presently, while he was chewing serenely, there was a grating of bow against shell, and the boat came to a stop. He got up to step ashore and the boat churned noisily against the shell bank. Instantly a voice came out of the fog: "Who are you? What are you doing here?" The words were spoken harshly, and as if with difficulty and reluctance. There was fear in them too.

Before the old man could reply the fog lifted, as suddenly as it had come, and revealed the figure of a man some twenty feet away. He stood tall and straight, his stance as unusual as his voice, and hard eyes looked out from a head tilted arrogantly back. Behind the man, and to his right, there was a small scrawny boy some eight or nine years old, with features that were somewhat like the man's, but with darker skin and black hair that stuck out brushlike from his head. The man's head, by contrast, was clipped close, the stubble shining blond in the sun. Both were barefoot and without shirts. A holster hung from the man's belt. His hand rested on the butt of a pistol. "What do you want?" the man asked, and now there was panic in his voice. "How did you find your way here?"

The old man smiled—not at the man, at the boy—and said, "I ain't find my way here, Cap'n, I lost my way here," and smiled broadly at the boy.

The man said, "Go. Go at once. And tell no one you have seen me."

The old man said, "Sure, Cap'n, I going. But who I going to tell 'em it is I ain't seen?"

The man, angered at what he did not understand, gripped the butt of the pistol tighter, until his knuckles showed white. The old man was soberly turning to go back to the boat, when the boy moved closer to the man and spoke to him earnestly. It was the old man's turn not to understand, for the language was unknown to him. But he understood the meaning of the man's curt *"Nein,"* and his dismissive gesture.

Then he understood more. He said, "That boy hungry, Cap'n." And before the man could speak, the boy said, "Yah, I hungry."

"I knowed it directly I see you," the old man said, "and I got something for you, son, not much but something. The leavings of my dinner—cowpeas and fat back and corn bread."

"Bread!" The boy's voice was a wail of hunger. "Long time we ain't had no bread, even corn bread."

The old man beamed on him. "Well, son, you sure can have what I got," and turning quickly, he went to the boat and brought out the box, saying, as he lifted the lid, "see?"

The man looked into the box half scornfully, but at sight of a tin carrying a coffee label and beside it a coffeepot, a word burst from him: "Coffee!" Then, with stern suppression, he said, "No, I am accustomed to the want."

The old man smiled quizzically. "I got tobacco too, Cap'n," he said. As fisherman he knew that once hooked, a fish could be played at will, but he also knew that the stubborn ones made a last fight for freedom. So, when he picked up the box and made to follow the boy along the path, he was ready to find the man blocking his way. He said, "I don't ask no questions, Cap'n, and I don't tell no tales." The man hesitated a moment, then stepped aside and let him pass. . . .

The old man followed the boy into a tunnel formed by the low-growing bushes and came out into an opening, where a one-room building sat low on the ground. It looked vaguely familiar, except that it sat low, but he could not at once place it. He carried the box into the shack and put it down on the hard-packed earthen floor. The man came and stood in the doorway, stiff and arrogant, and now impatient. When the old man saw him he said, "Cap'n, I clean forgot," and reaching into his pocket drew forth a plug of tobacco. "This is, rightly speaking, chawing tobacco, but you can smoke it too. This all you got to do," and he brought out a pocket knife and shredded the plug. "You got a pipe?" he asked.

By way of answer the man reached up on a high shelf and brought down a corncob pipe and, taking the shredded tobacco, tamped it in. He said something to the boy, who picked up a live coal from the fireplace with a pair of homemade wire tongs and brought it to him. When he had lighted the pipe he said formally, *"Danke schön,"* and, translating, "Thank you very much." But he said it without cordiality, and went out and took his seat on a log from which he could see into the shack. Then he smoked, his head again at its arrogant tilt.

That was the beginning. The old man turned and looked at the boy standing by the fireplace. "You got one of these, son?" he asked, holding out the knife. When the boy shook his head, the old man carefully closed the blade and handed the knife to him. "This yours," he said; and before the boy could speak he added, "Now less us fix us some supper."

The boy said, "I done fix the fire. Don't make no fire after dark."

"Sure," the old man said, as if heartily applauding the precaution, "sure, son. Now you stir it up and I'll cook you some hoecake, with white flour."

When he had made the hoecake and fried it, he heated the cowpeas and fat back and the corn pone. "Ain't much in the way of vittles, but I reckon they better hot," he said.

"Good anyways, when you ain't had nothing," the boy said.

"Nothing?"

"Nothing since yesterday," the boy said. "Lots of times us don't eat. Not since the boat done got away."

The old man said nothing, but put the food on the driftwood table and set the lard bucket within reach. "Supper ready," he said, and the boy called the man from his station on the log.

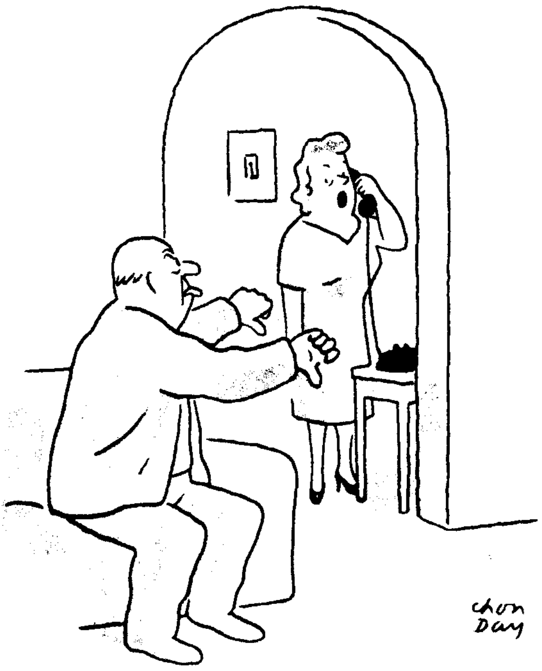
THE man came in and, without looking at the other two, took his place at the table where the boy had set a single place: knife, fork, spoon, cup and saucer, and a piece of wood for a plate. As one trained to the task, the boy served the food, standing at attention in the intervals, like any waiter serving a stranger. The man ate like a wolf, with huge mouthfuls, spreading the bread with lard from the bucket and letting the grease drip unregarded on his bare chest. When he had finished he refilled his pipe, this time using the table knife to shred the tobacco, lighted the pipe with a coal offered by the boy, and stalked out without a word.

The old man shook his head and gave a grunt of amusement. The boy said, "He don't eat with colored people. That what he always say to her: 'I don't eat with colored people,' he say."

The boy did not explain who *she* was to whom this had been said, nor did the old man ask. Instead, he said, "Now you set and I'll be *your* waiter," and they both laughed discreetly.

While the boy was eating, the old man let his eyes wander in mild curiosity. He recalled now where he had seen this kind of shelter before. It was one that had been used by the Coast Guard during the war and afterward abandoned.

Since then some of them had been flattened by hurricanes, some torn down and ferried to the mainland. This one, the one in which he now sat, had also been moved, but set much closer to the ground so as to be invisible from the water. There was a crude chimney at one end, in which the meal had been cooked; three cots, also left by the Coast Guard; a table made of driftwood; and boxes for sitting. There was a



"Herbert sends his regards, Mother"
COLLIER'S CHON DAY

high shelf on one wall, from which the man had taken the pipe, and on the shelf were several cardboard boxes, containers for small ammunition.

The boy saw him looking at them and said, "Empty. He done run out of . . ." he hesitated, seeking the word, and, not finding it, made the motion of loading a gun.

"Cartridges," the old man said.

"Yah, cartridges. He done shot the last one, but he still totes the gun. You seen him." Then, when the old man said nothing, the boy added, "She say he downright love to kill." The words were spoken without a change of tone, as one might say of the sun that it loves to shine, or rain to rain.

The old man stirred uneasily. He had said, "I don't ask no questions, Cap'n," and it was true, in particular and in general. Except in matters closely touching himself, he asked no questions of or about white people—not out of dislike, but because they and their ways were alien. The man who sat outside on the log smoking his pipe, holding his head cocked even in repose, was doubly alien. What he had done, or was, or how he had come to be in hiding was beyond the range of the old man's active curiosity.

The boy was different. He was of the old man's own race and spoke his own language. Even when the boy was speaking to the man in a foreign tongue it sounded vaguely to the old man like his own. It was as if, with a little closer listening, he could know what was being said.

But the old man checked his curiosity about the boy. He knew that when he was gone the man would want to know whether he had asked questions, and what they were. If he asked none, and showed no desire to ask, the boy's answer might be believed. Then, out of the same caution, he said, "Got to go home now." As he picked up his now empty box and started toward the door, the boy got up to follow, but the old man stopped him. "No, son," he said, and went out. The man seated on the log did not look his way, nor did he speak.

There was a spit that stuck out from the island. When the old man had rounded this, he saw how shrewd had been the choice of a hiding place. From the water nothing could be seen of landing place or tunnel, not easy to find even by one who knew exactly where to go. He did not believe that his boat had drifted there in the deep fog by chance.

HE WAITED five days before he set out to return, knowing that the plug of tobacco would not last that long, and the coffee he had left no longer; and although a hungry boy awaited him, he was careful not to rouse suspicion in the man. Nor was there any ground as yet, for he had not allowed himself to think beyond the present. In the wisdom of his old age he knew there was nothing more foolish than trying to foresee the future. It was time enough to deal with the future when it became the present, and to think of it when it was past.

He had beached the boat and made it fast and was halfway through the tunnel before his presence was discovered. Then, from somewhere off the path came a sudden sharp "Halt!"

He stopped and set down the box he was carrying. "Ain't nobody but me, Cap'n," he said serenely, and smiled at the gun pointing from around a bush. "I bringing some vittles and coffee and tobacco." The man stepped from behind the bush and motioned him toward the shack.

The boy was blowing up the coals in the fireplace. "I knowed you would come," he said.

"I liked to got shot," the old man said, and they both laughed lightly.

PRIVATE
Mary Gibson

"I must caution you not to expect too much from this miracle drug"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

WHILE they were unpacking the box the man came and stood in the doorway and looked on in scornful eagerness as the table filled. Last of all the old man drew forth a tin of smoking tobacco and a package of cigarettes. "*Zigaretten!*" It was almost a wail that came from the man as he seized the package, tore off the top, pulled out a cigarette, and stuck it in his mouth, in one continuous motion. The boy was ready with a live coal, and the man, lighting the cigarette and sucking greedily, stood drinking the smoke in great gulps. He stood as if alone, unaware of the others' presence, intent only on the appeasing of his hunger. Then he walked out of the shack like one emerging from a dream.

The old man smiled at the boy and said, "Me and you, us likes to *eat*," and opened a package.

"Meat," the boy said, and the old man laughed.

"Yessiree," he said.

He went to the fireplace to pick up the skillet and started at something he saw lying beside it. "What this?" he asked. "Salt-water cat? That ain't fitten to eat. Don't you know that?"

"Yah," the boy replied, "but it's all I got."

"Fish don't put no meat on your bones, son," the old man said, "and you skinny as a rail. Your age you ought to be fat. I reckon you must be eight year old, maybe close to nine." This was said casually, and with a cautious look at the boy.

"I ain't know how old I is," the boy said in reply. "She ain't never told me."

The man appeared suddenly in the doorway and spoke to the boy, and when he was answered, turned impatiently and went back to his seat on the log. "He want to know what we talking about. I tell him cooking," the boy said. "He scared, scared all the time." Then, answering the unasked question, "Sheriff. She used to say she go tell sheriff on him. Then he beat her. Didn't do no good. She say she go tell on him anyways."

The man came to the door again and spoke sharply. "He say we talking too much. But that ain't it. He hungry. All the time hungry now. We used to eat good, when he had a boat. Rabbits, birds, and one time he shoot a . . ." He hesitated, and then held his hands above his head with splayed fingers.

"Deer," the old man said.

"Yah," the boy said, "deer."

There came a shouted word from the man. "Lordy," the old man said, "he sure hungry."

As before, without looking at the others, the man marched in and seated himself and waited to be served. But now he had a cigarette in his mouth, and when he put the pack down beside his plate, half the cigarettes were gone. The old man smiled. He had brought them without forethought. Now once again he knew that it was wise not to pry into the future. Wait, wait until it became the present. He smiled again as the man swallowed the smoke between his swallows of food. The half-smoked pack was like a half-empty bottle to a drunkard.

AFTER the man had gone, having lighted another cigarette from a closely smoked butt, the old man looked at the boy and saw that he too had seen the capture. But the old man did not dwell on his satisfaction, on the knowledge that now he was indeed welcome, however unwillingly. Rather, he busied himself, clearing the table and rinsing the cup. Then he noticed something: *U.S.* stamped on the knife.

The boy saw him looking at the knife and said, "He brung that with him when he run away from that camp. She say he brung a lot of stuff, plenty."

The old man betrayed no curiosity. "You and me better eat, son," he said.

While they ate, the boy talked and the old man listened, never expressing surprise or eager interest, never asking a question or leading the boy's talk in any particular direction. He would learn in time all he wanted or needed to know. His interest—his only interest, he made the boy feel—was in the boy himself, so that when the man appeared in the doorway, sharply suspicious, the tone he heard was that of any boy talking to any casually listening old man. The man turned and abruptly marched away, but this time he did not stop at the log; he went out of sight toward the beach.

The boy said, "He going where he used to sit, before you come. He sit there every day, waiting." Then he added without explanation, "He waiting for 'em to come and fetch him."

WHEN next he came the old man brought a full box of food and one pack of cigarettes. They would serve to keep the man's hunger keen, while the boy could be fed with plenty. The man stood as before, gulping the first draught, and then went without a word toward the beach. The boy waited until he was out of hearing and said, with a questioning look, "He want to know what you aiming to do."

"I aiming to fatten you up, boy," the old man said, pointing to the heap of food.

"I told him," the boy said; and then, after a pause: "He say you crazy."

"Maybe I is," the old man said. "Lots of folks crazy don't know it."

"Yah, I reckon," the boy said and, with a smile of recollection, added, "that what she call him, crazy. She say, 'You crazy, man, think the furor'—that what she say, ain't say it right, *der Fuehrer*—'you crazy as a June bug, think he go come and fetch you. He dead, your old Hitler, dead and gone where he belong, the devil. Old devil done got him, sure as you born.' He beat her when she say that." The old man said nothing. "Who the devil be?" the boy asked.

The old man smiled and said, "I ain't rightly know, son. Some says one thing, some says another."

"You ain't ever seen him?"

The old man laughed. "I ain't ever see anybody *call* hisself that," he said.

Presently he got up, saying, "I going to the boat. Be back directly. Bring you a surprise." And at the boy's question he said, "You'll know when you see it." He walked slowly along the path, looking askance to either side and, the surprise in hand, came back with the same caution, keeping an eye out for the man but not seeing him.

"What it be?" the boy asked.

"Orange," the old man said, "you eats 'em." But when the boy started to bite into it, the old man said, "Not thataway, son. Gimme your knife."

Thereafter the surprise was eagerly awaited by the boy but never alluded to by him. For the old man had explained that one must not *expect* a surprise, else it would be none. This was a puzzle to the boy, as were many of the words used by the old man; but he was willing to wait until the old man said, as if suddenly remembering, "Blessed if I ain't forgit again," and went to the boat for that day's surprise, each time looking discreetly right and left, to discover whether his movements were being watched. They were not, so far as he could tell, for at no time was the man in sight when he went to the boat. But he remained cautious, and when one day the boy asked if he might go with him, he said firmly, "No, son, you stay here."

A surprise was something to be eaten, until the old man brought a pencil and pad of paper. He was a poor draftsman, but how could he *tell* the boy what a mule was? Or a cow? Or,

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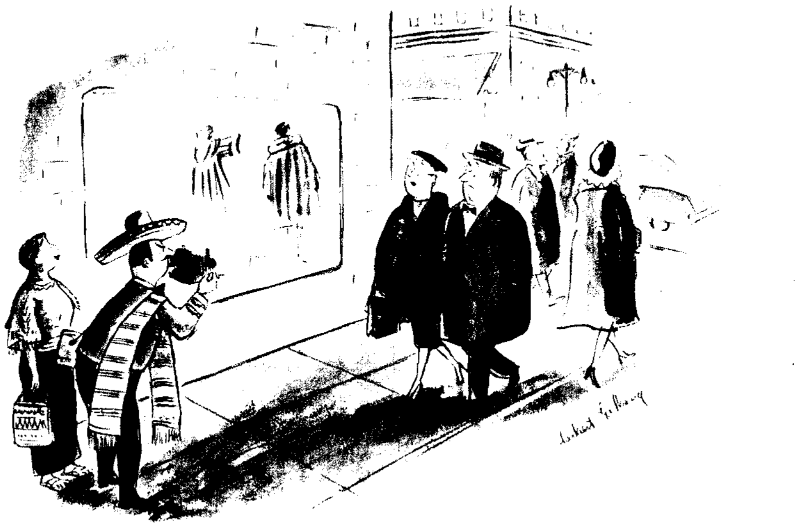


COLLIER'S HERBERT GOLDBERG

worse still, a wagon, when the boy had never seen a wheel? But often the pencil was no help in explaining words. The woman had threatened to tell the sheriff. The sheriff was the law. But what was that? What indeed?

"Home," a simple word, became much more than "the house you live in." Home was the old man's chickens—"birds, only they ain't fly"; the mule, mean as the devil but beloved—sort of like a deer, yes, but mighty different; the dog—"no, not like a rabbit" in spite of long ears and speed; the old sow with her litter, in that respect like the rabbit; and the cat, "sort of like a coon." Home was crops: corn, potatoes, peas, snap beans, cotton. Home was the fence, and the road that ran by the fence; barn, shingles on the barn; chicken coop; and, best of all, the house. There were also neighbors. With neighbors, the boy learned, intimacy was not to be encouraged. "Trouble," the old man said. "A man best keep hisself *to* hisself."

"Yah," the boy said, but just now wanted to know more about windows, or setting hens, anything to bring the talk back to the old man's home. In time he knew it as well as the old man himself, and as fondly.

One day, after going through once again the catalogue of its delights, the boy looked around the shack. "This ain't no home," he said. The old man nodded. "Someday you go take me home," the boy said.

"Hush, boy," the old man said quickly, "don't say that."

Gaps in the boy's knowledge were quite unpredictable, and sometimes startling. As, when the old man was telling him of his own childhood, the boy suddenly asked, "What a 'ma' be?" He had never heard the word, or any like it. After an explanation that included rabbit—the boy had seen one give birth to young—coon, possum, the old sow, and much baffled laughter, the boy said, "Then I got a ma too. Leastways, must have had one. She ain't never told me though." Then he asked: "Where the others, you reckon?" The "others" were the rest of the litter.

"A woman don't most generally birth but only one at a time, boy or girl," the old man said. . . .

Until the coming of the old man, the boy had lived within his own experience; others'—the man's, the woman's—were of little or no concern. But he remembered, inclusively, what they had said or done, and could mimic them in word and gesture: the woman in her savage impotent anger, the man truculent, arrogant, scornful and afraid. But in the telling the boy was himself detached—sometimes puzzled, sometimes amused, always unconcerned. Even when their madness became a threat to him, he took it as a matter of course. The boy said more than once, "He say if she run away he kill me. I ain't know why he ain't." And it was as if he were speaking of someone else. At first the old man wondered; then it was clear. These two, the man and the woman, were, until he came, the only human beings the boy had ever seen. Human beings were therefore wild, as the elements were wild: wind, lightning, rain, the surf in a storm.

THE man was certainly wild, and completely ruthless, perhaps more than a little insane. How else explain his sitting hours on end looking out to sea? One day, after a rabbit trap had been set, the boy motioned the old man to follow him in silence and led him to a thicket through which the man could be seen, tense and unmoving, every line of his face and his staring frantic eyes rapt in longing. Maybe it was only that. Maybe he did not really believe that Hitler would come to his relief. But then, he had violently refused to believe that the war had ended. Germany defeated? Hitler dead? Never. "American lies," he had said, when the woman taunted him.

"You'll wait a mighty long time," she had said, scoffing at his unbelief, "them thousand years you always talking about." He had beaten her, the boy said, until her back was bloody. But she was as wild as he. "How come," she had gasped, "how come you ain't wait in that *camp* for your old man Hitler, 'stead of hiding like a mangy cur?"

"You're colored. You would not understand. *Der Fuehrer* would not wish it," he had answered.

The old man remembered the camp, remembered how laxly the prisoners of war had been guarded, allowed to roam the countryside when they were not sawing wood; and he also remembered the tiresome energy with which they worked, sawing through a log in half the time it would take a sane Southerner, and how some of them had frugally learned to speak English, seizing every opportunity with the same energy. From such a camp, escape had been easy.

The man had made a cache of necessities, collected over a long period: food, clothing, cooking utensils, bedding, even hair clippers, the ax, cartridges by the hundred and, last of all, the pistol, stolen the night he had found an unlocked boat, shortly before the end of the war. Moving from island to island by night he had at length found the one on which he now hid, remote, shielded from the mainland by a larger island and fronting on the ocean. The water between this and the larger island was, as the old man knew, uninviting to fishermen, and there was no other occasion for anyone to come there. Meanwhile the Coast Guard no longer patrolled beach and waterway—evidence enough that the war was ended—and had left its shelters at the disposal of man and weather.

Then, a few months after the end of the war, the man had made the woman his prisoner. She had been fishing—"She love to fish," the boy said—and, having drawn her boat up at the far end of the island and lain down to take a midday nap, awoke to find the man standing over her, pistol in hand, and her boat set adrift. Her protest was in vain: the war was not over; another American lie; she would see. "That what she tell me," the boy said.

They had not wanted for food until after the last hurricane. That was the only point in time clear to the boy. He had no knowledge of days, weeks or months, and years were measured between hurricane seasons. There had been a time, sometime, when they had eaten the same kind of food as the old man now brought. At that time, when supplies ran low the man would row away after dark and return before daylight, laden. "These stupid Americans do not lock their doors," he said. But these expeditions had ceased.

One morning he had not returned at the usual time, and the boy, watching from the shore, had seen him rowing awkwardly, zigzag, shifting the oar from one side to the other with one arm. He had been shot in the other, and from that time they were obliged to live on what the island offered, and fish. There had been no hardship, though, while the ammunition lasted.

The boy remembered well when he learned that it was all gone, except the one cartridge that the man would not use. The woman saw a coon in a treetop. "Shoot," she said. And then, "Whyn't you shoot, you fool? Now he gone."

The man said, "I have *one* left."

The woman laughed. "What you saving it for? Whyn't you shoot yourself? Good riddance," she said, and spat at his feet.

The old man understood then that she had been the kind of woman in whom there burned perennial, consuming rage; and he no longer wondered why the boy, in speaking of her, had no memory of tenderness. She had also tried guile, the boy implied—promising, if the man would only let her go, that she would tell no one—and, that failing, shouting and threatening.

"Remember, woman, I have one shot left."

"Whyn't you shoot yourself?"

These words had come into the boy's story more than once. But the old man never expressed curiosity as to how that last cartridge had been used. Instead, he diverted the talk. Easily done, because the boy had long assumed that the old man knew everything that he himself knew.

WITH autumn came the season of hurricanes. On a day when the wind was rising, the boy showed fear for the first time. "I scared," he said.

"You ain't got nothing to be scared of, son," the old man said.

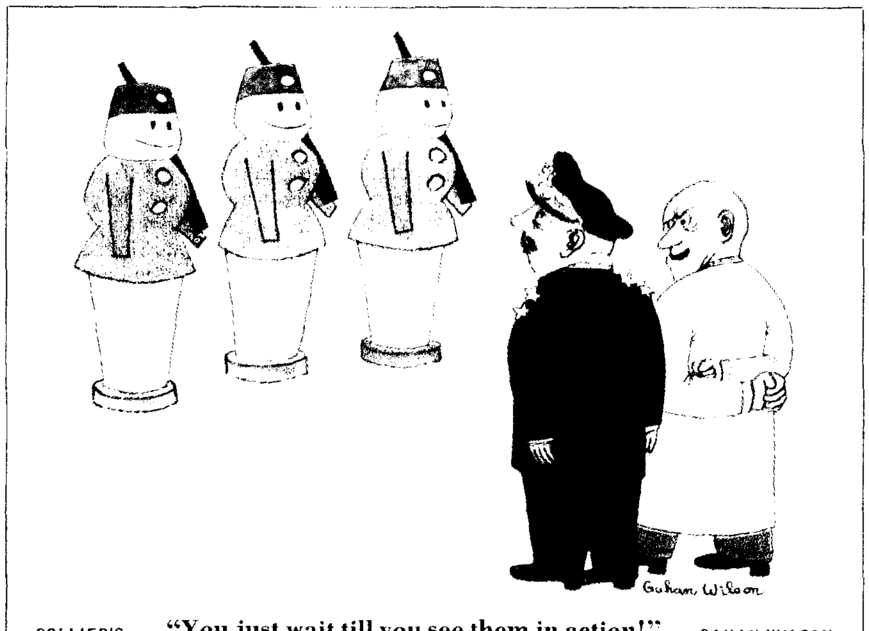
"I ain't scared for me," the boy said, "I scared for you. He go crazy when the wind blow. He shot her when the wind blowed."

"Lordy!" the old man exclaimed. This was what, unknowing, he had dreaded.

"Ain't I done told you?" the boy asked, and, without waiting for an answer, told. In the autumn of a year ago the woman had tried to escape. When the wind reached hurricane force and the man cowered in the corner, she had slipped out, untied the boat, and was about to row away when the man reached the landing. The boy, having followed, heard the shot and saw the woman slump; and then the man waded into the shallow water and dragged the dying woman to shore.

It was then the man had lost the boat. The wind snatched it away and drove it out of sight, while the man looked on in helpless rage. Then, seeing the boat gone, he had kicked the woman's lifeless body. He had gone to the shack and returned, shovel in hand. In the midst of the roaring wind, he had dug a grave and, dumping into it the still warm body, dragged a tree trunk over the new earth. "That where he sit," the boy said. "He go crazy when the wind blow."

The old man forced his voice to a



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calm level. "This ain't the harrycane, son," he said. "This die down soon." It was wish as well as prophecy. He was being pushed into action, and yet he resisted. The hurricane would come any day now, but would he be there when it came?

Presently he said quietly, "Wind dying down. I told you." And then: "Bless me, we done forgit something."

"What that?" the boy asked.

"We done forgit your surprise," the old man said, and smiled broadly. Then suddenly, and as if it had just occurred to him, he motioned to the boy and said, "Come. This time less me and you both see if we can surprise that surprise." The boy, himself surprised at the invitation, overturned his seat in his eagerness. "Sh-sh," the old man said, and put his hand to his lips. "Us don't want that old surprise to hear us coming," and led the way, walking softly.

WHEN they got to the boat the old man whispered to the boy, "Climb in, son, and look under the back seat."

The boy, eagerly obedient, was halfway into the boat when there came a sharp "Halt!" and the man appeared from behind a thick bush, pistol in hand, directing at the boy a spate of words.

The boy stepped out of the boat and spoke, the word "surprise" coming to the old man's ears through the strange sounds. The old man said to the man, "Us just come to fetch something, Cap'n, something for you." He himself stepped into the boat then and took a pair of trousers from a box. "Don't know if they go fit you," he said.

The man did not take them at once, not until he had issued a sharp command and the boy was on his way to the shack. Then he took them, and measuring for length, said, "Yah, I think," put them under his arm and walked away.

It had been a mistake; the old man knew that now. It was always a mistake to force a way into the unknown. He had been impatient. The man was wiser—he had been patient, he had waited. For a month, six weeks—how long had it been?—he had watched from concealment. But the old man felt some comfort. He was no longer under suspicion, and could continue to come and go unmolested—the provider.

The next day the hurricane came, sudden and savage. The old man and the boy were out setting a trap when it struck, and they ran for the shelter. The man was already there, seated on a cot, with a look of mingled terror and rage. The old man stood at the door, hesitating, and then went out into the storm. He must tend the boat, draw it up and lash it fast, else the storm would snatch it away. When he returned the man still sat silent and staring while the boy whittled, looking up whenever a heavier blast struck. When night came on, the old man said, "Cold supper," and opened a box of crackers and a can of sardines. The man ate where he sat, not looking at the food, letting the oil from the sardines drip.

The old man, having lived through many a hurricane, knew that this one would try to destroy them before the night was over. So he did not lie down; he sat on a cot and waited, patient. The boy alone slept, while an occasional flash revealed the man sitting rigid with fear. The old man waited. He knew that the hurricane, like a fighter determined to kill, would at some time put all its power into one blast, and it was almost with relief that at last he felt it coming. There was a shriek of crumpled tin as the roof clattered away. The water poured in—not rain, water, drenching everything. The man belatedly wrapped himself in an old raincoat while the old man was stripping the lower blanket from a cot and putting it around the sleepy boy. "You catch your death of cold, son," he said.

Morning came, placid, mild, innocent and bright with sun. The old man and the boy took the roof from where it lay twisted on top of the bushes and put it back on the shack, repaired the chimney, and hung the sodden blanket out to dry. "You all right," the old man asked, "you sure?" and the boy said he was sure. "Well, then," the old man said, "I better go home and see how it done come out."

THE next day, when he returned with fresh provisions and a new blanket, the boy asked anxiously, "Home all right?" and would not be satisfied with a short answer, nothing less than a roll call.

At last the old man said, "Now. How about you? You feeling all right? You look sort of peaked to me," as in fact he did, with dull eyes and movements that were slow and sluggish. "Here," he said, spreading the new blanket, "you better lay down and let me cover you up," and to his surprise the boy submitted without a word. Stranger still, he was silent, and let the old man get supper without moving.

The man came in and the old man waited on him in the boy's place. When he was finished and got up to go, the boy said something to him and was answered by a curt, *"Nein."*

The boy said, when the man was out of the shack, "I asked him could you stay tonight too. He say no."

The old man said, "No, son. Best not. I come tomorrow. Bring you some soup. On his way to the boat he passed the man, sitting on the log that lay on the woman's grave, openly on guard again.

The boy could not take the soup. "It hurt here," he said, touching his throat.

The old man put his hand on his forehead. "You got fever, son," he said. "You hot."

"Yah, sometimes hot, sometimes cold."

"Chills and fever," the old man said. "Go git you some medicine, be right back." He was not worried. Everybody had chills and fever sometime, and when he had brought the medicine and given the boy a dose he said with assurance, "Now you go git well; be fit as a fiddle tomorrow. Be here before sunup."

He was, at early dawn. He had never come so early, and the man, still abed, gave him a hard, suspicious look. The old man, without acknowledgment, went past him to where the boy lay and, finding him asleep, sat down to wait until he should wake. But the boy did not wake, nor could the old man wake him by speaking to him and gently shaking his shoulder. The only response was a mumbling and muttering, and unintelligible words. The man now yawned loudly, threw back the blanket, and got up.

The old man said, "He sick, Cap'n. This boy sick."

The man said, "Perhaps."

"But he mighty sick," the old man protested. The man said nothing; he shrugged his shoulders and yawned again. Then the old man said, as if making a reasonable proposal to a reasonable creature, "Us better fetch a doctor, Cap'n."

"Doctor?" The word was a derisive shout. "Doctor? No doctor may come here."

"Then I better take him to a doctor," the old man said, still reasonable.

"No," the man said.

"But if I don't he die," the old man said, and now there was panic in his voice.

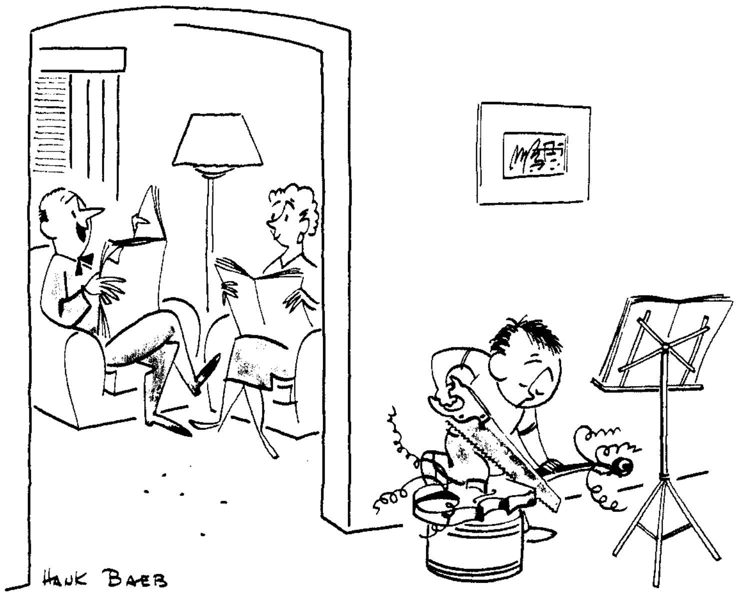
THE man said something in his foreign tongue, contempt in the tone, and started out of the shack. At the door he stopped and said, with menace in his voice and look, "Bring nobody here. If you do . . ." He let silence complete the threat and turned to go.

"Wait, Cap'n," the old man said, now pleading, "it all right, ain't it, if I go fetch some more medicine, some better?"

The man shrugged again. "But bring nobody."

"No, sir, Cap'n," the old man said. "No, *sir.*"

When he saw his oars chopping the water in frantic haste and felt the straining muscles of his arms, he shipped the oars and let the boat drift. This was folly, a dismissal of all life had taught him, pretending to know what he did not know. He forced himself to sit quiet until the compulsion was gone; and when it was gone, completely gone, he took up the oars



COLLIER'S "Say, that sounds pretty good!" HENRY R. BAEB and began to row again. Now, moving in slow and steady rhythm, the old sure rhythm, he let the boat take him where he was to go. Now he was not disturbed by the image of the arrogant man harsh in his anger, or even the boy tossing and muttering in delirium. He rowed, eyes half closed.

The boat nudged a dock, his dock, and, as always, he climbed up and made the boat fast and walked toward the house. He opened the door, paused, and then went straight to the mantel and picked up the empty Luger pistol.

He was evidently not expected to return to the island so soon, for when he emerged from the tunnel the man was leaning against the doorjamb with his back toward him. The old man raised the pistol and said loudly, "Hands up!"

The man spun round and had his hand on the butt of his pistol, when, with a gasp, he flung up his hands. "*Ein Luger!*" he said, desperate eyes on the pistol in the old man's hand.

"Don't move," the old man said, and coming close, "turn around." The man obeyed, fear making the muscles of his neck taut.

The old man reached forward and took the pistol from its holster at the man's side and stuck it in his own belt. "Go in," he said, "and face the wall." Then, keeping the gun pointed at the man, he picked up the unconscious boy and lifted him onto his left shoulder. "March," he said, "out the door, and keep those hands up." When they got to the landing he said, "Face that tree. No, *that* one," motioning to one farther away. And when he was in the boat he said, "Now don't you move, for ten minutes. Better count."

He rowed, not thinking of the boy cradled in the bow behind him, not thinking of anything, moving in the old rhythm which was the rhythm of his life.

WITHDRAWING the needle from the boy's arm, the doctor said, "I think that will do it. Close shave, though. He ought to begin to sweat in a couple of hours. If he doesn't, let me know."

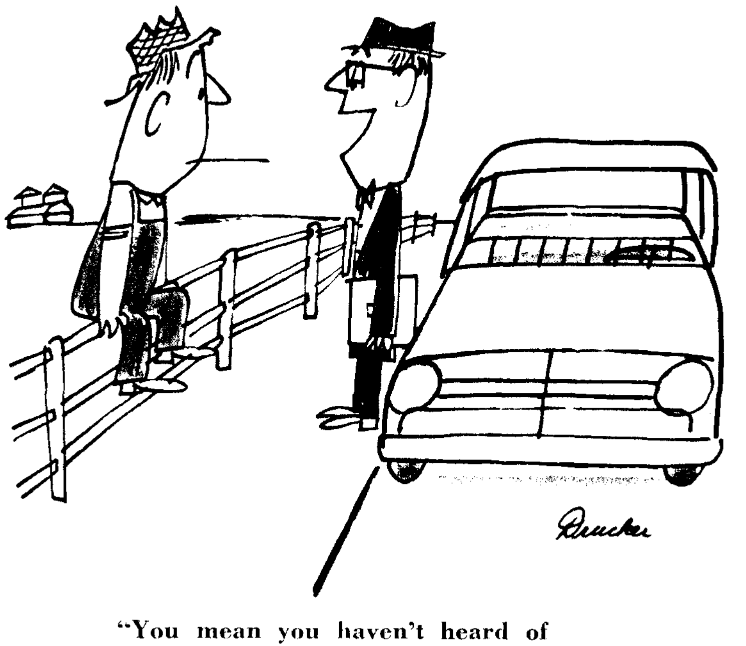
The old man sat at the bedside, letting his thoughts wander: to the crazy man, the crazy fool; to the wild passionate woman, prisoner of a prisoner; to the foggy day on which he had first seen the boy; then to the man again, the coward. Then he stopped, puzzled by a question: How had he come to use the right words, words he had never used in his life—"Hands up . . . Don't move" and the rest? Where had he ever heard them? Then, smiling, he remembered: the neighborhood boys, one jumping from behind a chinaberry tree, the other throwing up his hands, and the first boy saying, "Now lemme frisk you." He had forgotten the right words there, he smiled to recall. And then, at another memory, he suddenly laughed. The boys' guns had been empty too—toys, as his gun might as well have been, or the man's.

He glanced at the mantel. The two pistols lay side by side, though he had no recollection of having put them there. He went to the mantel and stood looking at them. Then he picked up his. "*Ein Luger,*" the man had cried, and thrown up his hands. The old man patted the pistol and laid it back. Then, picking up the other, the American pistol stolen from the guard, he held it for a moment and, without knowing quite what he did, idly broke it. Out rolled a cartridge, an unused cartridge, live, into his palm. "Lordy," he said. The man had not been out of ammunition, as the boy had thought. After he had shot the woman he'd still had one cartridge left. Why had he kept it? the old man wondered; why had the man not used it on him?

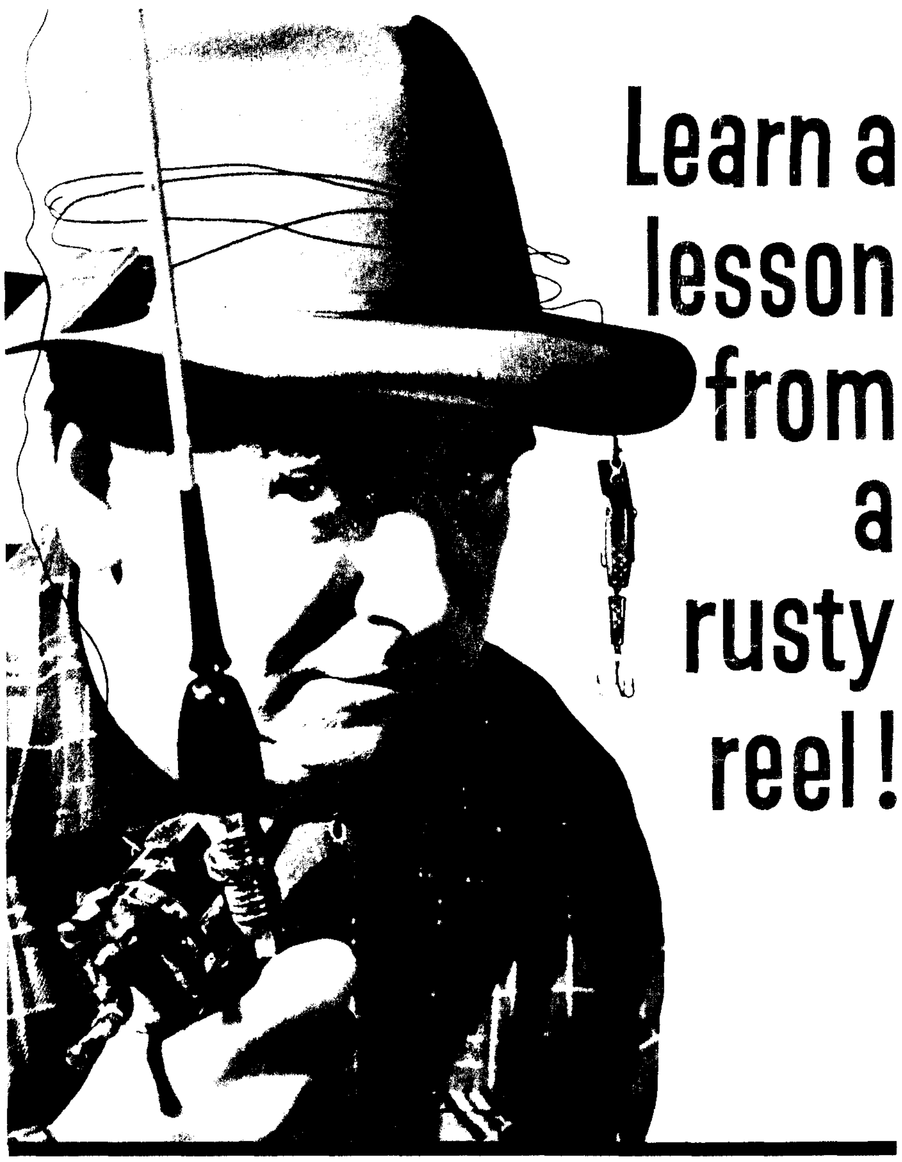
Finding the answer, one answer, the old man shook his head in amazement. It was the sight of the Luger, the German weapon, more to be dreaded than any other, for it meant certain death. The man had surrendered to a name. But there was the other question: Why had he kept that last cartridge, deceiving the woman now dead, and the boy? Was it for defense, to drive off the invader? Or the boy? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Perhaps it was for himself, in the last awful moment when he must face the truth. "Crazy," the old man said, "plumb crazy. Good thing I didn't know."

He put the broken gun and the cartridge on the mantel and went back to his chair at the bedside. The boy slept—quiet, untroubled, no longer delirious. Presently a single bead of sweat appeared on his forehead, and then another, and soon his whole face was wet. He stirred, and opened unseeing eyes heavy with sleep. Then slowly turning his head, he brought his eyes to meet the old man's. "Where I be?" he asked.

"Home, son," the old man said. "You be home." —JOHN ANDREW RICE



COLLIER'S "You mean you haven't heard of the new, odorless, plastic fertilizer?" BORIS DRUCKER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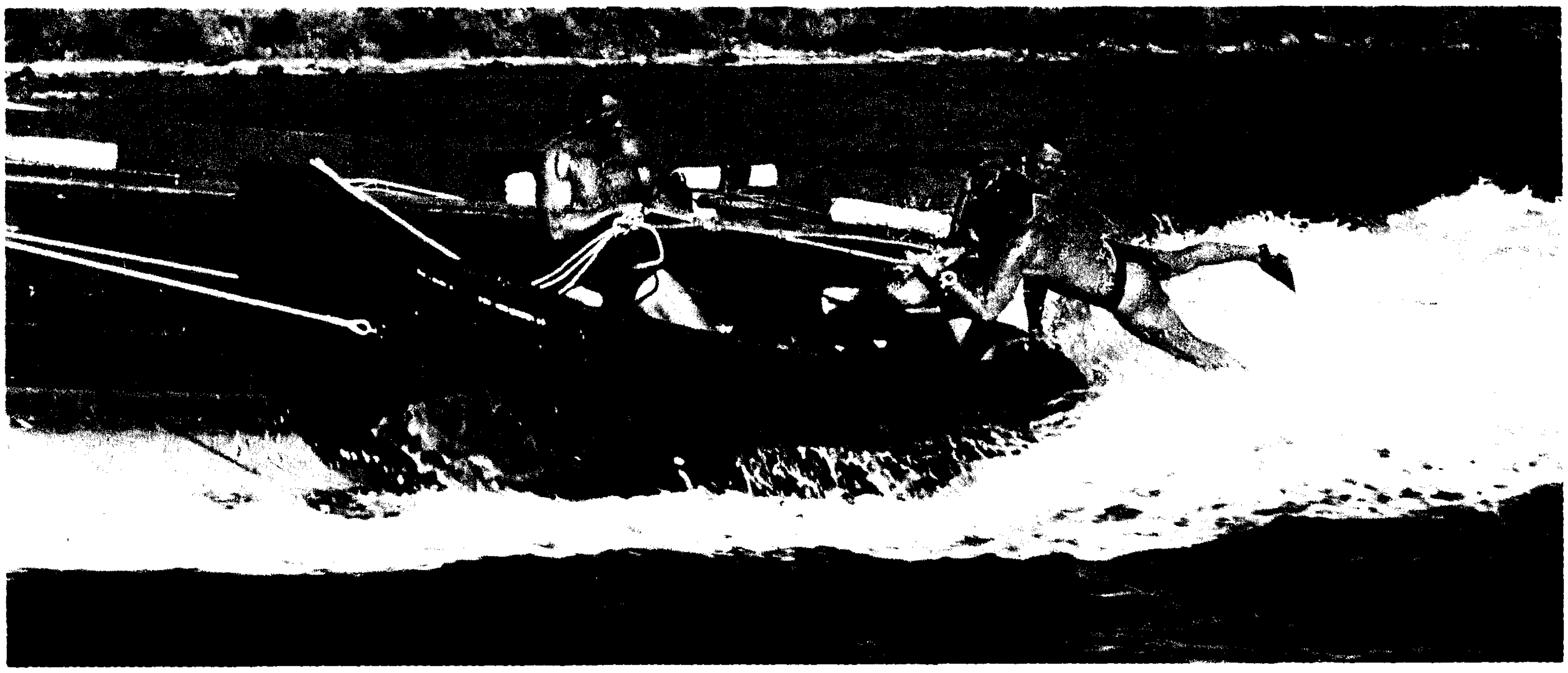
Navy Frogmen — TOP SKIN-DIVERS *of Them All*

By BILL STAPLETON



During maneuvers, pickup boat retrieves frogmen, moving fast to make poor target. Swimmer catches metal loop, is flipped aboard by momentum

There's no more hell-for-leather crew in the armed forces (who else pulls sharks' tails for fun?), and no unit has a tougher job in war. A Collier's reporter-photographer followed them under the sea to catch them in action

A VETERAN frogman, Gunner's Mate First Class Chester Stevens, of Norfolk, Virginia, was first to notice I was bleeding inside my face mask. I heard him shout, "Hey, this guy's in trouble—nosebleed!" Then someone yanked me half into a rubber boat, and Stevens pulled my mask off.

The fresh air felt and tasted and breathed wonderful.

I threw my camera into the boat. Someone else grabbed the straps of my breathing apparatus and told me to slide out of it. I did and it helped, because on the surface the 60-pound compressed-air tanks seem to weigh a ton. In the boat, I had a cigarette, which helped with the chills, and after about a half hour or so the pain left my right ear.

About an hour previously, I'd gone overside with Mineman Third Class Robert J. Reed, of Muncie, Indiana, official photographer for Underwater Demolition Unit Two. We planned to take pictures of swimmers emerging from the escape trunk of the USS Cobbler, a fleet-type submarine which was lying on the bottom, more than 10 fathoms down. Student UDTs (pronounced *yutes)* were to exit, swim around the sub's deck for 15 minutes and then return to its interior through the same escape trunk, just aft of the forward torpedo room.

I went down, hand over hand, via the line which ran from the rubber boat to a cleat on the submarine's deck. It was about 40 feet to that cleat but it seemed like 500. I thought I would never make it. When I was about halfway down, there was a crackling sound in my ears, followed by a sharp pain—as if someone were trying to push nails through my head. I remembered what one of the instructors had said about taking it easy, so I went back up the line a few feet and waited. I swallowed hard several times and listened to the bubble-bubble of my exhaust valve. The pain stopped and I started down again. I had to repeat the process four or five times to get all the way down.

As soon as I began tying myself to the sub's deck, Bob swam over and by gestures inquired if I was okay. I made him understand that I was. I found out later that I had also been under the close scrutiny of Underwater Demolition Team surface swimmers who were acting as safety men for the students.

Clustered near the sub's escape hatch were about 10 UDT swimmers. Some were instructors and some were students who had just emerged. Inside the sub, students were moving, one by one, into the escape trunk, a small cylindrical chamber which can be sealed off from the rest of the sub. Water was let in up to their chests, enough air was pumped in to equalize the pressure with that of the sea outside, and then the hatch was opened to let the swimmer out. As I adjusted my camera a great cloud of bubbles burst from the submarine's deck and an-

Lt. (jg) John Falter, underwater, wearing a rubber suit and a Scott compressed-air lung

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

other swimmer crept out of the sub. I began to take pictures.

As I gained more confidence in my underwater-breathing gear I began to move up the submarine's deck for angle shots. One UDT who came out of the escape trunk evidently became confused, and fell off the side of the sub—if fell is the word. He started floating downward, apparently out of control. Another frogman was after him immediately, catching him down along one side of the conning tower. The two swam back together, getting plainer to me as they came closer. Millions of plankton, tiny bits of white matter, were beginning to fill the water and it was becoming harder to see.

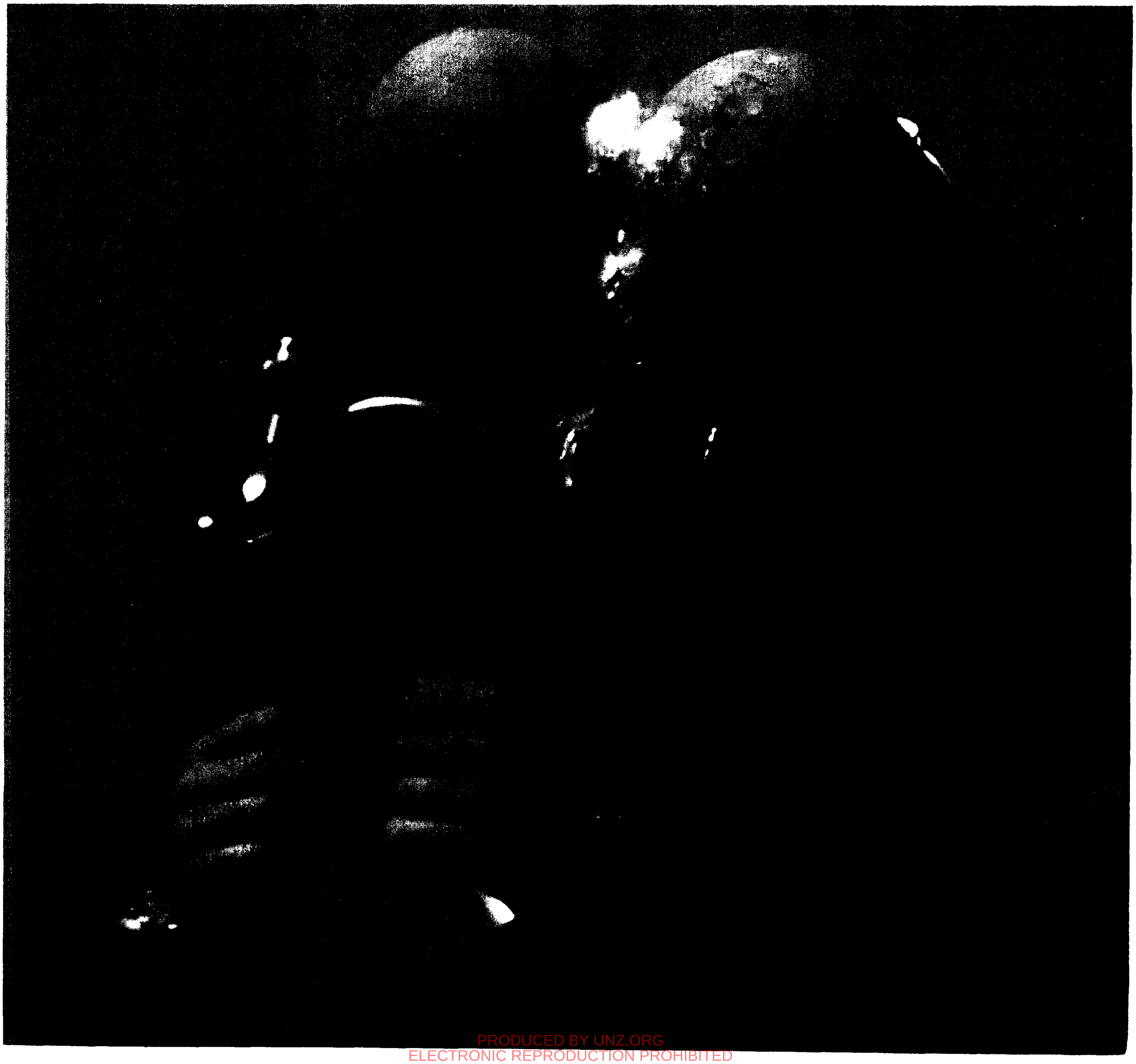
Since I had no underwater watch, I had to judge about how long I had been down. I decided to turn on my reserve air. It didn't come. Suddenly I grew panicky. I knew I had plenty of air left; I had been using the so-called starved-breathing technique, to conserve air and to stay down as long as possible. (You take just a little air, not a usual breath, walk as far as you can, release it, take just a bit more, repeat the walking, and so on.) Still, I had a momentary horror of suffocation. It was an effort to overcome what frogmen call that "clausty" (from claustrophobia) feeling and "stay loose," but I accomplished it.

As soon as I was calmer, I realized that I wasn't getting the reserve air because I hadn't turned the valve properly. I also noticed at this time that my vision was becoming clouded, but I put that down to the plankton. Nevertheless, I decided to go back up—slowly. I made the surface—and the moment I broke water Stevens grabbed me.

I suffered no lasting ill effects from that experience. As a matter of fact, the effects were all to the good—after that, the boys stopped treating me like a stranger; apparently I had passed my initiation.

In all, I spent three exciting weeks with the Navy frogmen, watching, photographing and talking to them as they conducted advanced-training problems and tested and evaluated new equipment. I had arrived at the sub base not long after they got there from their home base at Little Creek, Virginia. The first man I looked for was the boss of the UDU Two, Commander David G. Saunders. I had difficulty finding him, because he was wearing regulation green Marine fatigues with COMUDU painted over the breast pocket and in larger letters across his shoulders (which were barn-door size), and I didn't learn until later that COMUDU meant Commander, Underwater Demolition Unit. The tiny silver badge of rank on his fatigue hat had tarnished to the color of his work uniform, so that it was almost invisible. Commander Saunders, thirty-six, comes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and is a pioneer in underwater demolition. During World War II, he was commanding officer of UDT 27 in the Pacific.

With him when I met him was the executive offi-



The UDT training is so rugged that only a quarte

cer of UDT 21, Lieutenant Commander John T. Drumm, of San Marcos, Texas, who has more than 20 years of Navy service as an enlisted man and officer, and was a submariner in World War II.

These two senior officers make a hard-boiled combination—but then the 200 enlisted men and junior officers who compose training teams UDT 21 and UDT 22 are not exactly cub scouts. I never met a group of more self-reliant, hell-for-leather characters. All have a physical build that would bring roars of approval at a weight lifters' convention, all must be proficient in both judo and mountain-style wrestling—and all have a sun tan that in wintertime would cost at least a couple of thousand dollars to acquire at Miami Beach.

An Adventure in Shark's-Tail Twisting

For sheer exercise, six-foot three-inch Engineman First Class Paul E. (Tex) Hager, of Houston, a World War II combat veteran, likes to twist sharks' tails.

"Let's see," he told me, thinking back. "I got this big old nurse shark up under a reef off Savana Island one day and give her a good one. Boy—did she react! Ran over me and some officer who was right behind me."

The officer, Lieutenant (jg) Richard D. Van Law, of Denver, Colorado, claimed to shipmates later that he had broken all speed records for swimming backward.

Several days later word was passed along that in the future UDTs would kindly leave sharks alone. Accompanying this verbal edict was another, equally revealing. It said that owners of slingshots must refrain from using the running lights of submarines as targets.

Frogmen are so proud of their outfit that they are likely to forget they're part of something larger. Old hands at St. Thomas gleefully tell of a new UDT trainee who was challenged by a destroyer sailor. The future frogman was crouched on the beach, trying to repair some compressed-air tanks. He was clad in typical working attire: swimming trunks, canvas shoes and GI pistol belt with a sheath knife hanging from it.

"Say, Bud," the destroyer man asked. "Are you in the Navy?"

"Naw," said the other without hesitation. "I'm in the UDT."

UDU Two is a self-sustained unit. On this trip, it had come down from Virginia in two attack transports, with its own supply, medical and administrative services, and more than 150 tons of special underwater gear. Within a few days, everyone had become accustomed to living in several moldy-green former warehouses, which also accommodated the galley (the food was good), diving equipment, assorted pets, a Haitian voodoo drum that called the faithful to evening pinochle sessions in the officers' quarters, thousands of mice and a foot-loose burro who loved candy and occasionally assisted at reveille. His nerve-shattering hi-fidelity bray was powerful enough to overturn coffee cups all over the base (the echoes alone, bouncing off ships anchored in the roadstead, could make a man cut himself shaving).

The student UDTs were now in the final phases of a rugged 28-week training course—a course so tough that only about a quarter of the original "tadpoles" ever get to be real frogmen. The students had volunteered for underwater duty from all over the Navy—cooks, yeomen, gunners, everything imaginable. (There were also a dozen Marines at St. Thomas—members of a beachhead recon outfit who were on hand to learn UDT techniques.) The qualifications for underwater demolition training are not particularly rigid; until recently the volunteers did not even have to be able to swim. Many veteran frogmen who think nothing of staying in the water for as long as eight hours couldn't swim eight feet when they began their amphibious careers. After 28 weeks, they had to prove that they'd learned—by taking a seven-mile open-water swim from Vieques Island to the Roosevelt Roads anchorage at the eastern tip of Puerto Rico.

Demolition is important part of frogmen's job. Top, Lt. (jg) Ralph Leonard, carrying wire, signals others. Next, swimmers gather on the beach for conference; explosives are in yellow bags. In third picture, charge is planted on beach obstacle. Last photo shows explosion

There are two courses a year for replacement UDTs, who are needed to keep the Navy's total UDT strength at 400. Candidates for training are required to be no older than thirty (although that's sometimes waived) and must be able to pass the standard Navy Deep Sea Divers physical examination, during which they're subjected to pressure equivalent to that 112 feet below the sea's surface.

Besides UDU Two at Little Creek, another frogman unit is stationed on the West Coast, at Coronado, California. At both places, the frogmen keep up a constant training program, breaking in new men, testing new equipment, trying new underwater techniques and maintaining proficiency in the old ones. At any given time, there may be a few UDTs on detached service, perhaps with the Sixth Fleet in European waters, or with the Seventh Fleet in the Pacific. Requests for frogmen for special assignments come in frequently, and one reason the UDTs love their work is that they never know whether they'll spend the next month swimming in the warm waters of the Caribbean or among the ice packs of Greenland.

Besides their special-duty assignments, many frogmen also are sent to various service schools each year to learn about a variety of subjects which have become important in the many-sided UDT operations: salvage, deep-sea diving, cartography, explosive ordnance and the like. All the men are required to be familiar with demolitions; each must fire explosives once a month to qualify for the extra pay UDTs get for doing hazardous duty (under the recent military pay-rise bill it's now $55 a month extra for all enlisted frogmen, regardless of rating, and $110 extra for the officers).

Frogmen Develop Many Varied Skills

Since each frogman keeps his regular Navy specialty as a cook, storekeeper or whatever—and actually works at it, within the self-contained UDT units—it's easy to see that the underwater men are a versatile gang. In fact, by the time a man completes the 28-week course, he's an expert in everything from repairing an outboard motor to blowing up a battleship. Both those subjects are on the UDT curriculum—along with more than 50 others, including preassault investigation of enemy beaches or anchorages, usually done under cover of night or even during daylight protected by supporting Navy guns; removal of beach obstacles; discovery and charting of mine fields; blasting of clear channels for the approach of ships; and even the correct measurements of surf to aid landing craft.

Many of those jobs have been undertaken in real combat, at one time or another since the UDTs were first organized in World War II. The first volunteers, most of them Seabees, were used to clear the invasion beaches of Sicily. By the end of the war there were 3,500 of them, risking their lives in both major war theaters. One of their biggest jobs was blowing six gaps in German offshore obstacles at the Normandy beaches in preparation for the D-day landings. More recently the UDTs also did magnificent service in Korea.

Today's 400 frogmen comprise a cadre on which a much larger force could be built up swiftly in the event of war. All the UDTs are trained as potential instructors in case the emergency ever arises.

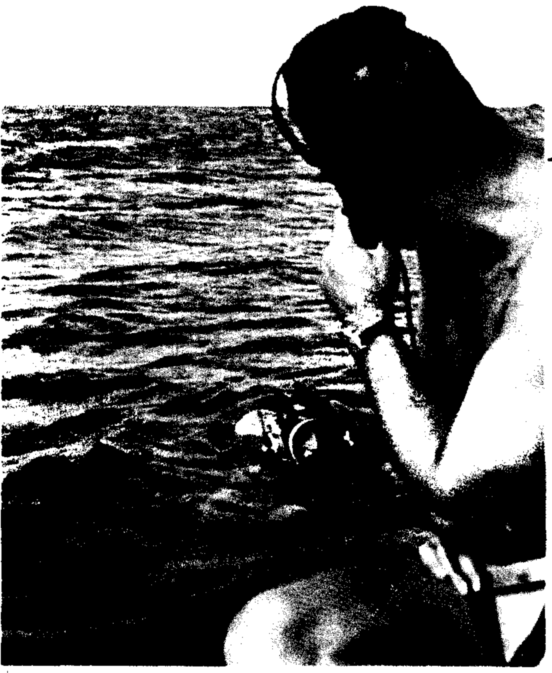
The function of the underwater men has changed slightly in recent years. Originally, they were used only to clear beaches or to act as subsurface detectives, ferreting out the details of the ocean floor off hostile shores. Now they are also being trained for aggressive assaults against shipping—a tactic dating as far back in American history as Revolutionary days, when British warships were attacked by crudely manufactured torpedoes guided by swimming patriots. In 1951 war games, UDT teams "blew up" four big vessels of the Sixth Fleet (including an aircraft carrier), and damaged another.

As you can imagine, it's dangerous work, whether on beaches or under enemy ships. UDT men told me that if they are discovered off a hostile coast they are particularly vulnerable to artillery fire; the concussion of a shell exploding underwater is so tremendous that it doesn't even have to land close to kill a man.

The frogmen earn their extra pay even in peacetime, as they demonstrated while I was with them at St. Thomas. During one six-week period, UDT swimmers pulled a 90-foot yacht off a reef near Porpoise Shoals; moved 300 cubic yards of subsurface fill to make a ramp so a Navy P2V Neptune aircraft which crashed at Truman Airport could be moved to a barge; fixed numerous submarine propellers underwater; recovered several practice torpedoes; searched for and found the wreckage of a TBM Navy bomber which crashed at sea en route to St. Thomas from San Juan, Puerto Rico; and were called on to recover the body of one drowning victim and try to rescue another.

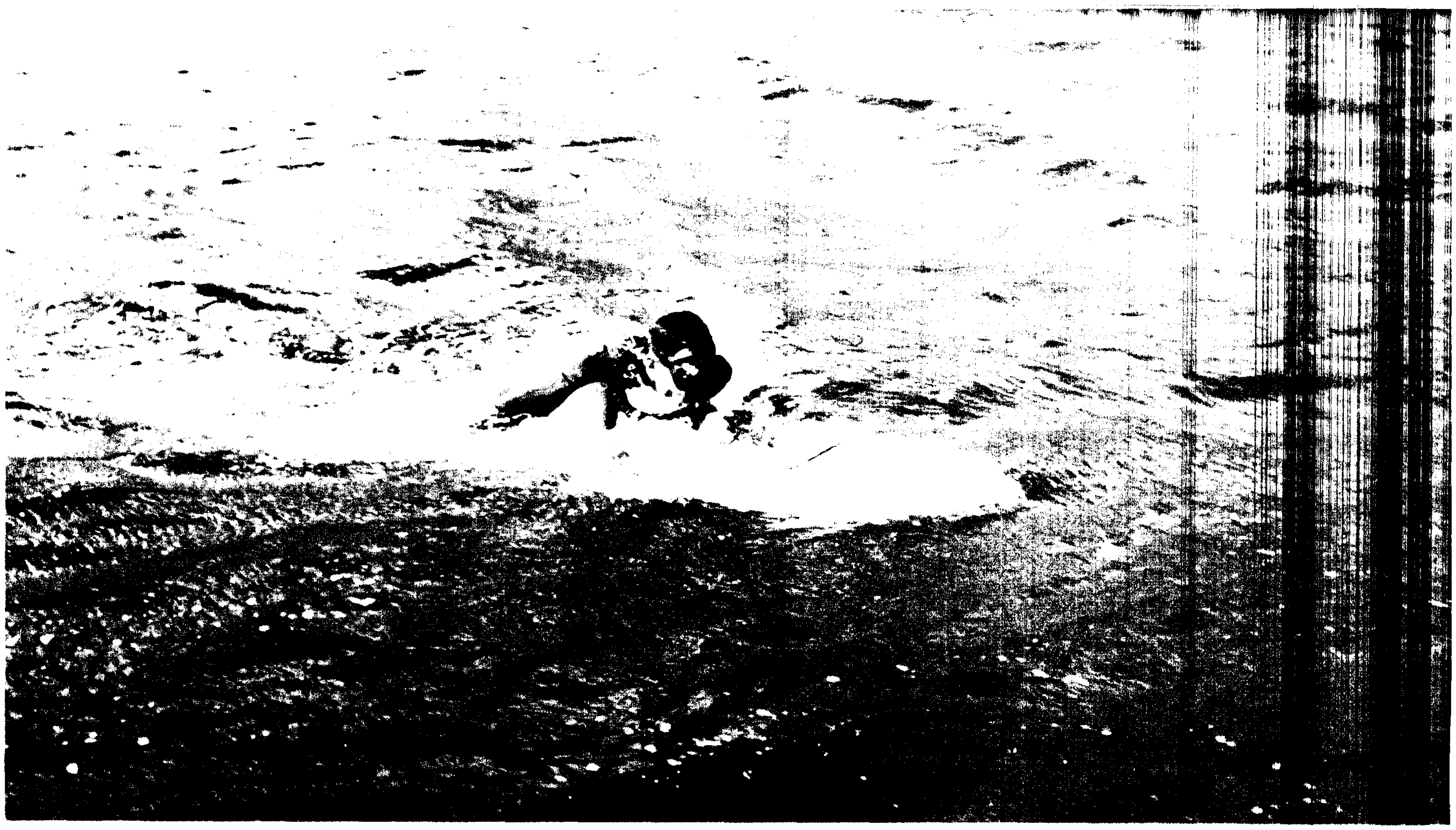
I was present on the second occasion. A telephone call from Navy Shore Patrol at the nearby town of Charlotte Amalie asked for UDT aid in finding a sailor who had fallen into the harbor. Within seconds, equipment had been flung into a truck and swimmers had been counted off, and a big personnel carrier was roaring through the gates of the base to the scene of the accident at Frenchtown wharf. It was a moonless night.

At the wharf's edge the frogmen lined up

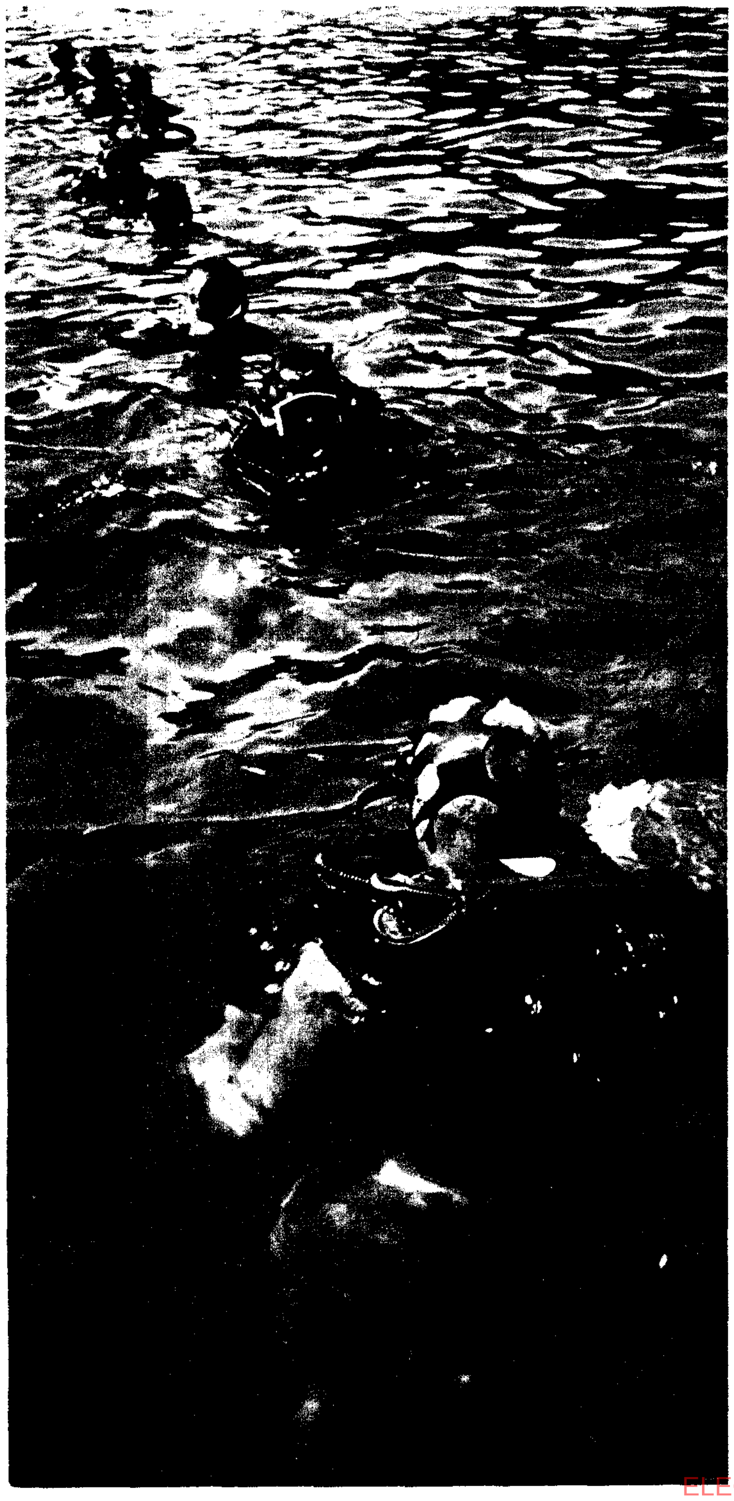


Frogmen using various phones can talk on surface, underwater, or underwater-to-surface

Submarines can transport Underwater Demolition Teams into enemy harbors for reconnaissance, beach-clearing, inland forays and so on. Here an instructor (left) lends a hand as a student frogman emerges from escape hatch of a sub lying on bottom off St. Thomas, Virgin Islands



Because UDT swimmers must carry tremendous amounts of equipment with them over great distances, this self-propelled carrier—called a sea sled by the frogmen—was developed by the Navy to help transport gear. Driven by one man, it can travel either on surface or under the water



A UDT instructor with some of his students—all volunteers, from every part of the Navy

quickly, five abreast, at arm's length. Some had water lungs; they stood in the first line. Surface swimmers stood some distance back holding lines which were attached to the underwater men. At a snapped command by Lieutenant Joseph J. (Big Joe) Carosia, of Orange, New Jersey, they went into the water. In a moment there was a shout in the darkness. The sailor had been found by Damage Controlman Wilson Bane, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Quickly he was brought to the wharfside and lifesaving began. I looked at my watch. It had been only five minutes since we had sped through the base gates.

The frogmen took turns at artificial respiration until hospital corpsmen arrived with a resuscitator unit. But in a few minutes, Navy doctor Lieutenant (jg) Lewis Anderson, of Greensboro, Alabama, quietly removed the nose cone from the youngster's face and pulled the blanket over him.

"Isn't that hell," one of the frogmen said.

A New Kind of "Inside" Baseball

Frenchtown, scene of this tragedy, is usually a place of fun for the UDTs. The Navy men have played many a Sunday double-header baseball game there against a club sponsored by local restaurateur Pierre Danet. Danet supplies his boys with copious quantities of cold beer, most of which they thoughtfully save for the visitors—which explains why canny Navy rooters always bet against their own team in the second game.

There are several reasons why the Little Creek frogmen spend these three-month periods in the Virgin Islands. First, the water is warm and clear, offering plenty of opportunity for underseas work. Again, other military units train in the Caribbean, and the UDTs are able to work with them; for example, frogmen participated in a Marine practice assault against Vieques Island while I was there. Another reason for picking St. Thomas is that it has a sub base, and the frogmen need training with submarines. The sub-escape exercise I photographed was a reconnaissance mission, of a type invaluable in wartime. After leaving the submarine, the student UDTs were being trained to proceed toward the beach, taking soundings as they went, and to report back to the sub with their findings.

It goes without saying that by the time they've finished this intensive training, the UDTs are second to no one in the world as underwater experts. If you happen to be interested in skin-diving, both their equipment and their advice are worth close attention. For one thing, they wear a magnetic compass which enables them to follow a given direction underwater. It's luminous and looks like an overgrown wrist watch. Another wrist gadget is a gauge which tells the swimmer how deep he is (that's how the UDTs take harbor soundings). And then all UDT men wear waterproof wrist watches which will continue to function down to 300 feet (all UDT equipment is guaranteed to work at 130 feet, but in actual operations, when the rulebook gets kicked out the window, there is no stopping at preset depths. Special gear usually performs at pressures down to 300 feet, sometimes deeper).

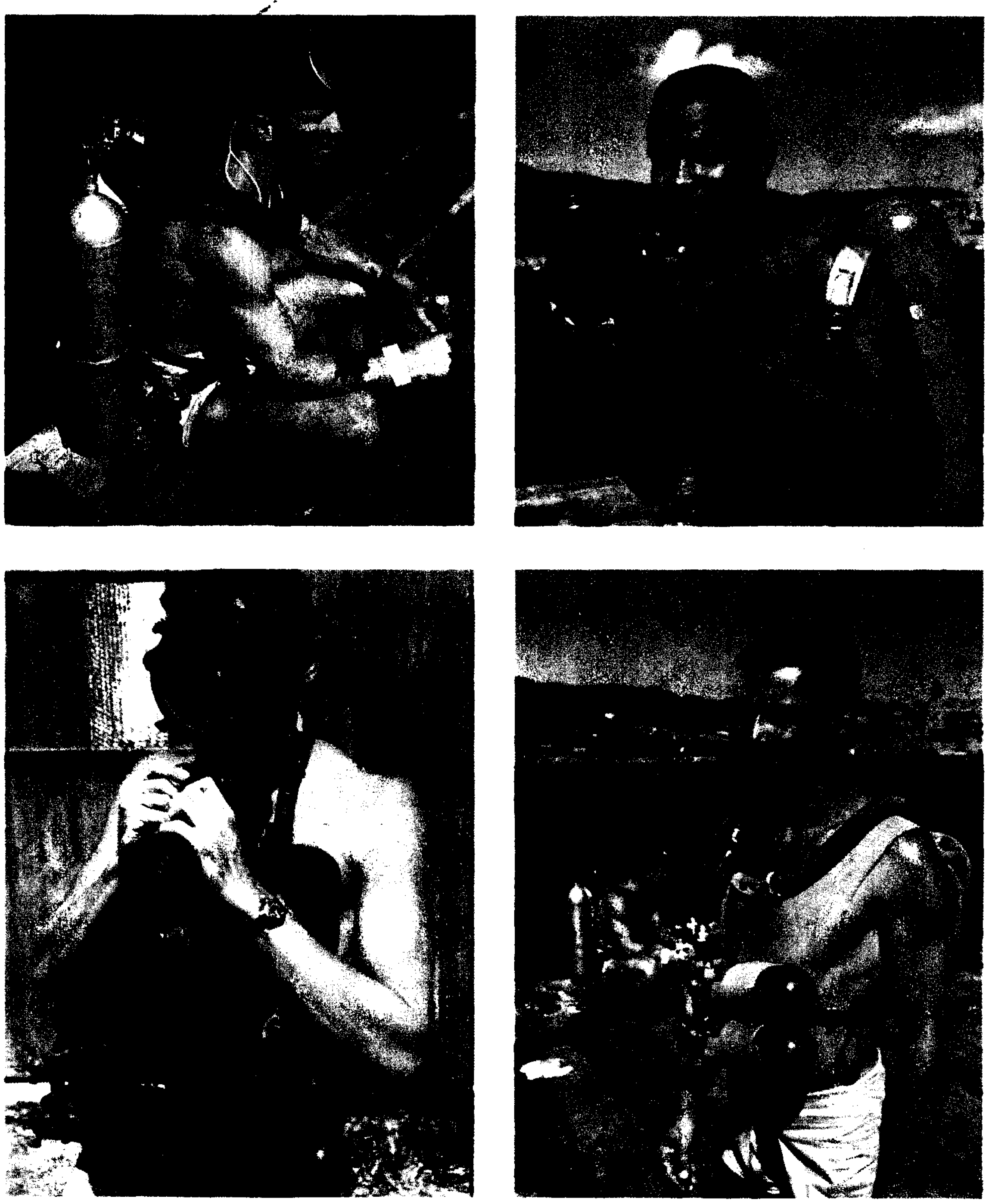
I talked to the UDT doctor, Lieutenant (jg) William E. Mayberry, of Cookeville, Tennessee, about skin-diving, and he had some words of caution for followers of the sport—particularly concerning depth.

"Deep diving just isn't for amateurs," he said. "Unless someone has been properly trained, all sorts of things can happen. Most of the trouble comes from the body's reaction to unaccustomed pressures of air. Because of the pressure of water on a man's chest, air has to be forced into the lungs by the breathing apparatus at a pressure equal to that of the water on the body. This makes the air in the lungs denser and it contains a lot of nitrogen. Oxygen moves in and out of the tissues okay but nitrogen does not. So, if a diver comes up too quickly the nitrogen begins to bubble out and you have the bends—pain and sometimes unconsciousness.

"By the way, fat people shouldn't dive, because fatty tissue has more trouble throwing off the excess nitrogen. And even lean people shouldn't dive deep any more than once in every twelve hours."

"What's this 'rapture of the deep' I hear about?" I asked him.

"Nitrogen narcosis. Too much nitrogen. Got the same effect on a man as five Martinis. He forgets what he's doing and it probably accounts for the disappearance of a lot of these civilian skin-divers who never return to the surface."



UDT underwater-breathing equipment is of special interest to skin-divers. Here are four of the types in use. L. to r., from top: Aqua-lung, using compressed air, is the most popular because it's rugged, simple. Scott equipment also uses compressed air, preferable for deep dives. Two types below both feed swimmer pure oxygen, which is used over and over, thus releasing no bubbles, helping avoid detection. They are Pirelli and Draeger models. The men (in same order) are Fredrick Robbins, John Bland, Gordon Beaham, Richard Boden

"When does a diver actually feel pressure?" I asked.

"Shoot, man," Doc said, "some people feel it at three feet."

He moved away to look at some sea-urchin stings on a UDT swimmer's foot. Coral shoes, the natty white canvas boots which most frogmen wear in tropical waters, would have protected the swimmer in this case. Sea urchins and their vicious barbs have probably produced more picturesque swearing off this island than has been heard since the days of Blackbeard.

Buccaneers of old would also twirl their mustaches in amazement at some of the latest diving equipment being tested in these calm, blue-green waters. Equipment is of tremendous importance to the UDTs, who must be ready for any emergency, whether it be a drowning or clearing harbor approaches in the Chinese Tachen Islands.

Among the most interesting devices I saw are those used for communication, like the telephones which enable a swimmer to maintain contact with his buddies.

Noticing all the equipment, I asked the obvious question: "How much weight can you put on a frogman and still expect him to carry out his primary mission as an underwater swimmer?"

Sea Sled Relieves UDT Men of Burdens

That's when I was introduced to the most unusual gadget of all—a bright yellow tobogganlike affair which the UDT men call a sea sled. The sled is a self-propelled vehicle which carries the equipment needed by the frogmen.

"You can see what we were up against," said Walter N. Wainwright, head of the Special Applications Section, U.S. Navy Underwater Sound Laboratory. "We kept perfecting equipment, trying to keep its weight down. But as the demands grew for more and better underwater communications, we realized that we were about to sink the swimmers regardless. So we developed the carrier. We're not in the boatbuilding business, but we had to construct something to transport the heavier stuff."

The sled has been in various stages of development for the last five years. It is largely the brain child of James Catlow, forty, a top mechanical engineer and section chief in the sound laboratory shops at New London, Connecticut.

I photographed the sled underwater—and it was an eerie feeling to sit on an anchor about 30 feet down and watch sled and rider glide past like some fanciful sea monster. For one thing, it was dark down there. We didn't get the sled into the water until late in the afternoon, when the sun's rays had begun to falter. Then, rather than go through the whole business of assembling all the necessary personnel and moving to the usual diving area, Commander Saunders decided to dump everybody overboard right where we were—in the main ship channel. Two Navy photographers, one armed with a $6,500 underwater movie camera, vanished down the anchor chain. Lieutenant Robert J. Fay, of Wollaston, Massachusetts, went down to drive the sled. I followed, hoping that no destroyer or anything bigger would enter the harbor and run over us.

Another reason why I felt peculiar was that we had anchored awfully near the haunts of "Old Joe," a barracuda reputed to be of monstrous proportions. Fortunately, he didn't show up.

When they have nothing else to do, UDT swimmers, working in pairs, sometimes hunt barracuda.

"The barracuda is curious," one man told me. "He'll usually dodge the first spear, but then he'll come back to investigate and he won't be prepared for the second spear. It's also a good idea to have a second man around just in case the fish rushes you after the first shot."

The people of the Virgin Islands take a dim view of fooling around with the barracuda, which is an evil figure in some of their legends. One day some superstitious islanders came across Lieutenant (jg) Richard J. (Mr. Bones) Bonin, of River Forest, Illinois, and Mineman Second Class Eugene Gayman, of Dayton, Ohio, having a picnic on the beach. Two fires were burning; over one was a pot of giant lobsters, cooking in sea water and vinegar; over the other the two UDTs were broiling barracuda steaks. The natives were shocked. "You eat barracuda, barracuda eat you," they warned.

Mr. Bones waved nonchalantly. "Promises," he said. "Nothing but promises."

But the Virgin Islanders, particularly those living around St. Thomas, aren't as easily surprised by the underwater demolition men as they used to be. They've become accustomed, for example, to having the swimmers suddenly bob up on crowded beaches at the end of a long underwater endurance swim. Children and young people even take great delight in accompanying the frogmen for the last few feet of the swim.

Before I left St. Thomas, the UDTs turned out in sharply creased uniforms for a formal inspection by fleet admirals. Dressed up, they looked like sailors in any Navy formation.

It was hard to visualize them as the tough, combat-ready undersea prowlers they are. Yet even in dress uniform, some of their characteristic qualities came through. Vice-Admiral Frank G. (Spike) Fahrion, commander of Atlantic Fleet amphibious forces, summed it up in a quiet aside to Commander Saunders after the inspection was over. "I'm glad they're on our side," he said.

The admiral is probably no gladder than the frogmen themselves; there probably isn't a more enthusiastic outfit in the armed forces. "When a man is ordered to cover three or four miles underwater, packing heavy equipment, to handle a very technical job at the other end, he's got to like the work or he won't be able to do it," says Lieutenant Commander Frank Kaine, of Brattleboro, Vermont, skipper of UDT 21. "Working underwater is tough. But the real UDT men love the work and you couldn't pry them loose from it." ▲▲▲

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Man of the West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

Early and Tom talking in the kitchen.

"What's your full name, Tom?"

"Thomas Potter, sir," said the boy.

"Thomas Potter," said Early. "How long have you been Thomas Potter?"

"Since I was born," the boy said.

Potter got out of bed and came into the kitchen in his bare feet. "Let the boy alone!" he said harshly. The tears were still on his cheeks.

The boy said, "Who is this man, Pa?"

"Go to bed, son," said Potter.

"Tell him who I am," said Early. "Or I'll tell him."

Potter clasped his broad hands together, but he still said nothing.

"Pa," said young Tom, "who is he?"

"His name is Thomas Early," Potter said flatly. "He's your father."

NEXT morning the rain had stopped, and young Tom was determined to leave the valley with Early. Tom started to mount the gelding bareback, but at the very last minute Mr. Potter brought out a worn saddle.

"Long as you're going, you may as well ride proper," he said.

"I appreciate that, Mr. Potter," said the boy.

Potter bowed his head. It was the first time Tom had not called him Pa, and it hurt him. For over sixteen years, to protect the boy and his mother, Elisha Potter had been father and husband—but in name only. Now, suddenly, he seized the gelding's reins and turned to Early.

"Leave the boy here, Mr. Early," he cried. "He's my son. You left him and his mother. I'm the one that took care of them; raised the boy."

"Tom's decided," Early said.

"He didn't decide," Potter said. "It was seeing your fine horses and your fancy guns that swayed him. I raised him different. I taught him to fear God, to follow his own conscience, to fill the barn with his own labor."

"Good teaching," Early said, "as far as it goes."

"What would you teach him, Mr. Early?"

"To be a man."

"A man! Of what profession, Mr. Early?"

Early turned to Tom. "Mr. Potter is a good man, son," he said. "He thinks you'd be better off with him. Maybe he's right."

"I'm riding with you, Pa," Tom said, and there was worship in his look.

"Go with this man, Tom, and you'll ride to your death," Potter said—and he meant it literally.

The boy didn't answer; he yanked the reins free from Potter's hand and urged the gelding forward. Early followed, and then took the lead as they reached the foothills. He looked back and saw Potter take an ax and go to the woodpile. As long as they were in the valley, they could hear the terrible sound of Potter's ax behind them, echoing from the hills, each stroke as heavy as if it were meant to demolish the sinful world.

By noon, Early and Tom had reached the mountains, and that afternoon and the next day were difficult riding. Tom began to feel the exhilaration of height; the pure, thin air, the patches of snow like white flowers. He asked his father about Laramie.

"What about it?" said Early.

"It's a wild place, isn't it, Pa?" he said hopefully.

"No, it's pretty quiet." Early felt awkward and uneasy in these first gestures of friendship.

"The way I heard, there's gun fights in Laramie—every day, pretty near."

"No," said Early, "it's quiet. Except maybe once in a while."

"What were you doing in Laramie, Pa?" young Tom asked.

"Nothing," said Early, "waiting." He said it with a touch of anger, and Tom questioned him no more. But they both knew that an explanation had been merely postponed.

On the fourth day of their journey they ran out of meat. Tom left the trail, found and shot a young deer, and rode back with a grinning, shy, boy's pride. After they had eaten, they sat close to the fire. It had grown cold with nightfall, for they were near the top of the Little Big Horn.

Tom stared into the darkness. "How far are we from Laramie?" he said.

"We're not going to Laramie."

"Then where are we going?"

"Drink your coffee."

"Are we going to a big town?"

"It's no town at all," said Early, feeling unreasonable anger. "It's five hundred acres in a virgin valley."

"Yours?"

"Certainly it's mine," Potter said. "I got it free and clear for a job I did six years ago."

"What kind of a job was it, Pa?"

"You ask more damn' questions than I know how to answer."

"I'm sorry, Pa."

The coffee tasted bitter to Early. He knew it was not the questions asked by his son, but the questions he asked of himself that were so difficult to answer. Why had he left the boy's mother, after a year and a half of marriage? After having spent the years since in the familiar company of guns, open country and animals, or in the close hot rooms of casinos, why had he come back and claimed his son? He knew everything he had done was right—even the foolish acts fitted into place—but he could not explain *why* he knew he was right.

AT LAST he said to his son, "You'll like it. The land's good—it'll grow anything you can name. But there's work to be done. I spent a summer there"—he didn't add that he had spent that long summer recovering from a gunshot wound—"I built a house with a fireplace and dug a well."

"You mean we're going to settle down and farm?" the boy asked, disappointed.

Early said sharply, "What do *you* want to do, hold up a bank?"

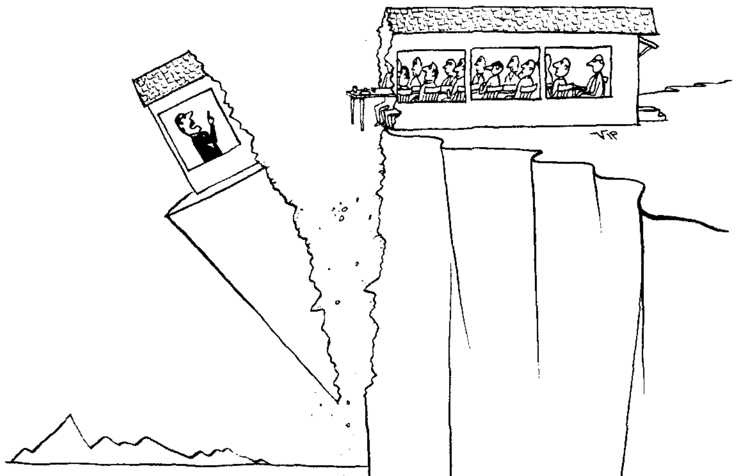
"No, sir, but I'm tired of farming. You been lots of places and seen just about everything. I'd like to do the same," the boy said.

"That was my mistake. I'm trying to save you the same grief," Early said and got up and started kicking out the fire. "Turn in. We've got a long day's ride ahead tomorrow."

"Why was Mr. Potter afraid of you?" the boy asked.

"I don't know what Mr. Potter told you or what you've been thinking these three days, but get one fact straight: I'm not a thief and I'm no outlaw, and I never did anything in my life that I'm ashamed of."

"I believe that, Pa," Tom said. "But there's something about you that makes people afraid."



COLLIER'S "And in conclusion . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

Early stared at him a moment, then rested his hands on the two guns on his thighs. "It's the guns."

"It's not just the guns, Pa."

"I tell you it's these pistols, nothing else. I don't wear 'em for fun. I wear 'em because that's how I keep alive. I travel in wild country, and I don't mean just the animals. This country isn't as empty as it looks. There are men here who'll kill you for the blanket you're sleeping on."

"No, it's not the guns," Tom said. "It's the way you look at people; it's in your eyes. They seem to look right through a man."

"Maybe I've seen too much," Early said ruefully.

"What's eatin' you, Pa? I got a right to know."

Early lay down and pulled his blanket up around his shoulders.

"I'll tell you someday," he said softly. "When you can understand. Or when I can understand it myself."

THREE days later, in the early morning, they came to the camp of a wagon train, where the families were quarreling over whether to go south or to go north over the range. Early found the leader of the train and drew two maps of the region, covering five hundred miles south and north. In return for his help, he was offered his pick of any supplies he could buy, which was no small favor in this empty region.

At noon Early and Tom set forth again, more slowly, for now the two horses, Susan and Brutus, were hitched to a wagon loaded with new farm tools. Behind the wagon Tom led two rather emaciated Jersey cows. They traveled up through a region creased with ravines, the trail growing continually narrower, and finally they came to a place called Angel's Pass. It was an opening through the range, high but passable, and at one point it narrowed to no more than seven yards. Towering on either side of the pass were grotesque formations of rock so eroded by wind and snow that often great masses of stone were balanced on columns that seemed too fragile to support them.

An hour before sunset they had gone through the pass and entered the mouth of a broad valley. There were great trees on the slopes on either side, but in the open sweep of the valley were vast meadows of deep thick grass. They startled a herd of deer, crossed a small brook, and came to a solitary tree. A notice was burned into a board nailed to the tree:

Property of Thomas Early 1873 Squatters Will Be Fired Upon Without Notice.

They halted. The ground was pungent and thick with early wild strawberries. Early surveyed his lush farmland with pride. "How does it look to you, son. Ought to raise corn as high as a horse can rear."

Tom walked over to his father. "Sure, but there's more to farming than watching the crops grow. You got to plow and plant and weed and pray for rain and fight the bugs. It's work from sunup to sundown." He sighed. "That's what I thought you were taking me away from."

"The winters are long in Wyoming. We'll have time to do some hunting and trapping. You teach me how to farm and I'll teach you how to shoot."

Tom brightened instantly. "Sounds like a right fair bargain," he said with a smile.

Early raised his hand. There was the sound of dogs barking far down in the valley. "Last time I was here," said Early, "there was no life in this valley but wild animals. Now we've got to deal with people. Let's go see who's living in my house."

But there was no one there. In the center of the clearing stood a gable-roofed, two-room cabin built of hand-sawed logs. There was a half-finished shed a hundred feet off, along the side of which a row of sunflowers had grown up. The door of the house had warped shut so tight that Early had to take a crowbar to open it.

The boy began to build a fire on the hearth, and Early stepped out of the cabin into the airy, cleared space among the pines. When he had gone about fifty feet, he looked back and saw the boy looking about the house with curiosity. Early felt very good.

He was just going to put the horses and the cows into the shed when he heard a familiar sound in the woods behind him. It was the heavy clumsy footsteps that he'd heard on the tenth day out of Laramie. But no bear in the world, however stupid, would follow a man this far. He stood absolutely still. He thought to himself that he had made two mistakes: first in thinking that a man was a bear; and second, when he fed the bear, that that had been the end of pursuit by man.

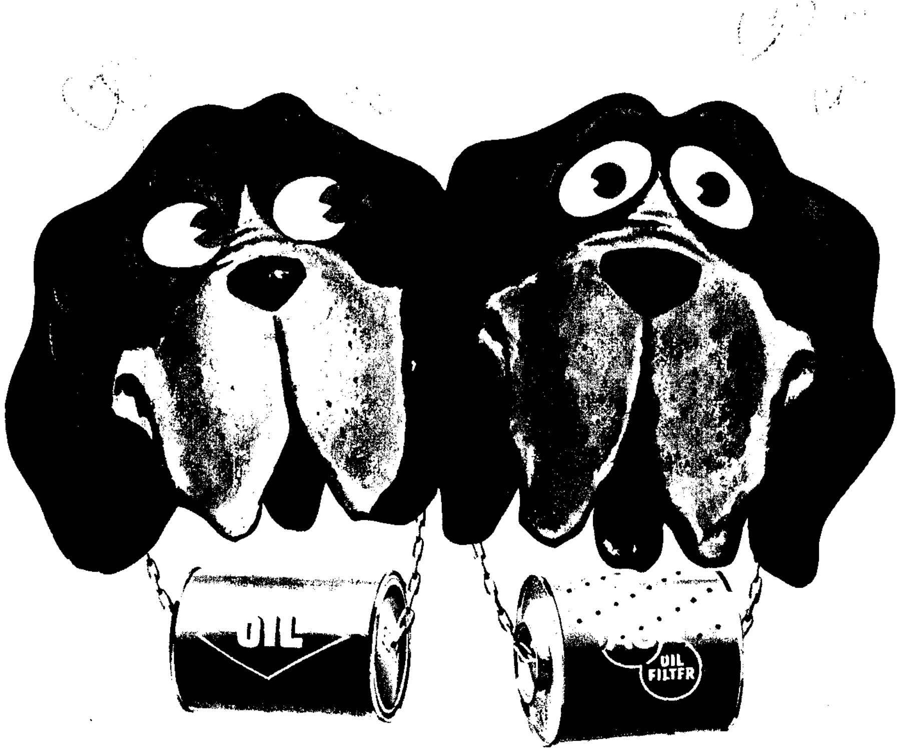
A hoarse voice said, "Hold it, Mr. Early!"

He turned then and saw the intruder. The man was advancing with a rifle aimed at Early's stomach.

"Drop your guns," the man said.

"What guns?" said Early. He spoke

Ah-h-h Spring!



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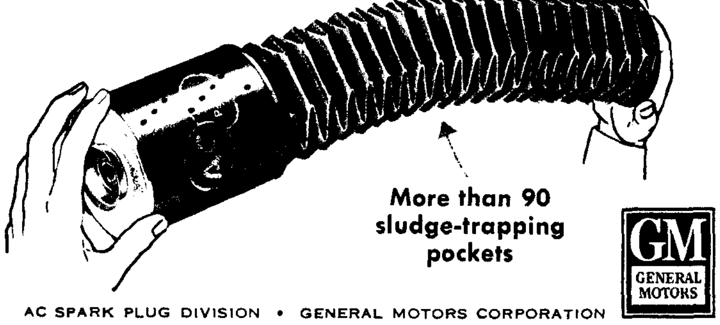
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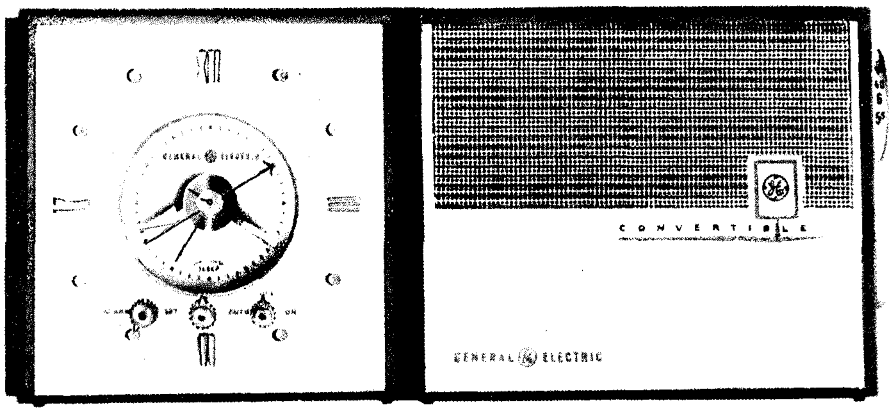

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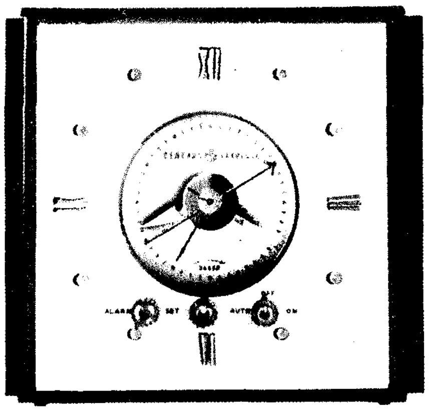
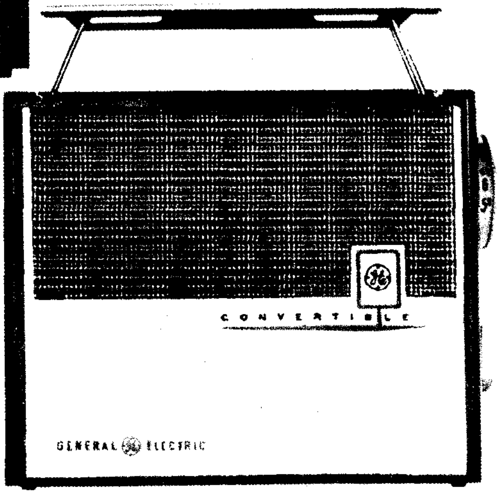


...it's a clock

...it's a portable



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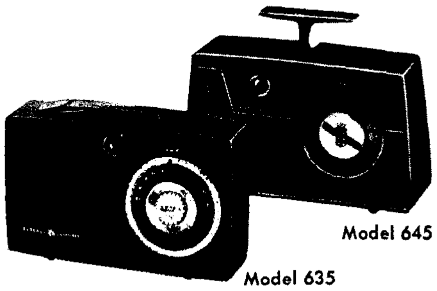

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in a loud firm voice. He hoped Tom would hear and have the sense, if he was going to come out at all, to come out shooting with both hands. Early's belt and guns were lying on the kitchen table. If the boy had to kill the intruder, maybe it would help him to understand his father.

"I'm going to kill you, Mr. Early," said the man. He was a beefy fellow, his face covered with a grimy beard and his clothes stained with mud, dust and rain.

"If you're going to kill me," Early said, "the least you can do is tell me your name."

"I don't have time for introductions, Mr. Early," the man said.

"You're a damn' liar," Early said. "You had time to follow me all the way from Laramie. You had three weeks' opportunity to kill me if you had to. What were you afraid of?"

"Shut up!" cried the man. "Like you say, I trailed you from Laramie, but my horse was mauled by a bear. I been trailing you on foot up and down these cussed mountains, ever since. But I never got close enough to shoot till you slowed yourself down with them cows and that secondhand wagon."

AT THIS moment Tom came out of the cabin, but he had nothing more threatening in his hand than a pitchfork with a broken handle.

"Son," said Early, "man here wants to kill me."

"Not very polite," said Tom, matching his father's tone. Then he slowly, very slowly, began to move back toward the house.

"Stop," said the man. The boy obeyed.

"Won't tell me his name or his trouble," Early said to his son.

"Now, wait!" said the man. "I'm not ashamed of my name. It's Martin. My brother's name was Joseph." He leaned toward Early with a bitter expression in his small, bloodshot eyes. "Martin! Joseph Martin! He died in Laramie with your bullet in his chest!"

Early glanced at his son. Young Tom didn't seem particularly upset. "Did you know your brother, Mr. Martin?" asked Early.

"He was my brother. That's all I need to know."

"He was excessively fond of Spanish brandy, Mr. Martin."

"That's no crime."

"No, but when he drank, he liked to go out to the new railroad track and shoot at the twelve-o'clock train."

"That don't call for execution."

"No, that was just his notion of a joke. But when he killed a fireman—"

"Shut up!"

"—a fireman who was the father of four children," continued Early, "your brother became a murderer, Mr. Martin. There's no other name for it. I had a warrant for his arrest."

"Arrest!" said Martin. "Then why didn't you arrest him?"

"I tried," said Early, "but he reached for his gun first."

"That's not true!" cried Martin.

"Ten people," Early said calmly, "saw what happened. I'll give you their names. They all live in Laramie. You can ask any one of them."

"Suppose he reached for his gun. What chance did he have against *you?* Against the great Mr. Early?"

"The same chance I'm giving you, Mr. Martin. There's a derringer strapped to my right forearm. I've had two chances to kill you while we've been talking."

Martin was still holding the rifle, and now his hands began to tremble. "You're bluffin'," he said.

"Maybe," said Early, and took two steps directly toward Martin, and then stopped. "Are you calling my hand?"

Martin hesitated. Then very deliberately he lowered his rifle. "I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Early. It's just that I can't kill a man in cold blood, not even you."

Early said nothing.

"Do you know the name of the town they're buildin' farther down in this valley?" Martin asked.

"You're mistaken, Mr. Martin," said Tom. "There's no town in this valley."

"If you go two miles farther," said Martin, "you can count the cabins of thirty farms. I saw 'em myself. And I saw the sign with the name of this town written on it. It's called Good Hope, Mr. Early. Good Hope."

"I've nothing against their town," said Early. "If they stay out of my way, I'll stay out of theirs."

Martin shook his fist at Early. "Get out of here, Mr. Early. You're not wanted here. This is a peaceful valley. Leave it in peace, or I'll come back and change my character and learn how to kill you." Martin turned and walked back into the woods, his massive back and stiff tread more and more like a bear's as he got farther away.

Tom grabbed his father's arm, whispering in his excitement. "He's yellow! I knew he'd turn yellow from the way he held that gun!"

Early turned and walked toward the house. "He came to his senses. That's being smart, not yellow."

"But you bluffed him, didn't you?" said Tom.

Early spun around and in the same motion snapped his right arm; a derringer was suddenly in his hand and he fired. The shot took the top off a sunflower plant near the shed.

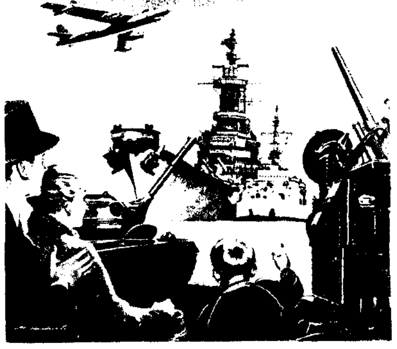
"Now get the horses unhitched," he told his son.

Tom stared at his father's back. He had learned more about the man in the last two minutes than he had from all the talk they had exchanged.

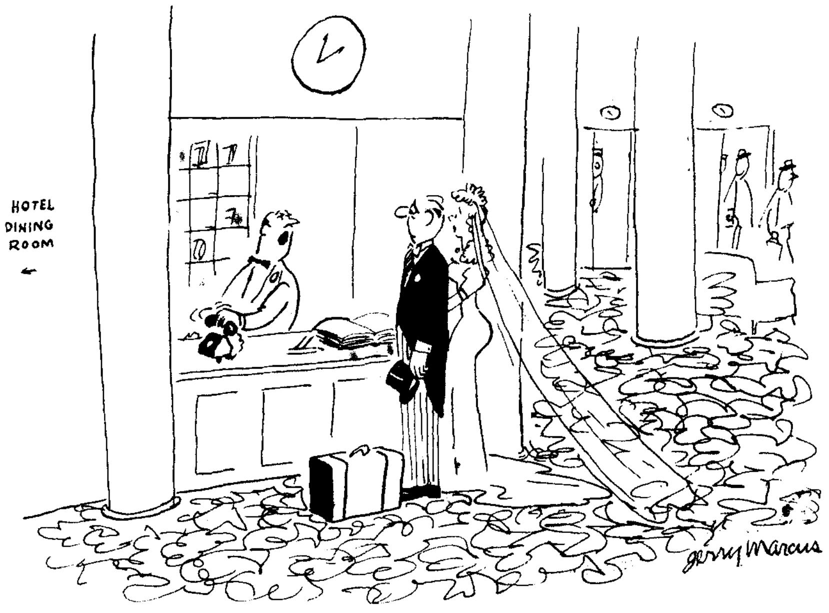
IT WAS a Sunday three weeks later that Early and Tom, dressed in their best clothes, rode down the valley to the town for the first time. They had lost track of the days in their frantic effort to get the seed in and the fences built; but that morning they'd heard the church bell and Early had said they'd attend services. Young Tom hadn't wanted to go, but Early said, "If we're going to live here, Tom, we've got to live like other people."

So they washed and dressed and rode to church. Early, for the first time in many years, rode without weapons of any sort.

POWER for PEACE



ARMED FORCES DAY
OPEN HOUSE



COLLIER'S "... Now then, what can I do for you, sir?" JERRY MARCUS

The church, a little distance from the business buildings of Good Hope, was still unfinished, and the newly hung church bell was suspended from a limb of an oak tree. The church could not afford a regular, ordained preacher, and so a serious young farmer had been chosen to preside on Sundays. The members belonged to one of the small sects that had sprung up after the Civil War; they were proud, pious, distrustful of arms and armies and any show of violence; they were self-contained, sober and industrious.

As Early and Tom entered the church, the preacher was leading the congregation—all one hundred fifty persons—in a thundering hymn: There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

Although the hymn continued, many people turned to look at the strangers. One of them was Martin, who—after his vain attempt to kill Early—had found work on the preacher's farm. Martin went up to the front and whispered to the preacher.

The preacher stared openly at Early and his son. Martin, avoiding Early's eyes, returned to his place, and then the hymn ended. Immediately a buzzing whisper began to spread outward from Martin and through the congregation. Early smiled. He was prepared to be disliked.

Tom was unaware of any of this. He was staring at the girl sitting in front of him. Her braided hair was auburn, about the color of a tawny autumn leaf; she was young, probably no more than seventeen. He was close enough to her, to her full shoulders and the soft skin of her neck, to reach out and touch her. It was a thought he tried hard to suppress.

The preacher raised his work-roughened hands to quiet the congregation. "Friends," he said, "we have two new worshipers here."

Early poked Tom. The boy looked up at the preacher, a slow red coloring his cheeks.

"Welcome!" the preacher cried. "For there's great joy in heaven when the assassin repents—"

"Who does he mean?" the boy whispered.

"Me," said Early.

"—and the sinner weeps and the man of wrath comes to his knees before God—"

"Listen to him," said Tom. "What did I tell you? Let's go. Let's go, Pa!"

"Hush," said Early. "He's just warmin' up."

The words were spoken clearly enough for everyone to hear. The girl with the auburn hair turned slowly around. She had very large green eyes. She wore a simple dress, mended at one shoulder; it was too tight for her body, which was as rich and full as a grown woman's.

THE preacher had stopped, looking directly at the Earlys; now he thundered in a voice meant to carry across the valley: "If ye live by the sword, ye shall perish by the sword! Amen!"

"Amen!" cried the congregation.

"I'm not going to listen!" said Tom in a low voice.

Early put a restraining hand on his son's shoulder.

"Therefore I say to you," the preacher cried, "repent! Repent! Fall down and ask forgiveness for the sword drawn in anger and the bullet delivered in fury. For these valleys"—he flung out both his arms—"are the valleys of peace and forgiveness. We are farmers, not judges. We ask no man whence he came and what he accomplished—"

Early leaned forward to look at Martin, but couldn't see his face.

"—whether good or evil—in some other territory of these grand United States. No, we care not, neither do we judge. If the Devil himself came here—not to sin and to kill, but to plow and to reap—we would forgive his corruption!"

Young Tom pulled his shoulder away from his father's grip and left the church. The disturbance of Tom's departure and the sound of him riding away made the preacher pause in his sermon. Early, however, raised one hand in a gesture of good nature and said in his soft, arrogant, clear voice, "You were speaking of corruption, preacher. Go on. I'd like to hear more."

The preacher looked at Early calmly, then went on: "Corruption is like a rotten apple in a barrel. It contaminates whatever it touches. We chose this valley because it was virgin. The Lord has blessed us with good crops and good neighbors. We are safe and secure in His care. Let us return this blessing by keeping His peace. Amen."

The girl was turned in her seat, looking at Early with shameless, even passionate admiration. He was obviously a man who fitted her romantic image of outlaw love. Only where were his guns?

After church the town's two stores

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opened for business. One was the blacksmith and shoemaker, who also sold tools and building supplies, and the other was Wainscott's Emporium, the general store.

Early walked slowly past the groups of people who stood talking in the street; they all turned to watch him as he passed. When he stepped onto the wooden gallery of Wainscott's and looked through the open double doors, he saw the girl who had stared at him so openly in church. Now she was at work; her auburn braids were unpinned and she kept brushing them back as she waited on customers, her hands skillful and rapid. A square, bullheaded man, whom Early took to be Mr. Wainscott, sat behind the counter on a tall straight chair. He took orders and collected money while the girl and a woman, who probably was Mrs. Wainscott, dealt out merchandise.

Early went in. When the girl saw him, she crossed the store and pretended to look for an article on the shelves near where Early stood.

Early smiled at the girl and said, "How do, miss."

"My name's Jo Ann, Mr. Early," she said boldly.

Early smiled. "I'd like some flour, Miss Jo Ann," he said.

"How many pounds?"

"I don't know. I never bought flour before."

"How many in your family, Mr. Early?" she asked, smiling.

"Just me and my son."

"Jo Ann!" Mr. Wainscott yelled. "Just find out what the man wants and get it for him. Don't chitchat."

"I'll get you ten pounds, Mr. Early," Jo Ann said. As she went to measure the flour, Wainscott figured the sum on an abacus, his fingers moving the knobs quickly.

EARLY, looking about, saw a polished wooden box on an upper shelf; there were dancing nymphs and a frieze of little flowers painted on the sides. "Miss?" he said to Jo Ann.

"Yes, Mr. Early?"

"I wonder if you'd tell me what that pretty contraption is up there?"

"It's a music box, Mr. Early."

"I'll take it," said Early, quite simply.

"It's not for sale, Mr. Early," Wainscott snapped.

Early studied Mr. Wainscott for a moment. "How much will I have to pay," he asked, "if it's not for sale?"

Wainscott said, "Fifty dollars."

"All right," said Early, and paid him with ten-dollar gold pieces.

"That's too much, Mr. Early," said Jo Ann.

"Jo Ann!" Wainscott warned.

"Get the music box," Early said to Jo Ann.

She climbed onto the counter, took the box down from the shelf and dusted it with a corner of her apron.

"It won't play without the key," Jo Ann said to Mr. Wainscott.

Wainscott opened a drawer under the counter and got out a small brass key. "The key," he said to Early, "costs twenty-five dollars."

Early counted out more gold coins. Wainscott pushed the key toward him.

"They don't like you, Mr. Early," Jo Ann said, "but they don't mind cheating you."

Wainscott could hardly speak for fury. "Jo Ann!" he said, "go back to the house."

"Suppose I say no," Jo Ann said.

Mrs. Wainscott stepped forward and pinched the girl's arm. "You'll get the whipping you've been looking for," she said in a strained, high-pitched voice. Jo Ann turned and ran to the back of the store. She flung open the door.

"Wait a minute, Jo Ann," Early called. She paused in the doorway, the sun glinting on her hair. "Are you working here for love or for money?" Early asked when she turned.

"Neither," Jo Ann said.

"In that case, how would you like to come and work for me?"

"That's shameful!" exclaimed Mrs. Wainscott.

"Why, ma'am?" Early asked politely.

"You know why, Mr. Early! I've no need to explain. I'll have no kin and cousin of mine—"

"Cousin!" said Jo Ann. "You call me cousin so you won't have to pay me!"

"I'll pay you well," said Early. "And all you'll have to do is cook and keep house for me and my son Tom."

Wainscott got up. He forced himself to conceal his rage; he was not a man who would antagonize anyone who had just spent seventy-five dollars in his store. "This is a respectable town, Mr. Early, and that child is my burden and my responsibility."

"Whether she shows gratitude or not!" cried Mrs. Wainscott.

"Be quiet, woman!" Mr. Wainscott said. Then he went on: "Her parents died in the crossing of the Missouri River. We have clothed and nourished Jo Ann since that afternoon, and we've given her as much book learning as we saw proper. She should be meek and mild and obedient—but she came to us with her nature already wild. Only the strap will keep her virtuous, and I hope never to fail in that duty."

"Mr. Early," Jo Ann said, "if I go to work for you, will you promise—"

"Yes?" said Early. He saw she had tears in her eyes.

"—not to mistreat me?"

"I promise," he said gravely.

"And if I spill a bit of sugar, you won't beat me?"

"We're not your cousins, Jo Ann," Early said.

"Go on, go!" cried Mrs. Wainscott. "It's the true road to perdition! And don't ever come crawling back to us, bringing your sins into *our* house!"

Jo Ann looked at Mrs. Wainscott. She was a little frightened. Though she had already made her decision, the Wainscotts *were* safe and familiar; their abuse was supposed to be for her own good, and people did tell wicked stories about Mr. Early.

Early took the brass key and wound up the music box. The cover sprang open. A delicate, tinkling tune filled the store, gay and inviting among the great bound barrels, the coarse sacks of beans, the piles of iron pails and the rows of pitchforks.

Jo Ann said, "Mr. Early, wait for me. I'll get my clothes."

THREE riders waited at the top of a small hill and looked down toward the town. One was a man past forty, the other two were in their twenties.

"Ready, boys?" said the older man.

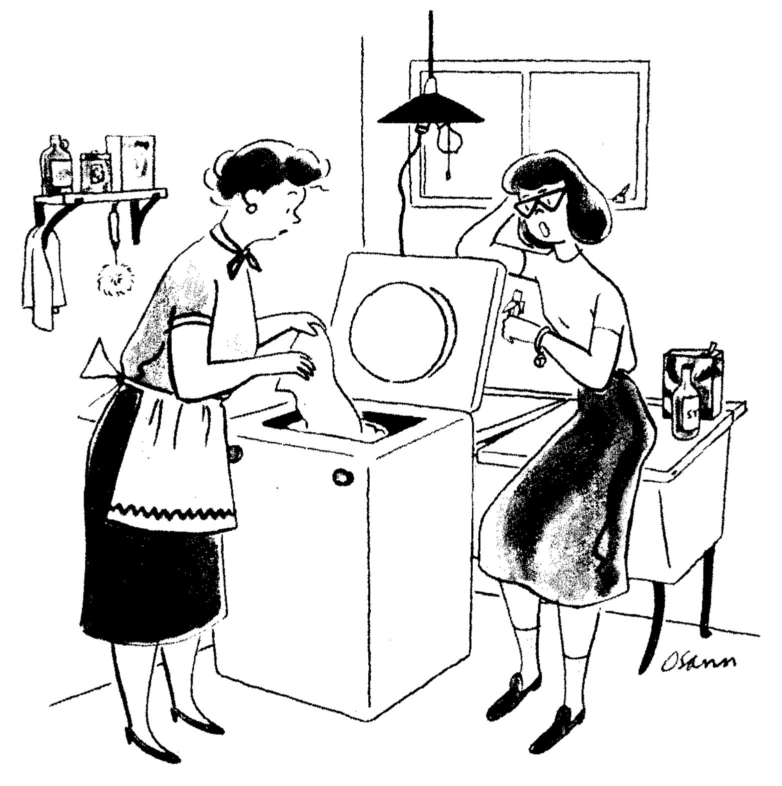
"You bet," one of his companions answered.

The older man spurred his horse forward and the three men, keeping abreast, rode into Good Hope. When they had come to the center of the town, opposite Wainscott's Emporium, they halted, the younger riders waiting for the older man to take the first action. He was Josiah Grimsell, an exceptionally big man and handsomely dressed. His two companions were also immaculately dressed, though not with Grimsell's conservativeness.

The man on Grimsell's right was named Gunn; he had an olive complexion, oiled hair and rather unhealthy good looks. The third man was younger than Gunn and nicknamed Blondie. He had a square boyish face, and blond hair so light that it was almost white.

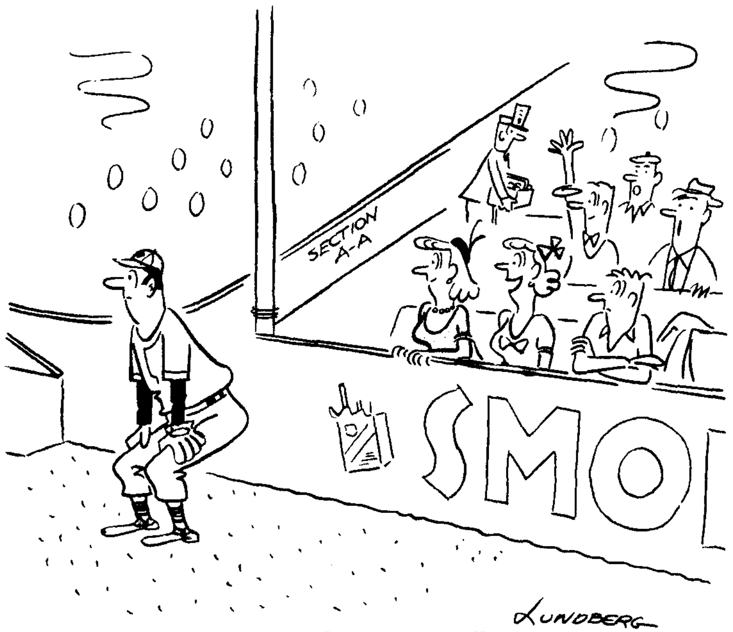
Grimsell nodded imperceptibly, and Gunn dismounted into the mud of the street. He took hold of the first person he could reach, an elderly, stooped and timid man called Mac. With one

TIZZY



"Golly, Eloise's father must be stupid. He told us he only made $15 a week on his first job . . ."

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN



COLLIER'S **"I understand he's for sale."** GUSTAV LUNDBERG

gloved hand, Gunn grabbed the old man's lapels.

"My name's Gunn," he said.

"Pleased to meet you," said Mac.

"Sure you are," Gunn said. "Where's the mayor?"

"We got no mayor," Mac said, and tried to pull away.

"Didn't you hear me?" said Gunn. He drew one of his pistols. "Get the mayor."

"I tell you we ain't got no mayor. Now, will you kindly let me go?"

By this time a dozen persons had gathered around them. Grimsell and Blondie sat easily upon their horses, watching the scene but making no move. Then a man pushed his way through the growing crowd. It was the preacher. He pulled Gunn's hand away from Mac, setting him free.

"What's the trouble here?" the preacher asked.

"Who are you, stranger?" Gunn said pleasantly.

"I'm the preacher—on Sundays, anyway. What's your trouble?"

"I'm in no trouble, Preacher."

"A man with a gun in his hand is always in trouble."

Gunn smiled. "You're the one's in trouble, Preacher," Gunn said. "Mr. Grimsell wants to see you."

Grimsell turned and smiled at them.

"Since they don't have a mayor here," Gunn said, "will a preacher do?"

"He'll do," Grimsell said.

"Is this man in your employ?" the preacher asked.

"What do you mean by that, Preacher?" said Gunn, mounting his horse.

"Tell him to put away his weapon," the preacher said to Grimsell, "before it goes off and breaks the Sabbath."

Grimsell motioned to Gunn, and the younger man holstered his pistol, smiling insolently.

"You've got a thriving town here, Preacher," said Grimsell.

"We think so."

"You've got two handsome stores and a nice church—all you need is a saloon," Grimsell said, and winked at the preacher.

"Give us time," the preacher said. "It's only our second year in these parts."

"Is that so?" Grimsell carefully settled his hat at a somewhat jauntier angle. "Is that so?"

From the big general store, there came a merry, tinkling tune. A minute passed. The preacher looked at each of the strangers in turn. He counted the number of guns they wore. At last Grimsell said, "Where are your people from, Preacher?"

"Ohio, mostly. Why?"

"Well, well!" Grimsell said pleasantly. "I've got an uncle in Ohio. He's in the cattle business too."

The preacher said, "We don't have many cattle to sell, Mr. Grimsell."

"Why, now, you're being modest. I saw quite a lot of beef on my way down from the pass. There ought to be two or three hundred head by next spring."

"With God's help, yes," said the preacher.

"And," Grimsell continued in the same cheerful tone, "I noticed all those fields coming up so fine and green. Very industrious, Mr. Preacher. I never saw the like in so short a time. Two years ago," he said with special emphasis, "this valley was a wilderness."

The preacher liked the situation less and less. "Thank you, Mr. Grimsell," he said, but his voice shook just a little.

Grimsell took no notice of this. "I don't think," he said, "you're going to be here next year, Preacher."

AT THAT moment, the mechanical music from Wainscott's Emporium ceased, and Early came out, carrying the decorated box under one arm. Behind him was Jo Ann with all her possessions piled into a wicker basket. They looked at the crowd, astonished.

Grimsell's next words carried clearly over the silence of the crowd: "You see, Preacher, you're hoping to have two hundred head in this valley, but I expect twenty thousand."

"How does that concern us?"

"Cattle are voracious creatures, sir. They'll be coming this way through Dry River. By the time they get to Angel's Pass they'll be crying like babies for water and food."

"We have none to spare," said the preacher firmly.

"Preacher, I have a feeling for cattle," Grimsell said. "I just can't let 'em go hungry. I intend to drive them poor beasts straight through this valley, eatin' and drinkin' as they go."

The preacher answered very slowly: "I'm afraid you can't do that, Mr. Grimsell."

"I gotta do it, Preacher," Grimsell said. "I've been doing it every other year for the past ten. It's my living, and I don't propose to change. It's a moral principle with me, sir, to feed my cattle as good as my men"—he

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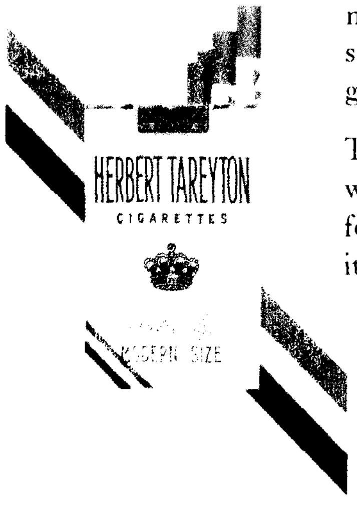

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slapped his holster—"even if it takes gunfire to do it."

"We don't want bloodshed. Mr. Grimsell," the preacher said. "I'm sure we can find a way to compromise."

"I don't compromise," said Grimsell. "I get my way."

The preacher clenched his fists. He could no longer restrain himself. "Your cattle be damned," he said.

Blondie, his face sulky, turned in his saddle and said to Grimsell, "Let me teach him a lesson."

Grimsell turned angrily and said in a whisper, "Shut up, Blondie! Don't be a fool!"

Blondie's face grew crimson. He stared at the farmers down below him, hoping they hadn't heard Grimsell rebuke him. Only one man was looking directly at him, measuring and judging him. It was a man with a painted wooden box under one arm. Blondie stared back, insolently. The man was obviously unarmed.

"My boys are a little rough," Grimsell said to the preacher. "Now what was your compromise?"

"Just this, Mr. Grimsell. Twenty thousand cattle is eighty thousand hoofs. There'd be nothing left of this valley after they went through."

Grimsell nodded pleasantly in agreement.

The preacher said, "But Mr. Grimsell, this is *our* valley—"

"Oh?" said Grimsell.

"—we paid for it by selling our homes and our businesses in Ohio. We've had bitter hard times, Mr. Grimsell. We came by ox and wagon and lost half our number through sickness." The preacher's voice grew stronger. "And we got our share of Indian bullets when we crossed the Sioux territory. We fought back then because we had to. We had our dead, and they had theirs, but we came through."

"Amen," said someone in the crowd, and others cried, "Amen, amen."

THE preacher looked Grimsell in the eye and said, "We're not gunmen, but we're not weaklings, either."

"Mr. Preacher," said Grimsell, "that was a lovely sermon. But my cattle will be coming in at the rate of a thousand a day. And they talk pretty strong, Mr. Preacher, almost as strong as you."

The preacher said loudly, "Our title to this valley is on file in Laramie. Where's yours, Mr. Grimsell?"

"Title?" Blondie said with disgust. He slapped his gun in its holster. "The title's right here, Preacher!"

"I told you to shut your face," Grimsell said to Blondie. He turned back to the preacher: "You're in the wrong, sir. I've got papers as fine as yours, or better. I've got an Indian treaty, dates from fifty-six, that gives me the right and lease to drive my cattle through that pass and into this fat little valley."

"May we examine this treaty?" the preacher asked.

"It's in the courthouse at Laramie alongside your deeds. But it don't matter if you believe that or not, because I'm not going to argue any longer, Mr. Preacher. I'm going away peaceable—me and my boys—but the next time you see me, I'll be right behind twenty thousand hungry devils with long horns. If I were you people, I'd take a sack of flour and beans and go camp in the hills."

"Just a minute, Mr. Grimsell!" cried the preacher. "Suppose we send to Laramie for our papers, and you do likewise. We'll ask the federal judge to ride back with our messenger, and we'll let him decide the issue. Fair enough?"

Grimsell said, "I don't need no federal judge to tell me my rights. I'm going through this valley, like it or not. You're the trespassers, not me. And now you've had your warning."

A voice in the crowd said, "Hold on there." Early stepped down off the board sidewalk. He walked over and stood between the preacher and Josiah Grimsell. "Nobody crosses my land," he said.

Grimsell frowned. This business was taking a shade too long. "Who are you, friend?" he asked.

"My name's Early."

Instantly Grimsell's whole attitude changed—his face, his voice, even his bearing on the horse. "Tom Early?" he said in disbelief. "What are you doing in this two-by-four town?"

"I'm a citizen here," said Early.

The preacher frowned; he saw his hope for compromise ruined by the rash action of this newcomer, a man of doubtful past—if Martin had told even half the truth. "He speaks for nobody but himself!" said the preacher.

"That's right," Early agreed. "But you'd better listen, Mr. Grimsell. I own five hundred acres right at the neck of Angel's Pass. If you come into this valley, Mr. Grimsell, you're going to have to walk right over me. And I'm not going to let you. Notwithstanding those two remarkable specimens you've got riding on either side of you."

Blondie reached for his gun but Grimsell grabbed his wrist and held it. "I said no trouble; I meant no trouble," he said.

Blondie wheeled his horse away and said, "This ain't business. This is personal." He drew out his gun and cocked it.

The crowd drew back, leaving the three men on their horses and Early alone. Early went over and gave Jo Ann the music box, which she nervously wrapped in a blue apron.

A peculiar silence settled over the crowd as Early turned slowly back toward Blondie. He took a cigar out of his shirt pocket, bit off the end, and put it into his mouth.

"There's nothing," Early said to Blondie, "that I'd enjoy more than teaching you kids the art of shooting." The gun in Blondie's hand jerked involuntarily. "But there's one small difficulty"—he took out a large wooden match—"which is, young feller, that I don't have a weapon."

"He's right, Blondie," Gunn called out. "You don't shoot a man who can't shoot back."

Without taking his eyes off Early, Blondie said flatly, "Why not?"

"Because it ain't right," Gunn said, and drew the pistol from his left holster and tossed it toward Early. It landed at Early's feet.

Early backed away from the gun, not in a straight line but in a curve.

"Reach, mister, reach!" Blondie said.

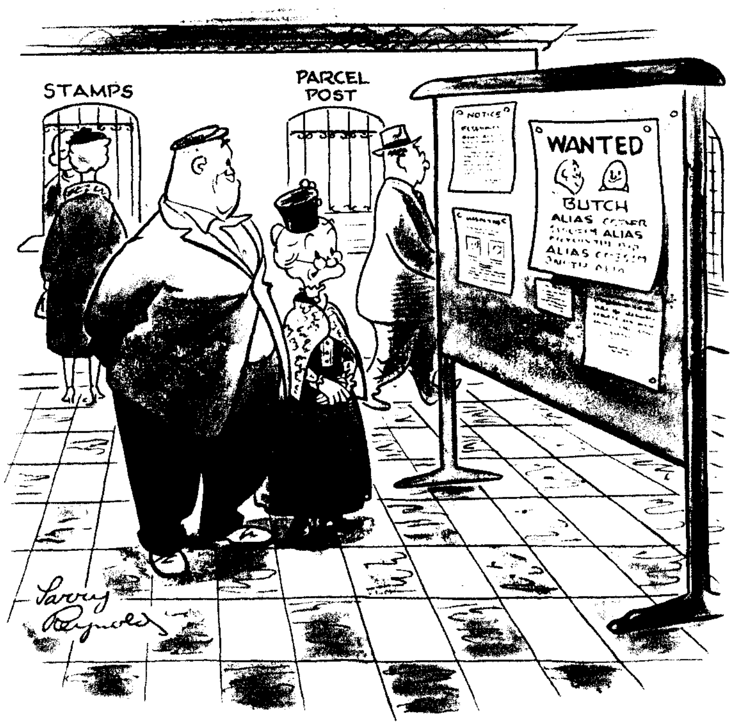
STILL circling away, Early struck the match in his hand along the heavy seam of his trousers. The crowd watched him as if hypnotized. Early lighted his cigar.

He drew on it, once, twice. The lighted match was still in his hand. Then he threw it aside, at the same moment hurling himself to the ground. He grabbed the gun as he fell. Blondie fired. A man started to run out, yelling, and then stumbled backward.

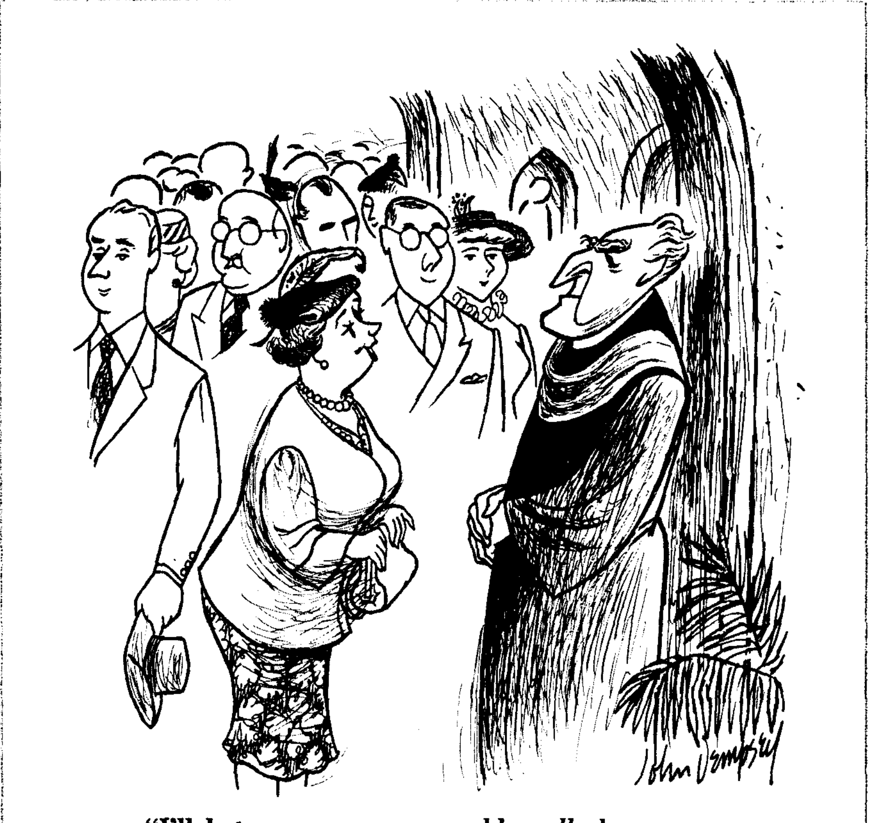
At fifteen feet, Blondie shouldn't have missed, but the bullet struck earth where Early had just been. Early, rolling over twice, like a dog or a mountain cat, fired the pistol three times. Behind him, as he rolled, were the repeated kicks of Blondie's bullets into the dirt of the street.

The first of Early's bullets struck the top of Blondie's left hand, the second smashed through his elbow, and the third struck near the heart, knocking him off his horse. Blondie was dead almost at once, though in the paroxysm of his finish, he squeezed off one more wild shot as he fell. Then he lay dead, his white-blond hair vivid

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Why don't you use 'Digby' as an alias sometime? Your Uncle Digby would be very proud" LARRY REYNOLDS



"I'll bet your sermons would *really* be something if you didn't have to watch your language"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

against the dark, hoof-churned earth.

Early got up. He had three shots left. As he stood he said to Gunn, "Drop it, boy!"

Gunn, who had his right-hand pistol more than half out of its holster, drew his hand away, and the gun fell down into the mud beside his horse.

Grimsell made no move to draw his own guns.

"If you don't care to fight, Grimsell," Early said, "take your dead friend out of town. We don't have a cemetery here as yet."

Grimsell nodded to Gunn, who dismounted, lifted Blondie and put him face down across the saddle of his own horse. Then he remounted directly behind him, holding the body steady. He turned slowly and rode away, leading Blondie's horse. Grimsell looked at Early with great interest for a moment, then turned and rode after Gunn.

EARLY felt nothing except thirst. With the borrowed gun still warm in his hand, he went to a rain barrel at the corner of the blacksmith's shop, filled the dipper and drank. A breeze stirred and he felt sweat cooling on his face, reminding him of his brush with extreme danger. He hung up the dipper and turned toward the crowd, which he had forgotten in the moment of crisis.

The preacher walked toward him and said, "I was right about you, Mr. Early."

Early felt his anger rising, but he forced his voice to remain even and calm. "There was no other way, Preacher," he said.

"No, not for you, Mr. Early. But for us there was—"

"I did what I had to!" said Early fiercely.

"Listen to me," said the preacher. "We're sending a rider to Laramie."

"That'll take four days," Early said, "and four more days to get back. Grimsell won't wait."

"No, probably not. But he would have if you hadn't stepped in and taken to the gun! However, we must do what we can."

"Now listen to me, Preacher," said Early. "My mistake was that I didn't go far enough. I should have killed all three of them. Which is what we'll have to do sooner or later."

"Rivers of blood!" the preacher cried.

"There's no choice, Mr. Preacher," said Early. "You know what twenty thousand hungry burr-tailed fly-bitten creatures can do to this valley. Don't you care about the valley?"

"You defiled the valley!" cried the preacher. "You killed the first man in this valley!"

"I came to church this morning without a weapon of any kind," answered Early. "I didn't ask to have one thrown at my feet."

"Move out of our valley!" the preacher said. "Leave us alone. We don't want your kind, nor the help of your guns. Because of you this valley may become our graveyard." The preacher paused to catch his breath, and then he said, "Look at yourself, Mr. Early!" and he pointed to the rain barrel beside which Early was standing.

Early looked down. He saw his reflection in the water, a lean, handsome face, sweat-streaked, intense with the excitement of the hour and the near brush with death. He glanced at his hand, at the gun that had belonged to a killer. He raised his hand and dropped the pistol into the rain barrel. Even before it had reached the bottom, he had turned and was pushing his way through the crowd, going to where his mare was tied.

Jo Ann was waiting for him beside the horse. He took the music box from her and tied it to the horn of his saddle. He untied the mare, and as his left foot touched the stirrup the mare turned and was on her way.

Ignoring the hostile stares of the crowd, Jo Ann ran after him, carrying her wicker basket. It contained all her possessions: a few clothes, a paper of pins and needles, some thread, a doll she had saved from her childhood and a poor quilt of goose feathers which had covered her mother and father.

"Mr. Early, Mr. Early, wait for me!" she cried.

—PHILIP YORDAN

(This is the first of three parts)

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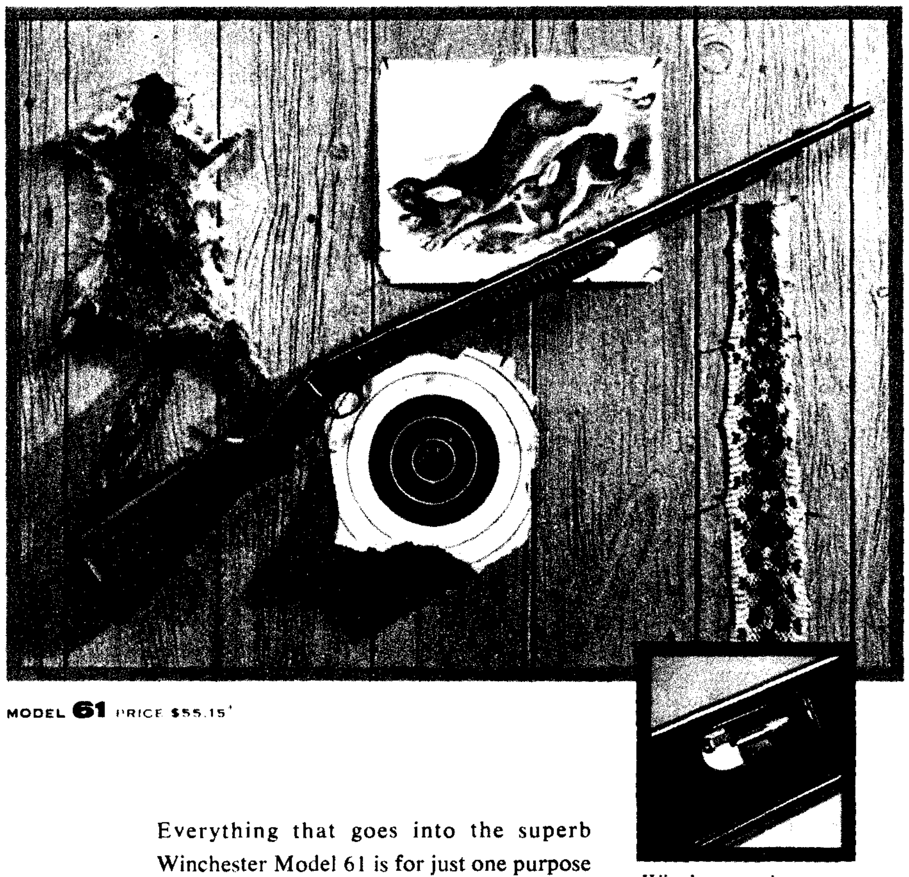

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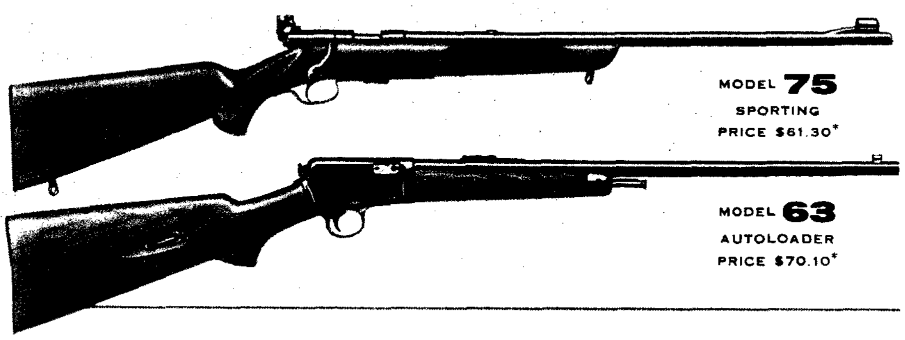

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Best Infielder in th

He's Redleg shortstop Roy McMillan—who roves so far he sometimes stops grou

ROY McMILLAN is an unusual young man. He is a modest Texan, in itself something of a novelty, and he is proving that even in this slam-bang era, leather still is a marketable commodity in baseball. While press agents are armed with tape measures seeking the ultimate in home runs, there are still people who can become lyrical over the fielding of the shortstop of the Cincinnati Redlegs.

McMillan is the best infielder in baseball today. That isn't just one man's opinion. Leo Durocher, manager of the world champion Giants, a fine shortstop himself in his day and the current boss of a better-than-middling shortstop in Alvin Dark, calls Roy "the best defensive shortstop in the game." And the Lip is only one of many authorities who have clambered aboard the band wagon of the quiet, curly-haired young man from Bonham, Texas.

It is natural, of course, that McMillan's own manager, Birdie Tebbetts, should sing his praises. Birdie was in the American League when Lou Boudreau, a top shortstop, was rolling high, wide and handsome with Cleveland. "Boudreau never saw the day he could cover ground like this kid," declared Tebbetts. "And you can quote me on that. Lou was a wizard at playing the hitters, but it was position play. For sheer range, McMillan has it all over Boudreau."

Bill Meyer, who had Scooter Rizzuto at Kansas City when little Phil really was a scooter, says, "I never saw a shortstop who goes into the hole the way McMillan does. Maybe Eddie Miller would do it on occasion when he was with the Braves and Reds but this boy does it all the time. It almost seems as though he 'surrounds' the ball when it's hit to his right. Roy sort of circles it and fields it so that he is facing first base. He fields balls with both hands that the average shortstop would do well to knock down."

"Going into the hole" is a bit of baseball terminology which has nothing to do with the magnates' wondering where the customers are. It refers to a play in which the shortstop goes far to his right to field balls hit between himself and the third baseman. Cincinnati coach Dick Bartell and others swear they have seen McMillan go *behind* the third baseman to field the ball. It is usually the shortstop's most difficult play, since it calls for covering ground rapidly and making a long throw. McMillan has the arm to make the play, as well as the speed.

How did Roy happen to develop these unusual fielding skills?

"I guess it was principally because I had nothing to unlearn," grins McMillan. "I went to a tryout camp run by the Tyler Club in the Lone Star League in the spring of 1947 at McKinney, Texas, with almost no previous baseball experience. At Bonham High, we had no baseball team. I played softball a lot but I doubt that I had played more than three or four games of hard ball until I went to the camp.

"Jack Knott, who had pitched for the Browns and the Athletics, and Hack Miller, an old catcher who managed the Tyler Club, took me in hand. They sold me on the idea of circling balls hit into the hole, explaining that if I had the speed to do it, I would be in a much better throwing position. It would be the same as if I were fielding the ball on my gloved-hand side. When you break to your right and field the ball going full speed toward third, it's difficult to set yourself for the throw. Most shortstops on this play come to a stop by sliding the right foot toward third. That leaves them flat-footed, and to get throwing leverage they have to draw in their left foot.

"Another thing Knott and Miller harped on was for me to get my glove as low as possible on the ground. They told me that Eddie Miller used to take off his glove and shake the dirt out of it after every fielding play. The closer you get your glove to the ground, the easier it is to field the ball."

A Rookie Who'd Never Seen a Curve

If McMillan's inexperience with the hard ball made him a malleable subject to be molded into a shortstop, it also posed some handicaps. Roy never saw a curve ball until he went to the tryout camp. He couldn't have been more surprised, not even when he saw his first elephant. Elephants you can eventually accept and maybe, even, get used to, but it takes a long, long time to get familiar with a curve ball.

It was more than 30 years ago that Mike Gonzales, the Cuban catcher, sent Mike Kelley the terse four-word description of Moe Berg, who was then an aspiring shortstop. "Good field, no hit," wired Gonzales to the Minneapolis owner who had asked for a report on Moe. It described the erudite Berg perfectly and it fitted McMillan when he first became Cincinnati's regular shortstop. Roy climbed from .211 in 1951 to .250 last year, and his lifetime average is .239.

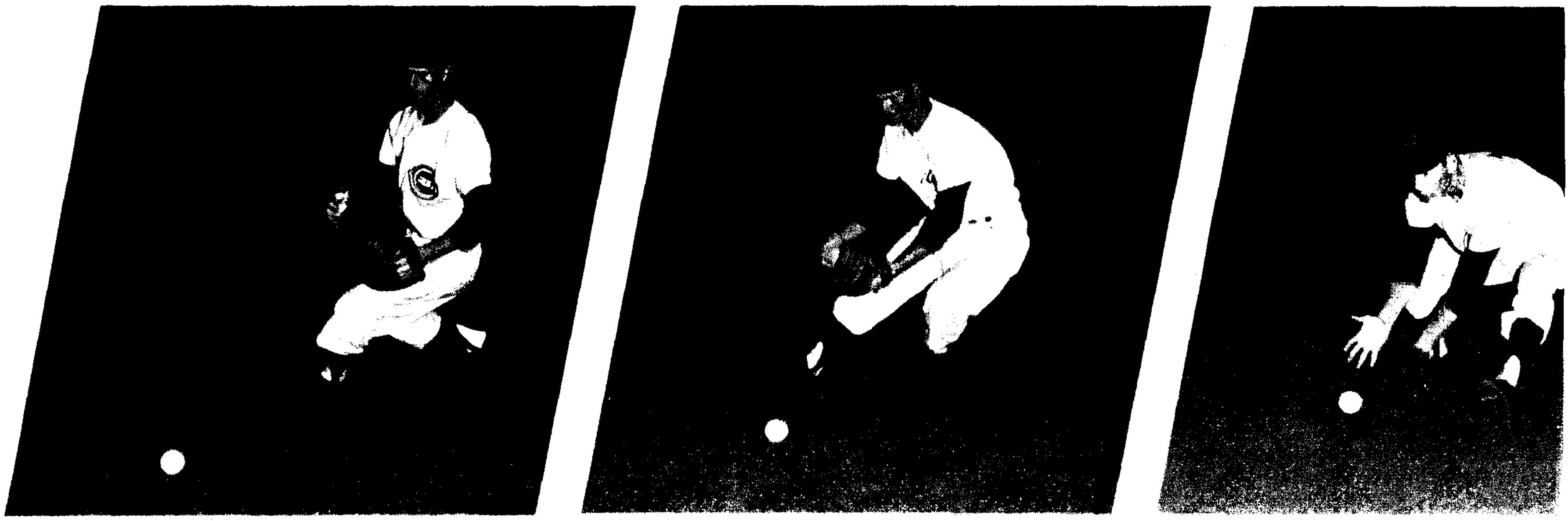
"McMillan doesn't have to hit to help our club," says Tebbetts. "He cuts off so many hits, and therefore runs, with his fielding that he is valuable to us regardless of what he hits."

Coach Bartell has been working with Roy on his hitting and there is an improvement (as his average indicates), although there are times when the improvement is scarcely discernible to the naked eye. "Dick has changed my swing somewhat," explained McMillan. "I don't come back as far on the backswing as the average hitter. That enables me to follow the ball better. I don't strike out as often and I get more walks. The way I figure it, my job is to get on base so that our power—Ted Kluszewski, Jim Greengrass, Gus Bell and Wally Post—can get me around."

McMillan has also become an accomplished bunter. He led the league in sacrifices last season with 31. Andy High, chief scout of the Dodgers, believes Roy will improve in his hitting. "If it weren't for the lively ball, Marty Marion wouldn't have hit .200," said High. "Marty realized he wasn't a hitter and he had the shortest swing of any man I ever saw. I don't think he swung the bat forward much more than an inch or two in front of the plate, but he'd meet the ball and push it into right field for a base hit."

Since Marion was known as "Mr. Shortstop" for years, comparisons of Marty and McMillan are inevitable. Stan Musial, the Cardinal slugger who was a long-time teammate of Marion, hedged a bit when the question was put to him and finally said, "I'd have to say I've never seen a shortstop better than McMillan."

Branch Rickey, who was the resident genius in St. Louis when Marion joined the Cards, declared, "McMillan is at least as advanced as Marion was at a similar stage of his career and I believe this boy has a chance to hit with more power than Marty ever did." McMillan is not exactly a stranger to the Mahatma. In 1948, when Branch was with the Dodgers, he saw Roy playing deep in the bushes of Texas and offered $40,000 for him. The home office of the Redlegs, to which McMillan until then was merely a name on a list of their



Roy's tops on balls hit away from his glove side. He's so fast he gets in front of them, inste

Majors

lls behind the third baseman

By TOM MEANY

minor-league personnel, promptly took a deeper interest in the young man. Branch's offer was politely refused, president Warren Giles reasoning that if Rickey was willing to pay $40,000, McMillan must be worth at least twice as much.

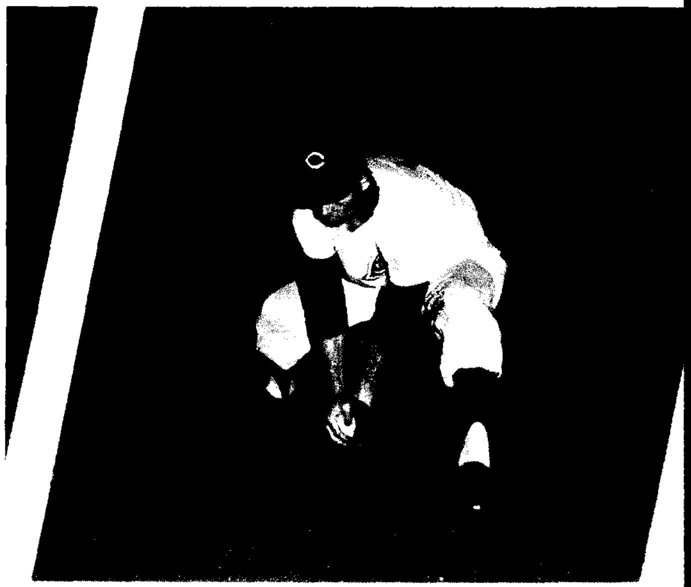
Roy was no bonus baby. "I got a couple of hundred dollars when I signed with Tyler," says McMillan, "but it was really expense money more than anything else, since I had gone to the camp at McKinney on my own and paid my own way."

Bonus Players Aren't Hungry Enough

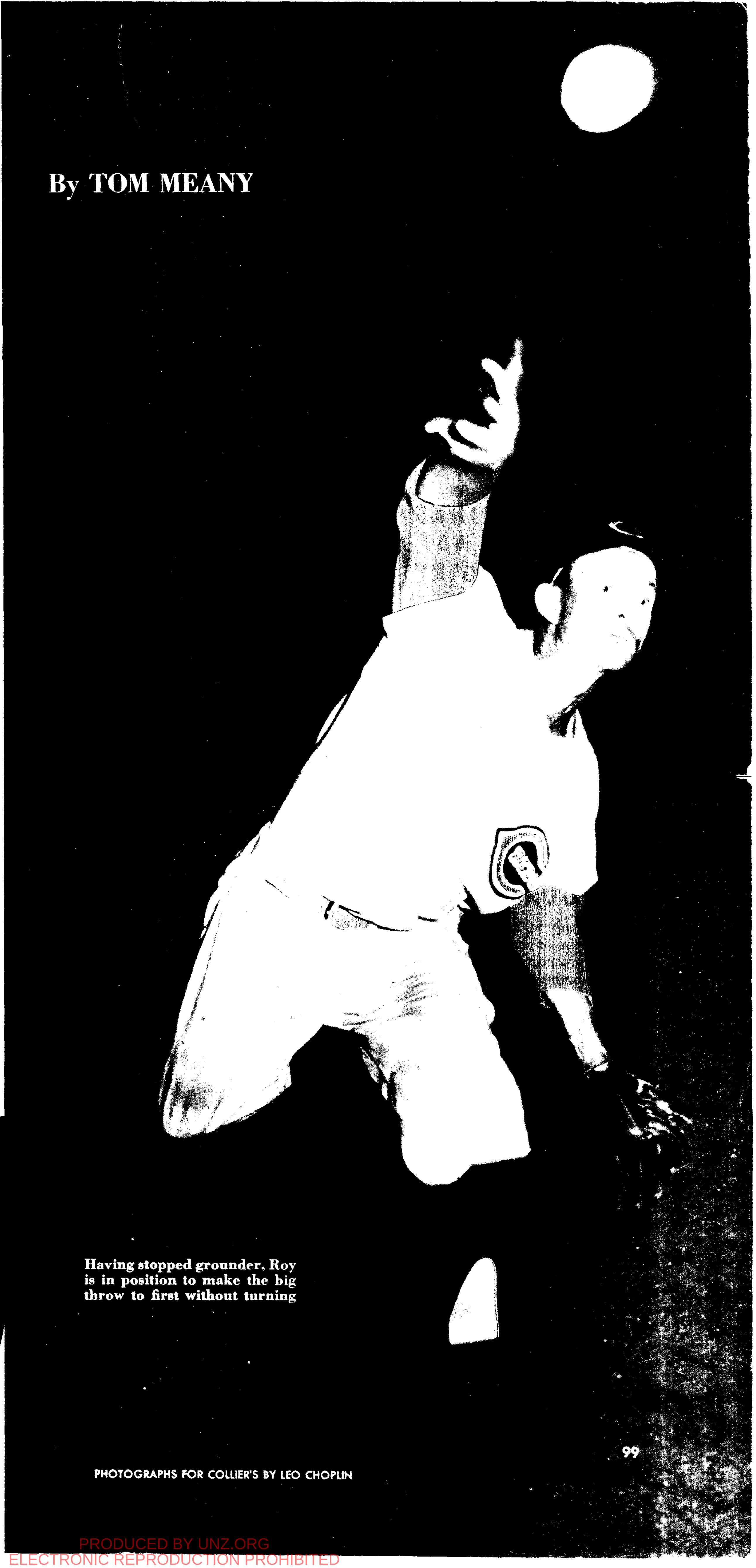
Did Roy regret not having been one of the lucky kids who received a fat bonus? "It's hard to say," he answered, evidently having given the matter a lot of consideration. "There's no use denying that it would be nice to get a bundle of money in a lump sum, but something happens to a lot of bonus players. Maybe the money spoils them, so they just aren't hungry or competitive enough. You play in the smaller minors for low money and you appreciate what the big league and big-league salaries mean. You fight to get up there and you fight to stay up there.

"What I wanted more than anything else was to play ball. That's why I took off on my own when I heard about the tryout camp. I had had one semester at Texas A&M but that was in September, 1946, and it was so crowded that term with returning GIs they didn't even have room for all of us freshmen on the main campus. We were a couple of miles away at an air base. I might have studied for some profession, but baseball was what I wanted. You can't hope for much more than eight good salaried years in baseball and your future is a problem, but I knew all that when I made my decision." Roy will be twenty-five in July and should have more than the "eight good salaried years" he modestly predicts for himself.

McMillan was in his fourth season with Cincinnati in 1954 before he had a chance to work with a second baseman who would play nearly the entire season alongside him. That was Johnny Temple, who came along last year to play 144 games at second. Teamed with Temple, McMillan led the National League shortstops in double plays with 129 and helped Cincinnati equal its National League record for double plays with 194, a total it also achieved in 1928 and in 1931. "It helps to have



stopping them backhanded



Having stopped grounder, Roy is in position to make the big throw to first without turning

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the same player alongside you for a couple of years," explained McMillan. "You get used to his mannerisms and you can anticipate his moves. I found that out back in Tyler when I played with a second baseman named Carl McNabb.

"McNabb used to talk over ways of getting the ball away on double plays and it was then I began to realize there was a lot more to it than just fielding the ball and throwing it.

"I try to give Temple the ball somewhere between his belt buckle and the letters on his uniform. Get it too low and he's off balance for the pivot, get it too high and there's a chance that the glove in front of his face will obscure his vision. If Johnny starts the play, I like him to 'lead' me with the ball, to get it out in front of me on my gloved-hand side so I can take it coming across the base and throw to first."

Why He Plays a Deep Short

McMillan believes the toughest play for a shortstop to make is not going into the hole but chasing the slow topped ball, because he has to come in on it and throw while off balance. "You can only play a hitter one way," said Roy, "either to pull the ball or not. I play a deep short because it gives me more range and my arm is strong enough to let me make the long throw. Suppose I'm playing a left-handed hitter like Musial deep and to my left, since he doesn't figure to hit the ball between me and third base. Now Stan gets fooled by the pitch, swings late and dribbles it just out of the pitcher's reach. I have to come in on the ball as fast as I can and get it away as quickly as possible. Those are really tough."

Others around the league openly doubt that McMillan finds *anything* really tough.

Giant manager Durocher was coaching at third base one day when he got a close-up of McMillan's defensive skills. "I had bent down to pick up a pebble or something when I heard a crack like a rifle shot and something whizzed past me. I figured it was a sure two-bagger for our side and when I looked up, McMillan had gone behind his third baseman to field the ball and throw our guy out at first. And it was Al Dark, who can get down the line pretty good, too."

Eddie Stanky, the Cardinal boss, recalls that when Wally Moon, the National League Rookie of the Year in 1954, first came up, he belted one between the Cincinnati pitcher's legs, bound for center field. "But that danged McMillan not only goes behind the bag at second to field the ball, but flips it to Temple to get a double play out of what should have been a certain single! Moon was amazed. He mumbled something about, 'What do you have to do to get a hit in this league?', and one of the guys on our bench said, 'Keep it away from that McMillan—if you can.' He was right, too. Hitting a ball toward Roy is like hitting it down a sewer."

Pie Traynor, one of the National League's greatest third basemen when he was with Pittsburgh, thinks McMillan's greatest asset is his speed—Roy ran the 100 in 10.2 back at Bonham High. "He can charge in on a ball," explained Pie. "It not only means he gets to the ball quicker but he is able to field it on the hop he wants, which means he is in throwing position."

"McMillan is the toughest competitor on our club," says Tebbetts proudly. "Ask our trainer, Wayne Anderson, about him."

"Roy hasn't missed a game since 1951," said Anderson, "and there have been times when he should have been in bed instead of on the ball field. He had a spinal-disk operation back in 1946—somebody stepped on his back playing basketball—and he needs treatment almost daily. There have been days when he couldn't stoop over to tie his shoes—I had to do that for him—yet he got out there and played.

"One time, in 1952, when Boston was still in the National League, we arrived there from Cincinnati in mid-afternoon, with one of those twi-night double-headers scheduled for that same day. Roy could hardly walk when he got off the train. Both ankles were puffed up. We went right out to Braves Field and he took diathermy treatments. After a couple of hours of work, I taped up both his ankles and he went out and played the double-header.

"In the first exhibition game in the spring of 1953, we played Detroit and he was in a collision which caused a separation in his left shoulder so wide you could put your finger in it. He insisted on playing the next day, also against the Tigers, and he got a spike gash that took 19 stitches. That spring I worked on him in soft-drink stands, under grandstands, even in the dugout in some of those exhibition games, and he kept right on playing."

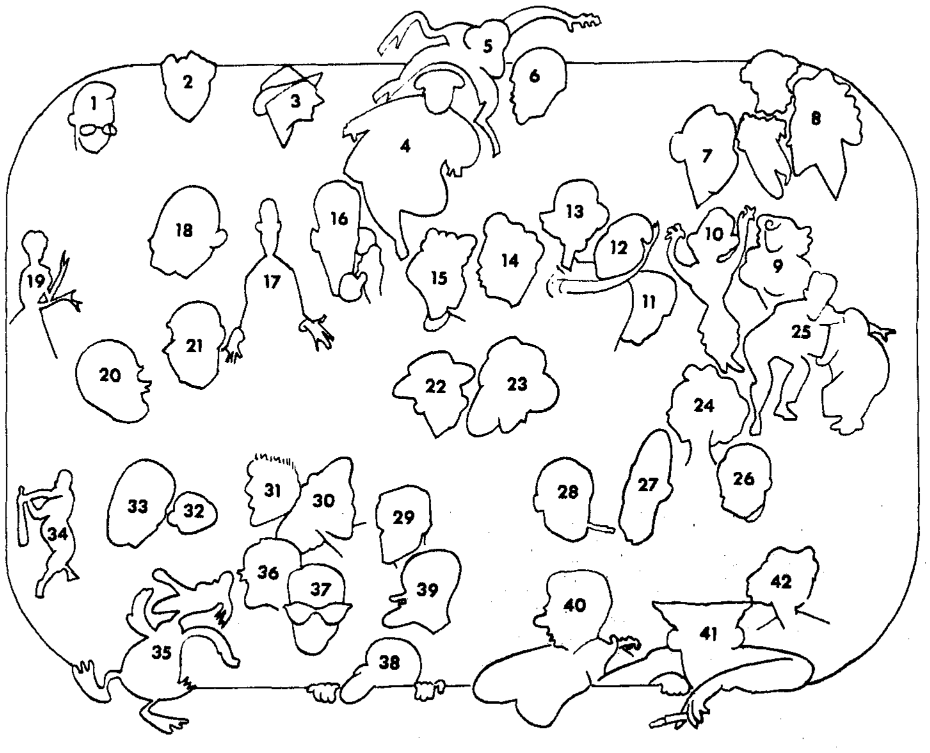
Two Expert Groundskeepers

McMillan believes that Cincinnati's Crosley Field has the best infield surface he ever played on. "That's not just loyalty to our groundskeeper, Matty Schwab, either. I imagine most other National Leaguers would say the same thing. The second-best park? Well, I guess I'm keeping it in the family but I'd have to say the Polo Grounds in New York, where Matty's son, Matty, Jr., is the groundskeeper."

The toughest infield used to be Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, before it underwent a face lifting and became Busch Stadium. When the Browns and Cardinals both used the park, prior to 1954, the infield never got a chance to be properly worked on, since it was never idle. The result was that by late August the hot Missouri sun had baked it to an asphalt hardness. It was like fielding a ball on U.S. Route 90.

Roy married a home-town sweetheart, Joan (it's pronounced Jo-anne)

Key to "Me and the Set," pages 36 and 37



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24. ARLENE FRANCIS
25. RALPH EDWARDS (and guest)
26. JOHN DALY
27. FRED ALLEN
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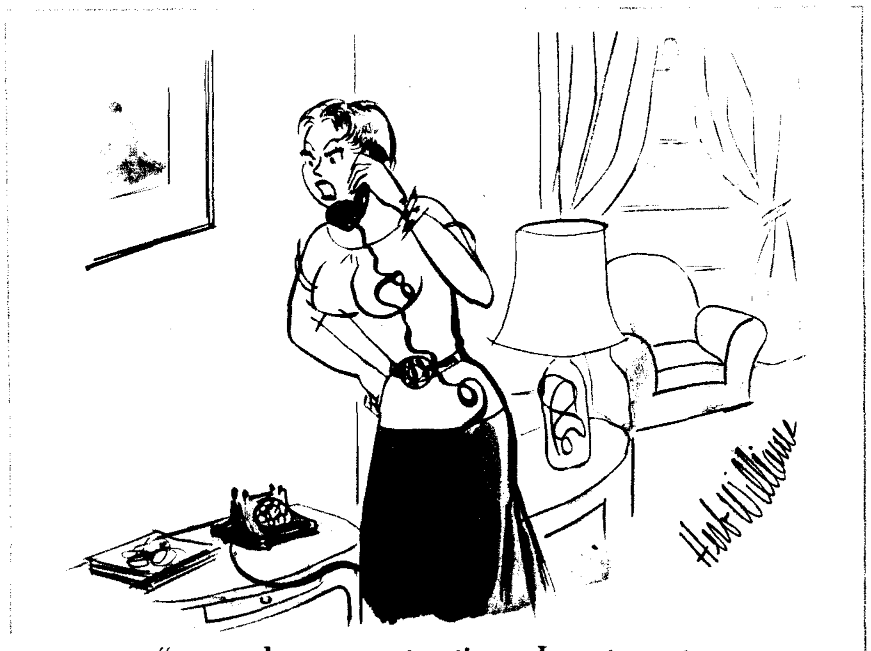


“. . . and now, you two-timer, I want you to know you've had the right number all along!”

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

Lawrence, back in Bonham after the 1952 season. They have a seven-month-old son, David (Roy's middle name). The McMillans now make their year-round home in Cincinnati and he works for the ball club as a ticket salesman in the winter. “It's interesting, getting around to meet the fans,” says Roy, “although you run into the occasional second-guesser who wants to know why you didn't hit better or why the club didn't trade some player or another. You just stall those off politely and get away as quickly as you can.”

Not only is McMillan a source of joy around the infield to the Redlegs but he has helped swell their coffers, too, by enabling them to make a better than 400 per cent return on the modest $250 he received to sign. When August A. Busch, Jr., purchased the Cardinals, he asked manager Eddie Stanky what his most pressing needs were. A shortstop was given top priority, and Busch asked Stanky who was the best around. Eddie unhesitatingly said, “McMillan of Cincinnati.”

Busch met with Gabe Paul, general manager of the Redlegs, and asked about McMillan. “I told him Roy was not for sale at any price,” related Paul, “but Mr. Busch made me a fantastic offer. I don't feel at liberty to reveal it and you wouldn't believe the figure if I did. I then told him about Alex Grammas and said that he was a great prospect but had no chance of taking McMillan's job. Eventually the Cards purchased Grammas, who had played for us on option at Kansas City.”

The price for Grammas was $100,000-plus—or better than 400 times what Cincinnati paid for McMillan.

Just as Marilyn Monroe has expressed a desire to play in a screen version of The Brothers Karamazov, so does McMillan, the fielder par excellence, aspire to be a good batter. He is always seeking ways to improve his hitting, such as bunting and dragging, punching the ball through spots on hit-and-run plays and concentrating on not hitting at balls out of the strike zone. He also makes a continual study of opposing pitchers.

“The fellow who gives me the most trouble is Warren Spahn of Milwaukee,” McMillan said, frowning. “According to the percentages, I, as a right-handed batter, should be able to hit left-handers better. But Spahn is my toughest pitcher, tougher even than Robin Roberts of the Phillies. Warren's change-ups and slow curves just knock my timing all out of kilter.”

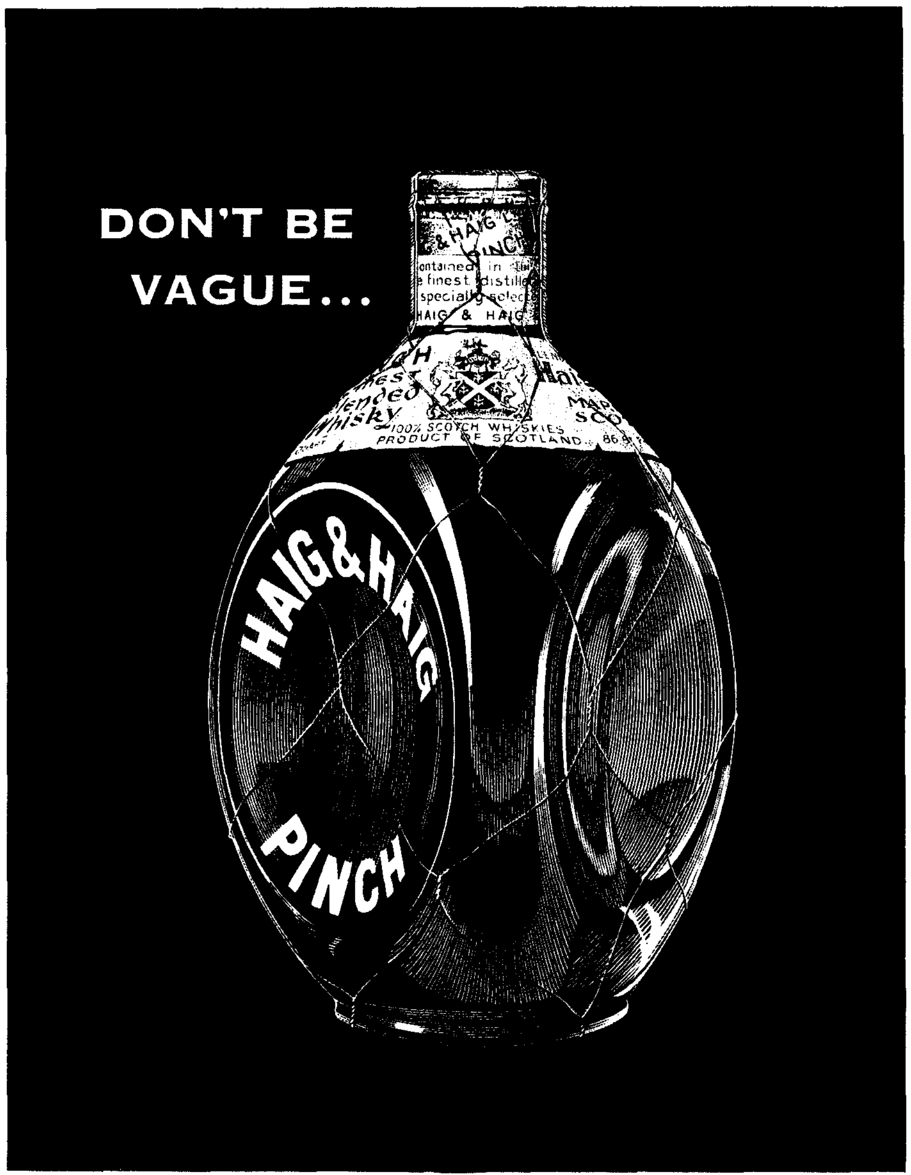
Did McMillan think studying pitchers will help his hitting? “It can't hurt it,” he answered with a wry grin. “In fact, I've found that the big difference between the majors and the minors is that there's more thinking going on up here. In the minors you went out and played a ball game and that was that. Up here, you learn to anticipate.

“In the field, you watch the hitter and say, ‘Is he going to try to pull the ball or will he try to shove it through to the opposite field? Will he drag the ball?’ You watch the catcher's signs, knowing, of course, that a batter has a much greater chance of pulling a curve ball than a fast one, that he is more likely to hit a breaking ball on the ground.

“You look around to see where your outfielders are playing, to see if they're so deep they'll need help on even a long pop fly. Usually, I go after every high fly until the outfielder hollers me off. If he can make the catch, it's better for him to do so, since he's coming in and facing the ball and I have to take it over my shoulder.”

McMillan is a wiry five feet eleven, playing at about 170 pounds. The daily grind of playing—he opened the 1955 season with a record of 474 consecutive games—usually takes off five pounds by August. He doesn't mind the heat. “When you've played through a season in the Texas League, you're never bothered by the heat again,” he says.

Tebbetts says he'll be satisfied if McMillan hits .265. “Satisfied?” Birdie corrected himself. “No—make that delighted. This boy is so good with the glove that his batting is secondary. McMillan gives us a lift almost every day by turning a base hit into an out or maybe a double play. You can't imagine what it means to a pitcher to see a ball tagged as a base hit go whizzing by him—and then to turn and find Roy is right in front of it. Roy can break up more rallies with his glove than most guys can start with a bat!” ▲▲▲



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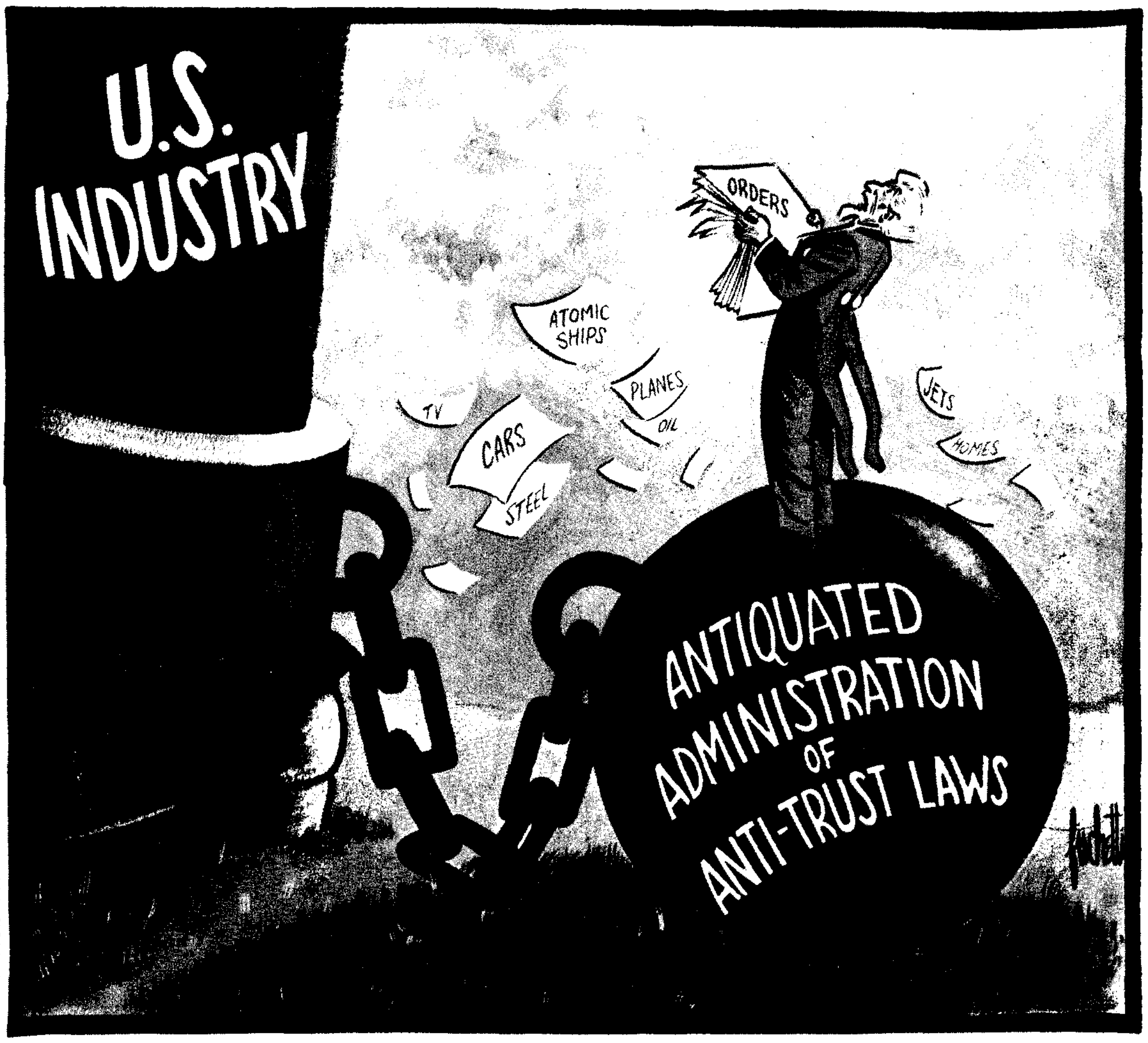


JOHN FISCHETTI

"Well, don't just stand there—get moving!"

Bigness Comes of Age

JUST AS SURELY as Congress broaches the subject of revising the antitrust laws, big business can brace itself for a kicking-around. So it goes this year. Representative Emanuel Celler taxes the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission with underzealousness in dealing with the current crop of business mergers. A Senate subcommittee talks dourly of "monopoly run wild." Generalities like "overwhelming bigness" resound on Capitol Hill, and there is even talk of imposing arbitrary size limits upon corporations.

The debate is waged against a backdrop of aggressive, ceaseless activity by the Justice Department's Antitrust Division, whose diligence in the past decade has brought practically every one of America's very large corporations into the defendant's dock at least once, and some of them time and again. The costs of defending these actions constitute a special punishment imposed upon guiltless and guilty alike—the Du Pont Company spent five years and $5,000,000 proving itself innocent of the government's charges.

In view of this kind of expense, the consent routine whereby a company avoids the costly litigation by agreeing to cease and desist from alleged malpractices can sometimes offer the more attractive course, whether the charges are fact or fiction.

Is the public to infer from all of this hue and cry that there has been a massive backsliding by big business, to the bite-and-gouge days of the great conspiratorial trusts? Or is there reason to suspect that Congress and the Antitrust Division, for political advantage or from an excess of eager-beaverism, are hounding and penalizing big business beyond all reason?

It is not easy to whip up public sympathy for a billion-dollar corporation. Still, if our economy is to continue to grow, some facts of modern economic life need to be better understood than certain congressmen seem to understand them.

Since the trust-busting days of Teddy Roosevelt there has been a fundamental change in the nature of big business. Unless this change is recognized and acknowledged, and present-day administration and enforcement procedures accommodated to it, there is danger of crippling, perhaps beyond recovery, the prodigious industrial system upon which America's leadership, prosperity, strength and freedom all depend.

In the industrial era that gave rise to the Sherman and Clayton Acts, the aim of a typical industrial baron was to corner and control a given market and then ruthlessly boost prices to a hapless public that needed the goods and had no other place to buy them. The pattern was the classic cartel, achieved sometimes merely by killing off the competition, sometimes by conspiracies in which the major companies sliced up the market and agreed to keep out of one another's bailiwick.

The cartel system was as evil economically as it was rotten morally. Shrinking both supply and demand, it bred progressive scarcity and poverty. The writing and rigid enforcement of laws prohibiting such cynical restraints of trade and competition were imperative in the public interest.

So the great trusts were smashed, and new, smaller firms entering the field faced the practical necessity of forsaking the classic growth pattern and finding other, fairer means of getting ahead.

The search for these means, conducted under the watchful eyes of the public and its government, developed a new pattern of industrial growth—a pattern unique in all the world and in all history.

Alert managements, exploring dozens of fields, discovered what the dynamics of free enterprise could mean when a producer's ingenuity and a buyer's eagerness for new products were brought into contact in a vigorous, competitive climate.

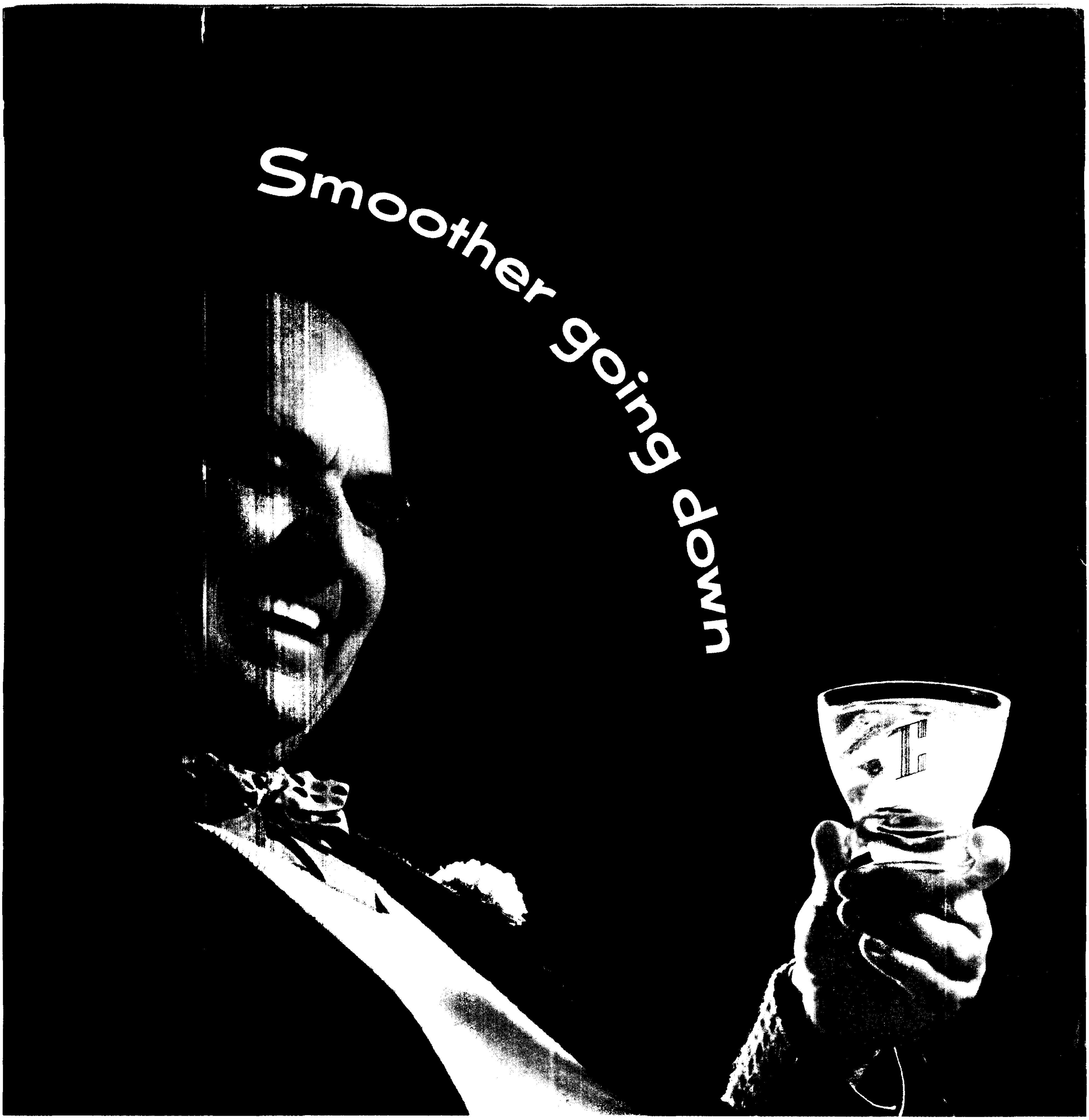
The energies previously used to seek the security of cartels and high prices were redirected into a search for means of lowering costs, lowering prices and stepping up efficiency. From this competitive search came the techniques of mass production, the assembly line, the great research establishments which parlayed new elements and new techniques into whole new industries. Out of all this sprang a great new kind of economy, of prodigious mobility and compactness, unprecedented strength and vigor and purchasing power.

The industries serving the basic needs of this kind of economy had to be big, or they couldn't have done their jobs. And they have to retain the freedom to grow, or the economy itself will cease to grow.

There is nothing in the basic concepts of the Sherman and Clayton Acts to inhibit that growth.

The safeguards for vigorous competition and against genuine monopolies and conspiracies in restraint of trade are as valid as they were in 1890. The trouble comes in when politicians try to interpret these laws with one eye on the old-time trusts and the other on the next Presidential campaign—a cockeyed viewpoint is bound to result. If the legislators will accept a single criterion—the public interest—and apply it to every phase of the problem, they will come up with a doctrine that safeguards *both* the essential freedom of enterprise and the country's prosperity and strength. This doctrine will support fundamental principle, but it will acknowledge that one such principle is that of dynamic change. It will accept the fact that in today's industrial complex, competition can sometimes be enhanced, rather than weakened, by the merging of large companies; that the integration of production, processing and marketing phases of a corporation's activities can often work to the customer's benefit, rather than to his detriment; that the best interests of the whole community can sometimes demand that a few companies, or one company, dominate a whole field. In short, big business should be judged on its merits, not its size. Business gets big because people choose its products in the free market place; the people, by granting or withholding their favor, can build it up or trim it down as they choose.

That is the essence of free enterprise, and the safeguarding of that relationship between consumer and producer should be the primary concern of the government.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